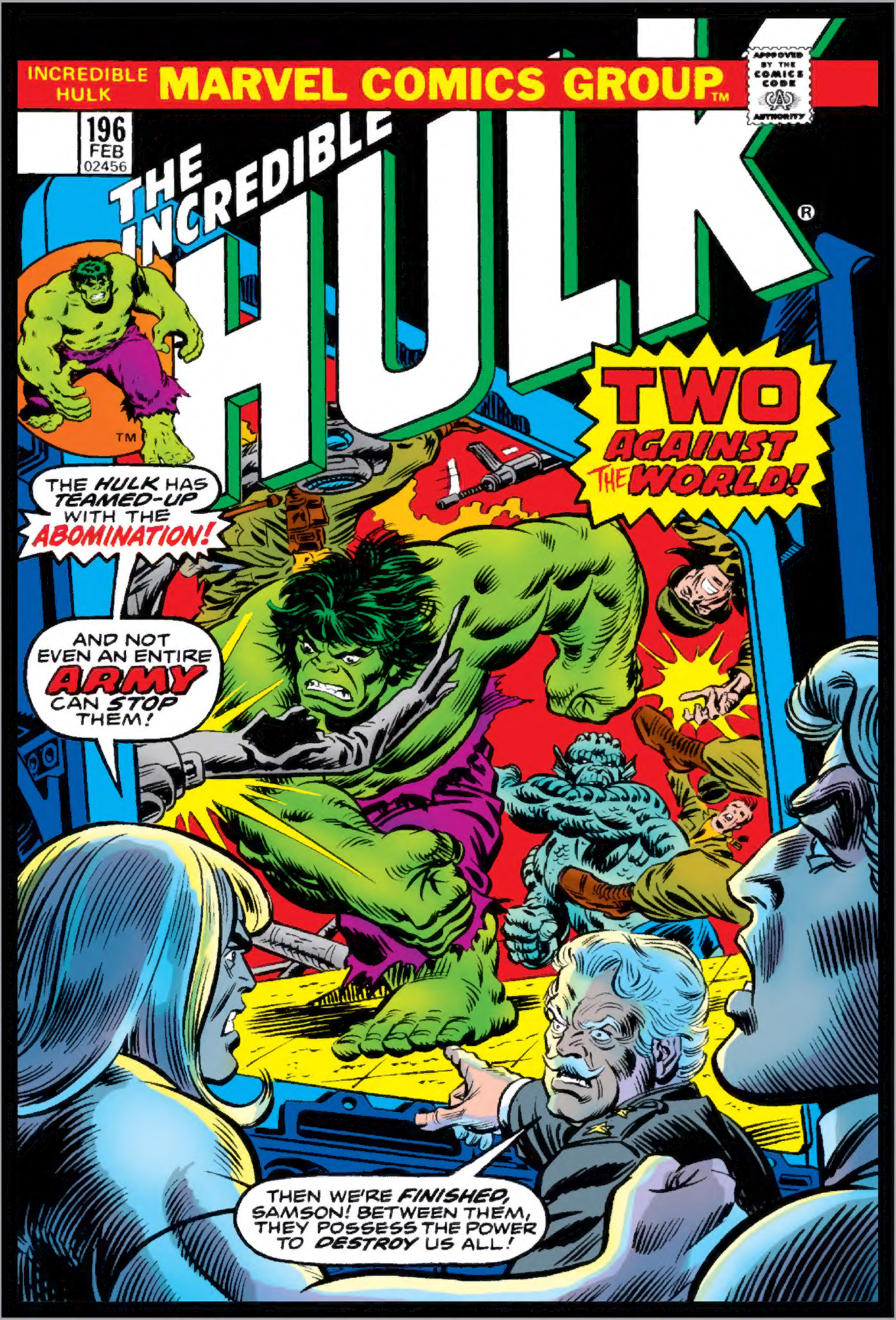
MARVEL MASTERWORKS®

THE INCREDIBLE HULK®

VOLUME 11


INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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THE INCREDIBLE HULK
TWO AGAINST THE WORLD!
THE HULK HAS TEAMED-UP WITH THE ABOMINATION!
AND NOT EVEN AN ENTIRE ARMY CAN STOP THEM!
THEN WE'RE FINISHED, SAMSON! BETWEEN THEM, THEY POSSESS THE POWER TO DESTROY US ALL!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK Nos. 184-196

LEN WEIN, HERB TRIMPE & SAL BUSCEMA

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS
Presents

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

Volume 11
Collecting
The Incredible Hulk Nos. 184-196

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Herb Trimpe • Sal Buscema

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NOS. 184-196

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HULK CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

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INTRODUCTION
BY DEWEY CASSELL

All good things must come to an end.

Not meaning *The Incredible Hulk*, but rather Herb Trimpe's historic tenure on the title. The issues in this *Marvel Masterworks* volume mark the last of Trimpe's eight-year stint with the jade giant, and the beginning of a new era under artist Sal Buscema. So, this introduction provides an ideal opportunity to take a look back at the influence that the one and only Herb Trimpe had on *The Incredible Hulk*.

Trimpe actually began his association with the Hulk back in 1967, inking Marie Severin's pencils on *Tales to Astonish* #94. After the Hulk got his own title, Trimpe took over the penciling with issue #106. In addition to drawing most of the interior stories from #106-193, Trimpe penciled all of the covers of *The Incredible Hulk* from issue #109 to #191. (His unused covers for #192-193 are featured at the back of this collection.)

Trimpe's take on the Hulk resembled Marie Severin's at first (or that of his idol Jack Kirby) but he soon began to render his own version of the green goliath, and that made all the difference. Where Severin's Hulk was more polished and even "handsome" by some standards, Trimpe's Hulk was more disheveled looking, right down to his crooked teeth. The effect was both more realistic and more sympathetic.

By the end of the '60s, Trimpe was virtually a household name among comic book fans. In 1970, New York University student Jon Riley shot a 26-minute black-and-white documentary film titled "Herb Trimpe, We Love You," profiling the artist and his rendition of the Hulk.

Despite the praise, Trimpe would have been the first to say that he was not an extraordinary illustrator; however, he would admit to being a gifted storyteller. Given the "Marvel Method" used predominately at the time, good storytelling on the part of the artist was essential, since they were drawing the entire story based on a plot, rather than full script direction. From layouts to pacing, Trimpe excelled at storytelling.

Like a lot of artists, Trimpe preferred to ink his own pencils and did so on many issues of *The Incredible Hulk*. When it came to other inkers, Trimpe's favorite was Marie's brother, John Severin. John brought out the best in Trimpe's pencils and added his own artistic influence and attention to detail, making the final collaboration unique and captivating. Together, they produced some of the most memorable Hulk adventures.

Trimpe also worked with several different writers during his tenure on *The Incredible Hulk*, including Len Wein, who wrote the stories in this volume. He probably worked best with Roy Thomas, who shared Trimpe's perspective on the Hulk and capitalized on his storytelling ability.

Trimpe left his mark on the Hulk in many ways. While best remembered for co-creating Wolverine, he was also the creator (or co-creator) of a variety of other characters, from Anvil (and Hammer) to Crackajack Jackson to Jarella to Zzzax, the living dynamo. Trimpe said he once made a list of the villains and supporting characters he had a hand in creating for *The Incredible Hulk* and quit when he got to about 25. Trimpe also designed the Hulkbuster Base with its wry runway layout in the shape of a peace symbol.

Runways and airplanes were a constant throughout Trimpe's life. He was a huge airplane buff, had a private pilot's license, and once owned a World War II-era biplane. Consequently, Trimpe loved to include airplanes in the stories he drew. Some were actual aircraft and others were things he invented, but of the 10 Hulk stories in this volume that were drawn by Trimpe, eight include some type of aircraft (including one spaceship).

A testimony to the enduring popularity of Trimpe's version of the Hulk is the preponderance of its usage in advertising and commercial products. If Marvel licensed Spider-Man's image, it was typically John Romita's version of Spider-Man. If they licensed the Hulk's image, it was often the one drawn by Trimpe. Trimpe's Hulk appeared on T-shirts and lunchboxes and a variety of other products. Trimpe also designed the Hulk used in the mid-1970s Honeycomb cereal TV commercial. For a while it seemed that everywhere you turned, you found Trimpe's Hulk.

Trimpe's Hulk *is* found just about everywhere in this *Marvel Masterworks*. The stories are a virtual travelogue as the Hulk leaps (or gets deposited) all over the United States and at least one place that's a long way from Kansas. That said, there are several underlying themes throughout.

For example, the stories are often not continued serials. Each issue picked up almost exactly where the last one left off, but the villain was defeated, destroyed or otherwise dispatched by the end of the story. This was not a hard and fast rule, and there are exceptions with longer subplots developing throughout the monthly adventures.

The primary subplot involves Major Glenn Talbot. Talbot was a longtime thorn in both the Hulk and Bruce Banner's side, first introduced in *Tales to Astonish* #61. Those of you who were with us for the previous Hulk *Masterworks* will recall that Talbot was captured by the Soviets. As this volume begins, Talbot has escaped his captors, but—without giving anything away—all may not be as it seems.

Another theme in this volume is the return of past villains and supporting characters, almost like a walk down memory lane as Trimpe's time on the book drew to a close. This was a departure from recent issues that introduced a number of new characters. Here, we find ourselves reacquainted with a variety of Hulk friends and foes thought dead or disabled, as well as villains the Hulk had not previously battled to keep things fresh.

Finally, there is the theme of beans. Yes, beans. All of that turning green, fighting puny humans, and smashing bad guys makes a Hulk hungry. Although the idea was introduced previously, this series of stories solidifies that the Hulk's favorite food is, without a doubt, beans. This insight into the gamma-spawned gourmet provides a wonderful source of comic relief, as well as answering an age-old question for diehard comic book fans. What do you feed a hungry Hulk?

We open this volume after the Hulk's now famous encounter with the Wolverine. Hulk has made his way from Canada to Oklahoma and in some respects, little has changed. Peace continues to elude the Hulk, who finds himself doing battle with Kaa, warlord of an alien race first encountered in the pages of 1960's *Strange Tales* #79. In the meantime, General "Thunderbolt" Ross is enjoying a rare vacation with his daughter Betty and her husband Major Glenn Talbot.

Issue #185 finds Bruce Banner chained up in the bowels of Hulkbuster Base. An explosion prompts his transformation to the Hulk and he flees the base with Betty, only to find himself face-to-face with the HS-1000, a robot operated by General Ross himself. This issue also marks the death of a recurring character and features a guest appearance by President Gerald Ford, continuing a tradition of presidential appearances dating back to Lyndon Johnson in *Tales to Astonish* #64.

The following issue begins with the Hulk recaptured, at least until a Russian spy channeling power from a satellite wreaks havoc on the base, freeing the jade giant, but the most important element of the story comes in the final panels as a key to the Major Talbot subplot is revealed. *The Incredible Hulk* #186 was the last issue inked by Herb Trimpe. Joe Staton inked most of the remaining issues in this volume. While inkers like John Severin imposed their own style over the penciler—largely to good effect—Staton did the exact opposite in his embellishment and remained very faithful to the penciled art, right down to Trimpe's crooked Hulk teeth.

Issue #187 introduces Clay Quartermain, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D., to the Hulk cast, as the Talbot storyline takes center stage. Trimpe loved to draw diagrams and this issue includes a cross-section of the "Chameleon-Craft," the aptly named plane used in the attempt to rescue Talbot from the Gremlin (last seen in *The Incredible Hulk* #163). If the Gremlin seems familiar, it's because he's the son of the Gargoyle, the villain from the very first issue of *The Incredible Hulk*.

The Gremlin story continues in issue #188, as the mission proves easier said than done when Talbot—whose mind is not his own—doesn't want to be rescued. Clay Quartermain brings his S.H.I.E.L.D. gadgets to bear, including a reconstituted cigar for General Ross to chomp, and the Hulk remains behind to battle the Gremlin's pet triceratops while the others make their escape.

For issue #189, writer Len Wein and Trimpe pay homage to the movie *Frankenstein* in a story that is arguably the best of this run. The villain of the tale is the Mole Man, who first encountered the Hulk back in issue #122, but the real drama comes from the Hulk's interaction with a blind girl and her family. The ending of the story is both unexpected and tragic, but for once it is not the hostility of humans that drives the Hulk away.

Issues #190-191 of *The Incredible Hulk* present another continued story. The Hulk's greatest laments are the lack of friends and the constant conflict with "puny humans." So, when Glorian, herald of the Shaper of Worlds, takes the Hulk to his own paradise, he revels in peace and contentment; however, when the Toad Men interrupt his reverie, they come to regret it. It seems the Hulk is destined to never be happy. (Issue #190 was inked by Trimpe's original Hulk mentor and collaborator, Marie Severin.)

One of the interesting aspects of this story is that when the Hulk sleeps, he wakes up as the Hulk, not Bruce Banner. In fact, the character spends most of the time in the stories of this volume as the Hulk, often turning back to Banner only when it is least convenient. This represents quite an evolution from the early days when nightfall brought on the Hulk's transformation.

When the Hulk returns to Earth in issue #192, he finds himself in Scotland, a long way from home. While in search of beans, the Hulk gets caught up in a feud over the fate of a monster beneath Loch Fear. There are no super villains in this story, which is a nice respite from the rogues' gallery the Hulk has faced over the last several issues, but there is a twist in the Glenn Talbot subplot.

Issue #193 marks the return of Doc Samson, who lost his powers back in issue #147. The passage of time has done nothing to deflate his ego, and he wastes no time in taking on the Hulk. Even if the conclusion is certain, it is a genuine pleasure to see them locked in battle again. Doc Samson was always one of the Hulk's best antagonists because he was both friend and foe. This was a fitting final issue for Herb Trimpe, who co-created the character with Roy Thomas in issue #141.

So, why did Trimpe leave the Hulk? Herb was living in Cornwall, England, at the time, and during one of his telephone conversations with Marvel Production Manager and friend John Verpoorten, Trimpe mentioned that he wouldn't mind getting off *The Incredible Hulk* and doing something different. The next thing he knew, the deed was done and his eight-year affair with the green goliath was over. Years later, Trimpe would lament that decision, commenting, "I actually got myself off *The Incredible Hulk*. I bailed out. Today, I wish I hadn't. God knows how long I could have kept going. But in retrospect, people will ask me, 'What was your favorite title?' And I have to say *The Incredible Hulk*."[1]

The artist who inherited the Hulk was Sal Buscema. Buscema was a veteran artist by 1975, having worked for Marvel roughly the same length of time as Trimpe, and having proved his ability on titles like *The Avengers* and *Captain America*. Buscema had also drawn the Hulk before in issue #124, as well as in other comics such as *X-Men*, *Sub-Mariner* and especially *The Defenders*. What is remarkable about Buscema taking over *The Incredible Hulk* is that he didn't miss a beat. The transition was not only smooth, it was seamless. He brought his own unique style of gaping mouths and dynamic action, making the character new all over again. It was as if he were destined to draw *The Incredible Hulk*, which he did for the next 10 years, amazingly surpassing Trimpe's eight-year run. And if anything, Buscema's Hulk showed even more enthusiasm for beans.

Buscema's first issue presented one of those situations in which the Hulk was not looking for trouble, nor was trouble looking for him, yet they still managed to find each other. The villain of the piece is the Locust, an old X-Men adversary, but new to the Hulk and seriously outmatched. Meanwhile, as General Ross and company rebuild Hulkbuster Base, they discover something buried beneath the rubble. Noteworthy is a scene of Bruce Banner deliberately bringing on the transformation to the Hulk to protect the people who have befriended him.

Issue #195 marks the return of the Abomination, one of the Hulk's oldest and greatest villains. Doc Samson and the gang at Hulkbuster Base have restored the Abomination to health, so that he can capture the Hulk. The two meet up in an amusement park based on *Alice in Wonderland*, providing a humorous backdrop for an all-out battle between the gamma-spawned creatures, and demonstrating why Buscema was the perfect penciler to take over *The Incredible Hulk*.

The final issue in this volume concludes the Abomination storyline. Having convinced the Hulk that the puny humans are the real enemy, together they hold the Kennedy Space Center for ransom. Ultimately, their uneasy alliance sheds light on the difference between the two green goliaths. The persuasive pleading of Betty Ross-Talbot leads the Hulk to turn on the Abomination, and the ensuing conflict leaves the fate of both uncertain as the story ends.

But, of course, this is not the end. The Hulk has many more adventures to come. As for Trimpe, he would draw the Hulk again from time to time and even plot a story, but the torch had been passed. The one constant amid the change remains the jade giant himself, proving once again Hulk is the strongest one of all.

Dewey Cassell

2017

Dewey Cassell is the Eisner Award-nominated author of 40 articles and three books about comics and their creators, including co-author with Aaron Sultan of The Incredible Herb Trimpe*, available from TwoMorrows Publishing. He is currently working on a book about Mike Grell.*

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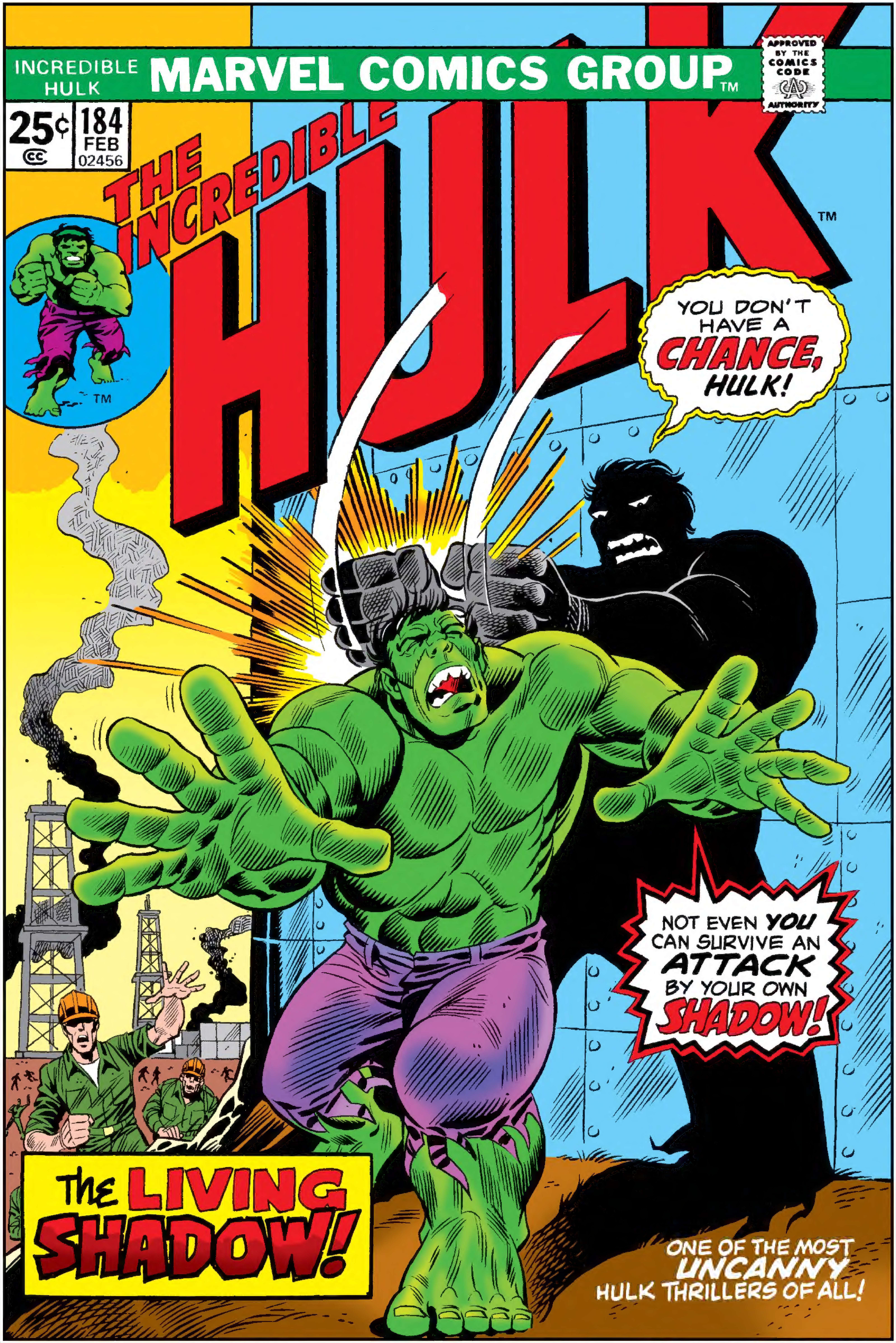
[1] Dewey Cassell and Aaron Sultan, *The Incredible Herb Trimpe* (Raleigh: TwoMorrows, 2015), 63.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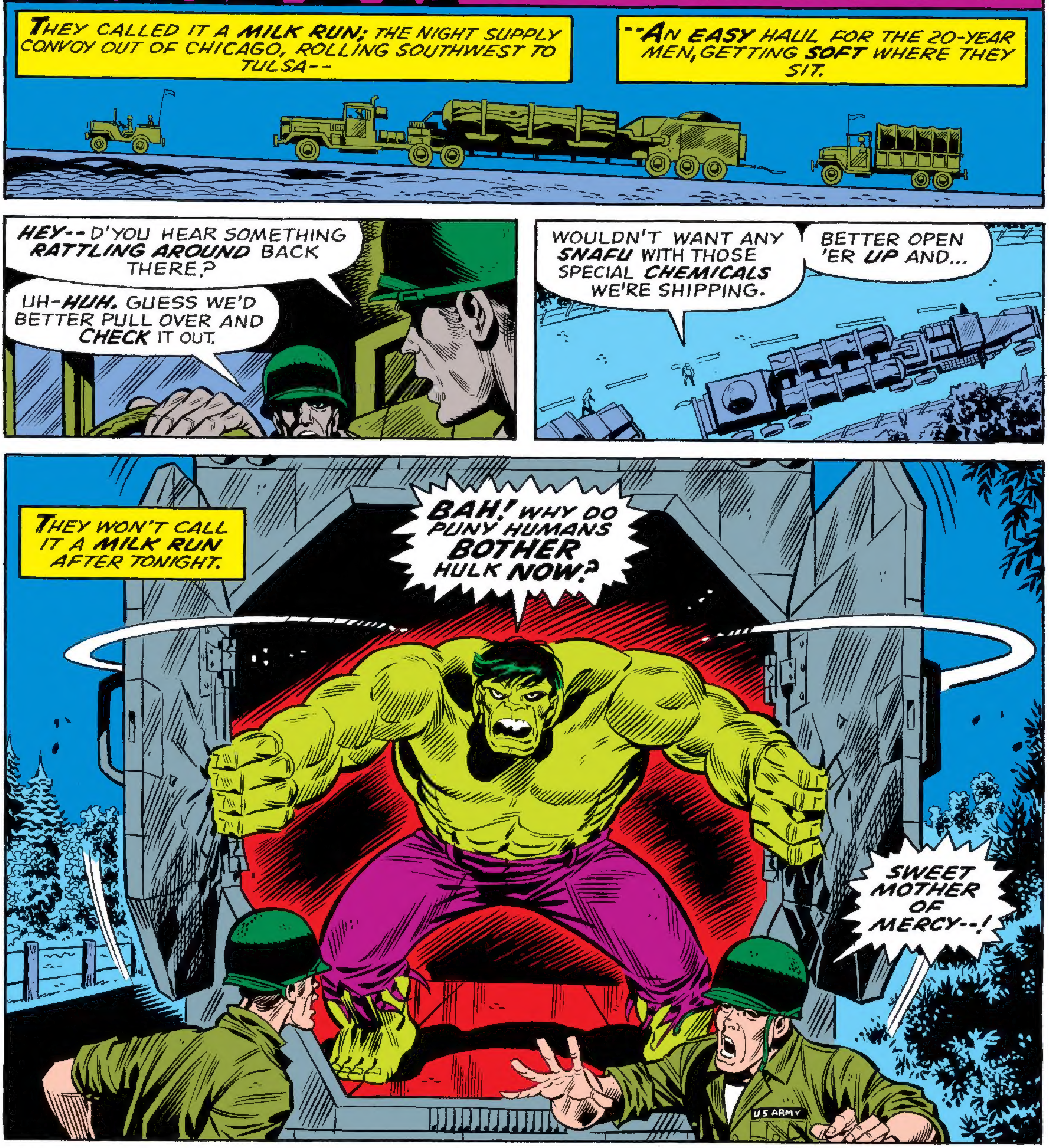
YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE, HULK!
NOT EVEN YOU CAN SURVIVE AN ATTACK BY YOUR OWN SHADOW!
The LIVING SHADOW!
ONE OF THE MOST UNCANNY HULK THRILLERS OF ALL!

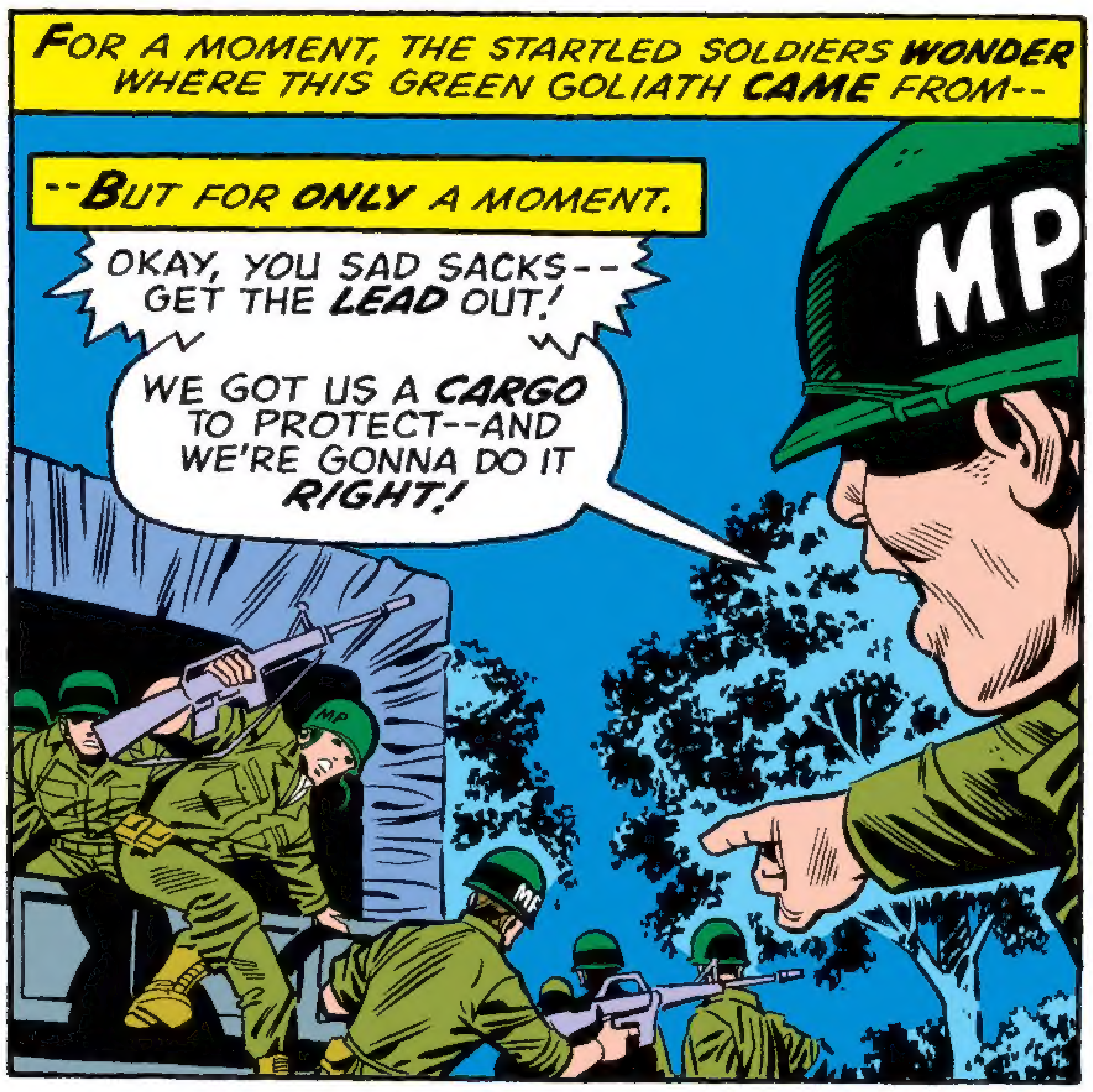
Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

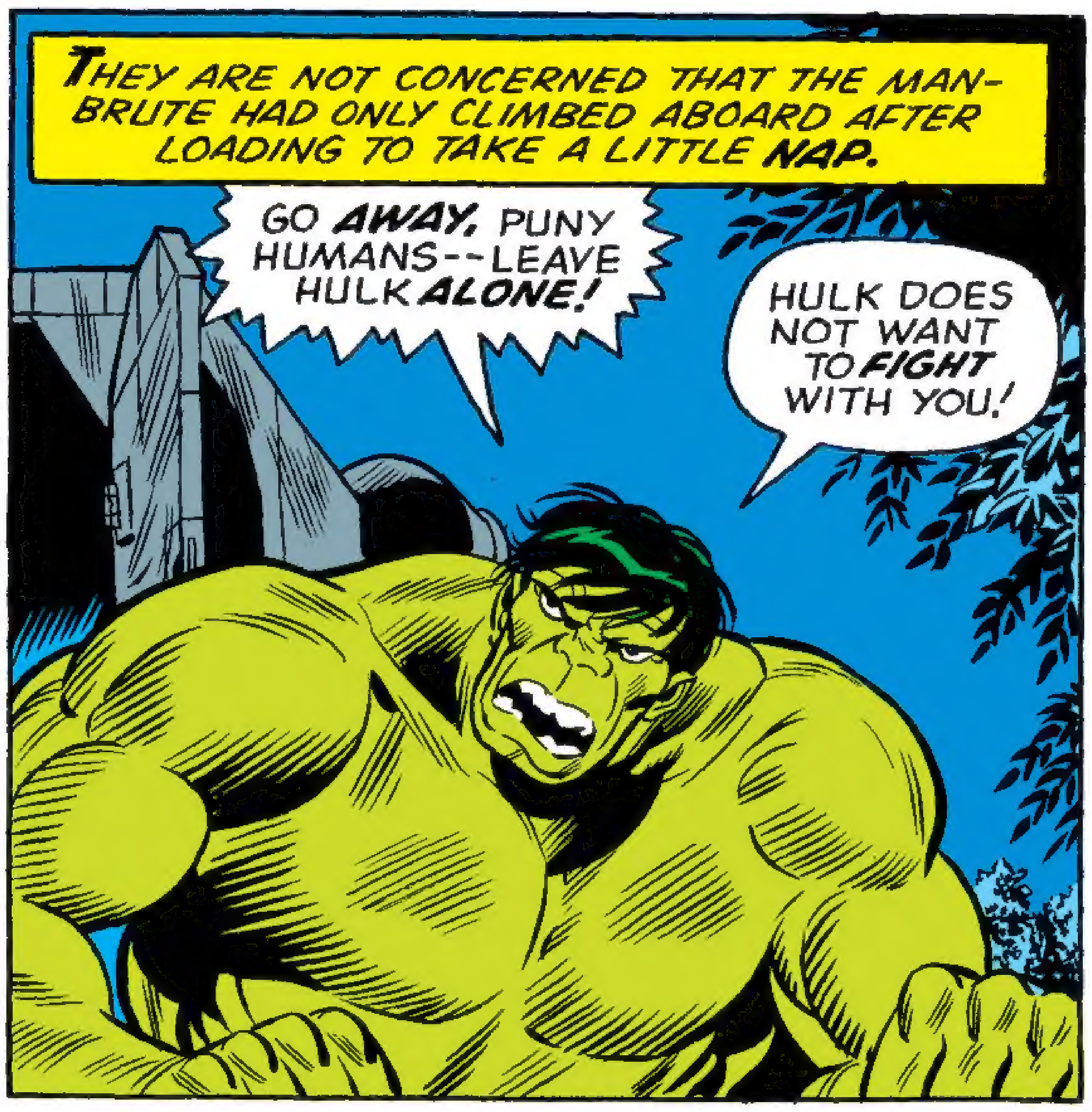
STAN LEE PRESENTS: **THE INCREDIBLE HULK!**™

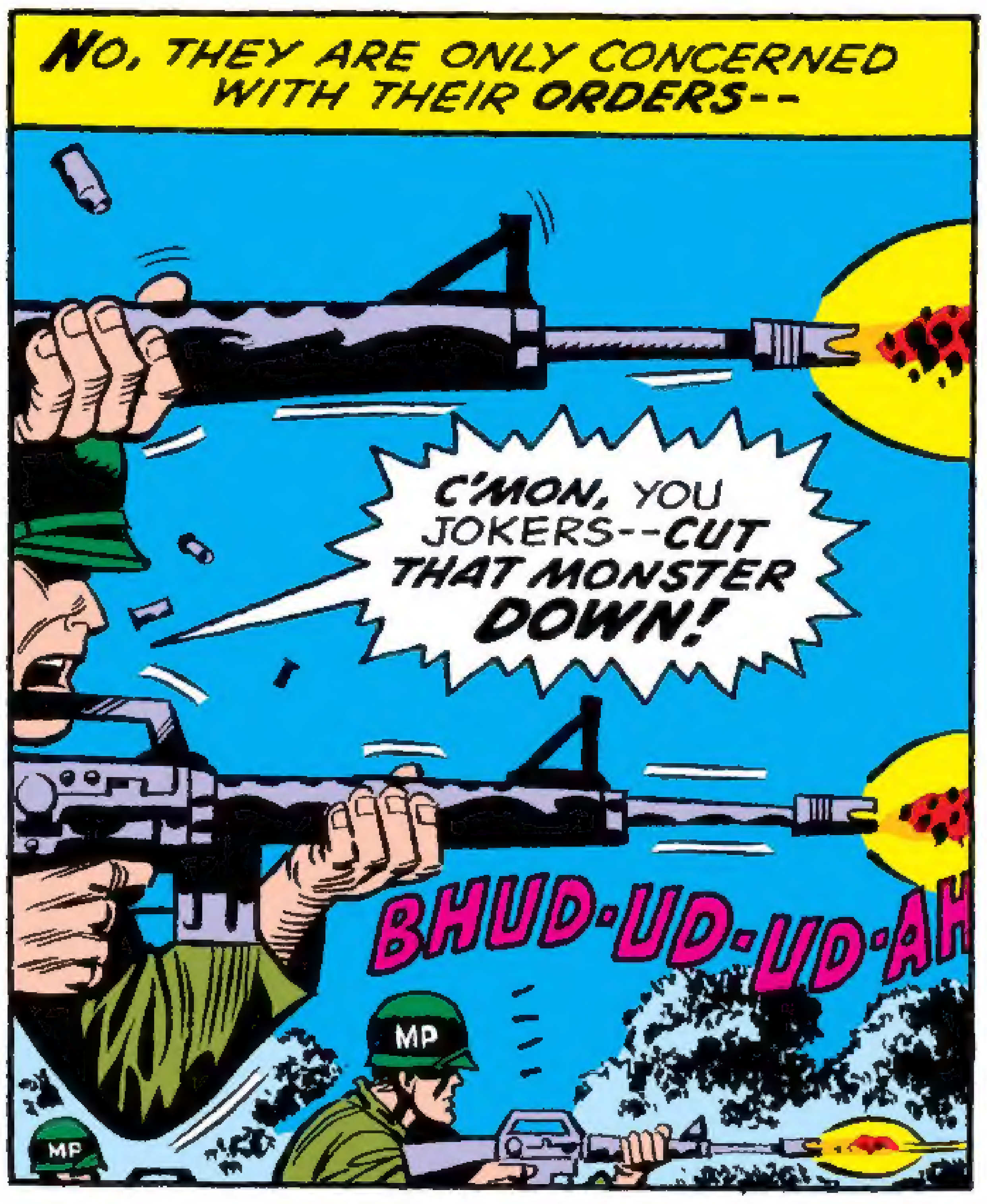
LEN WEIN & HERB TRIMPE *STORYTELLERS* ✱ GLYNIS OLIVER WEIN *COLORIST* ✱ ARTIE SIMEK *LETTERER* ✱ ROY THOMAS *EDITOR*

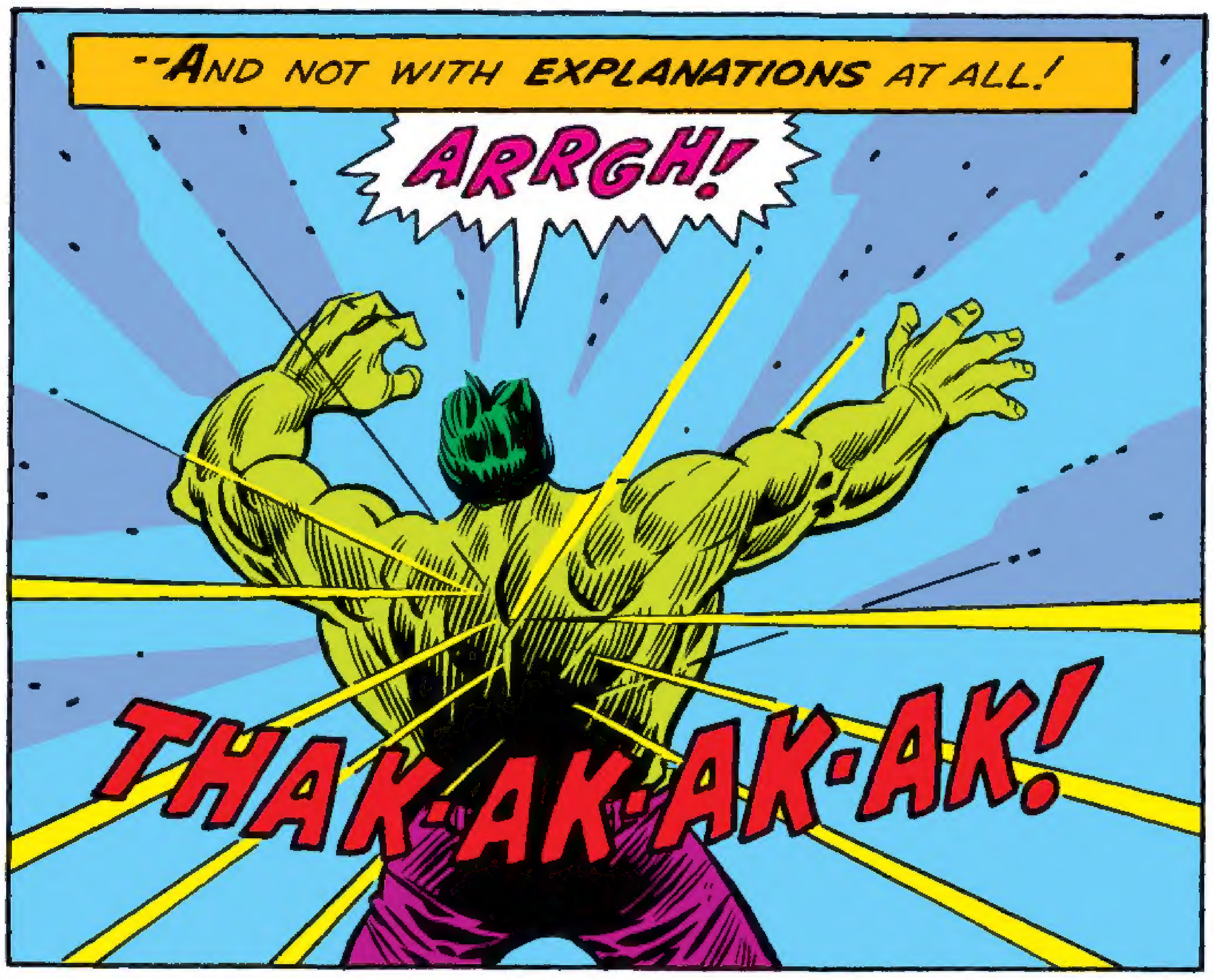
SHADOW ON THE LAND!

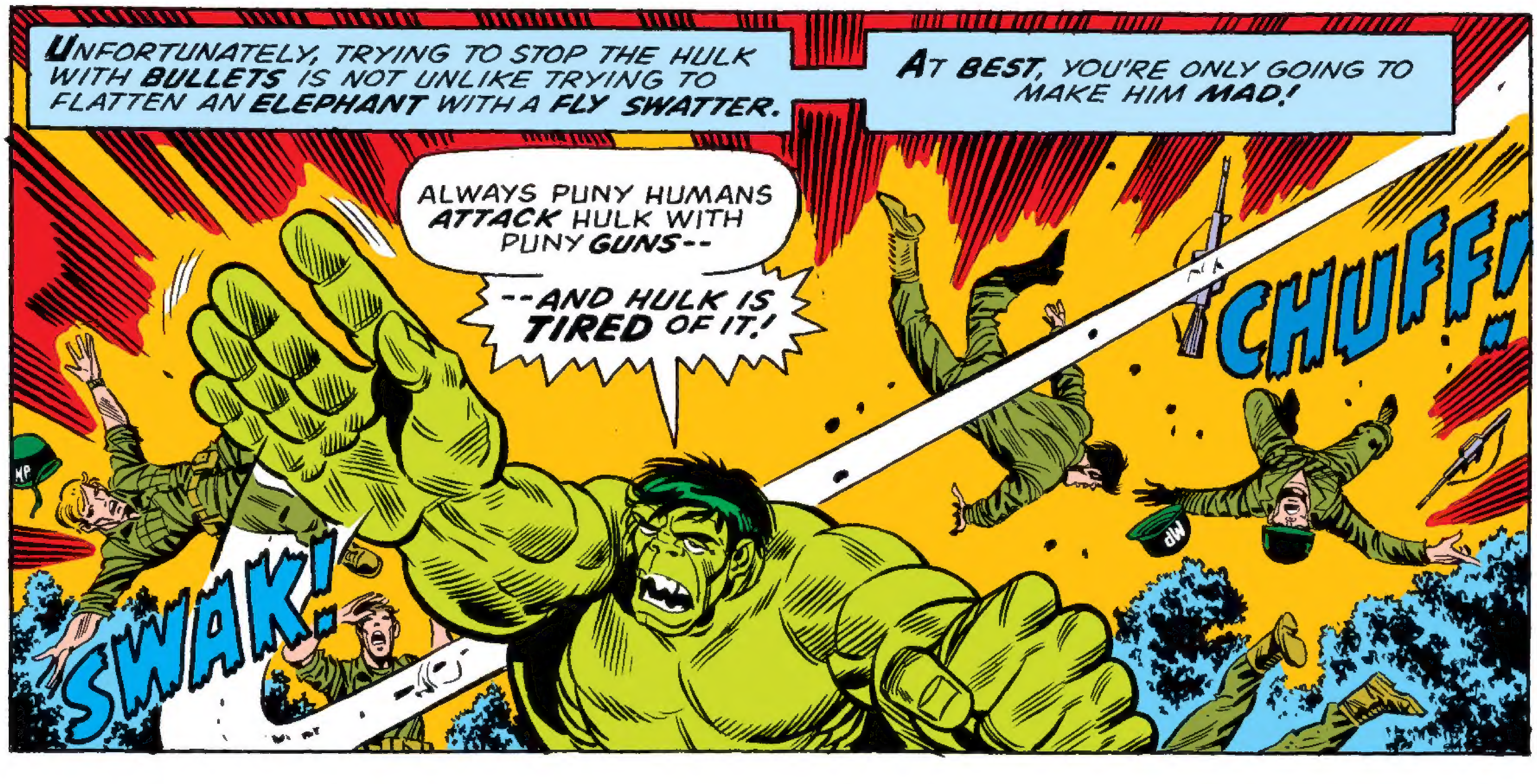

THEY CALLED IT A MILK RUN: THE NIGHT SUPPLY CONVOY OUT OF CHICAGO, ROLLING SOUTHWEST TO TULSA--
--AN EASY HAUL FOR THE 20-YEAR MEN, GETTING SOFT WHERE THEY SIT.
HEY--D'YOU HEAR SOMETHING RATTLING AROUND BACK THERE?
UH-HUH. GUESS WE'D BETTER PULL OVER AND CHECK IT OUT.
WOULDN'T WANT ANY SNAFU WITH THOSE SPECIAL CHEMICALS WE'RE SHIPPING.
BETTER OPEN 'ER UP AND...
THEY WON'T CALL IT A MILK RUN AFTER TONIGHT.
BAH! WHY DO PUNY HUMANS BOTHER HULK NOW?
SWEET MOTHER OF MERCY--!
US ARMY

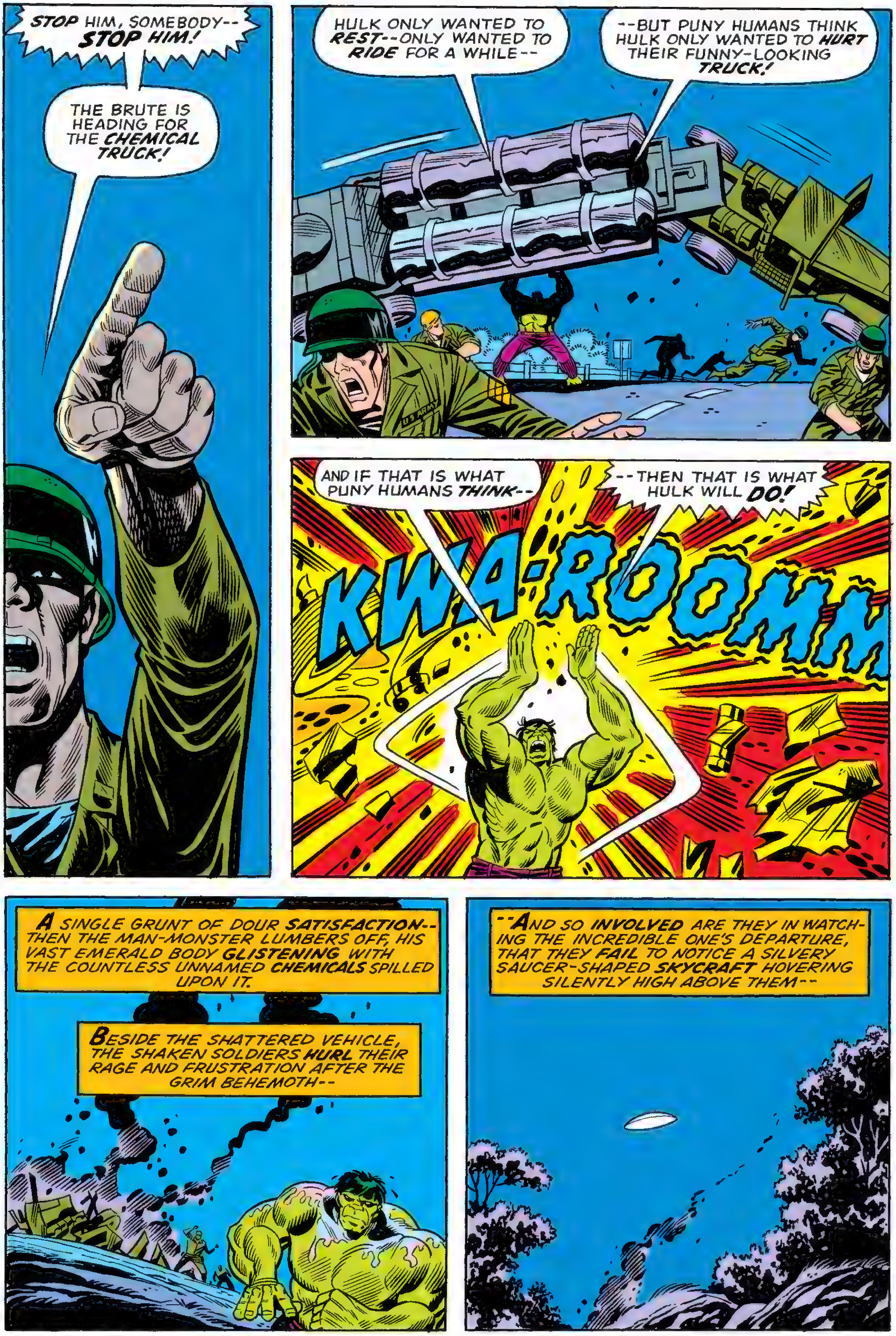

FOR A MOMENT, THE STARTLED SOLDIERS WONDER WHERE THIS GREEN GOLIATH CAME FROM--
--BUT FOR ONLY A MOMENT.
OKAY, YOU SAD SACKS--GET THE LEAD OUT!
WE GOT US A CARGO TO PROTECT--AND WE'RE GONNA DO IT RIGHT!
MP

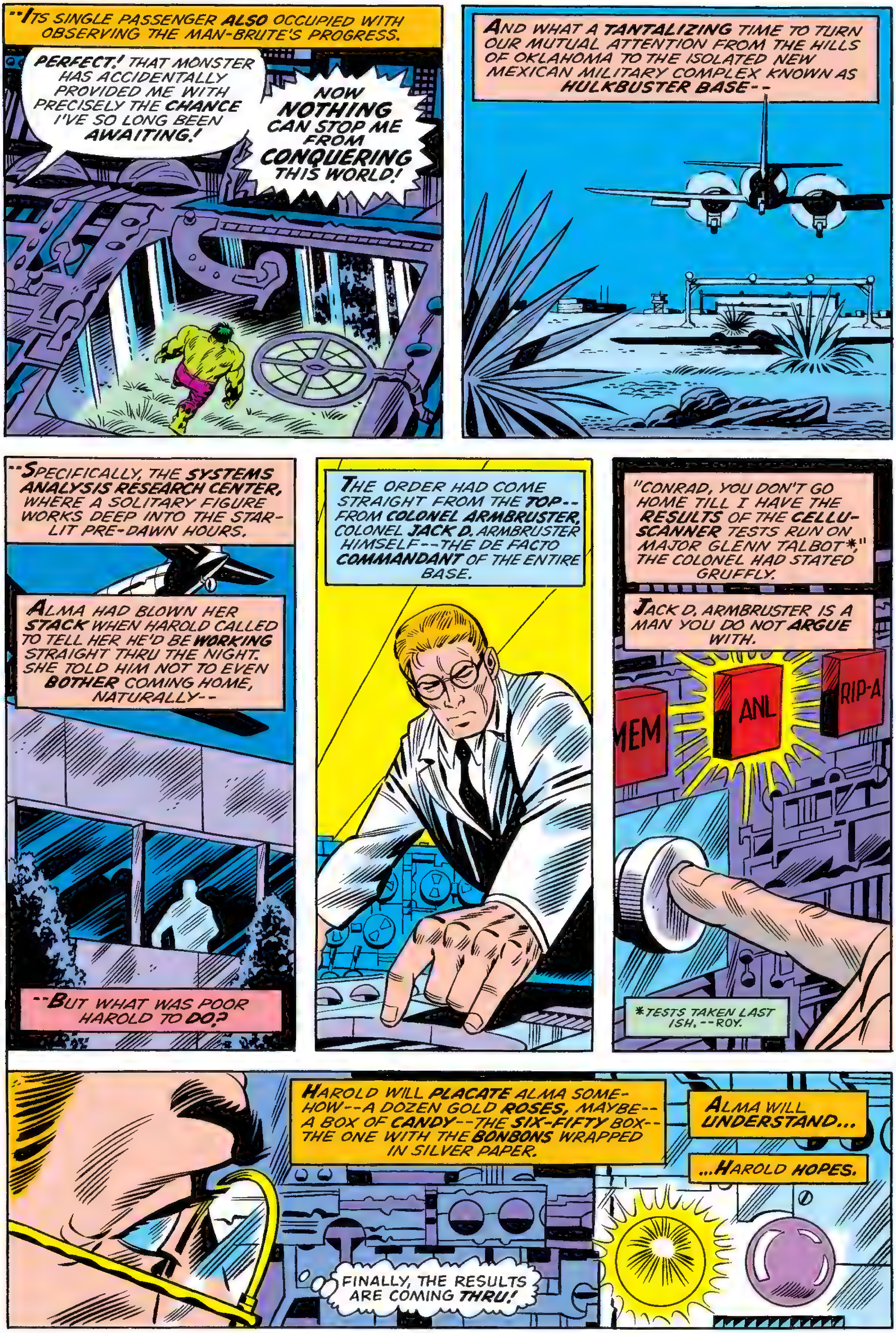

THEY ARE NOT CONCERNED THAT THE MAN-BRUTE HAD ONLY CLIMBED ABOARD AFTER LOADING TO TAKE A LITTLE NAP.
GO AWAY, PUNY HUMANS--LEAVE HULK ALONE!
HULK DOES NOT WANT TO FIGHT WITH YOU!

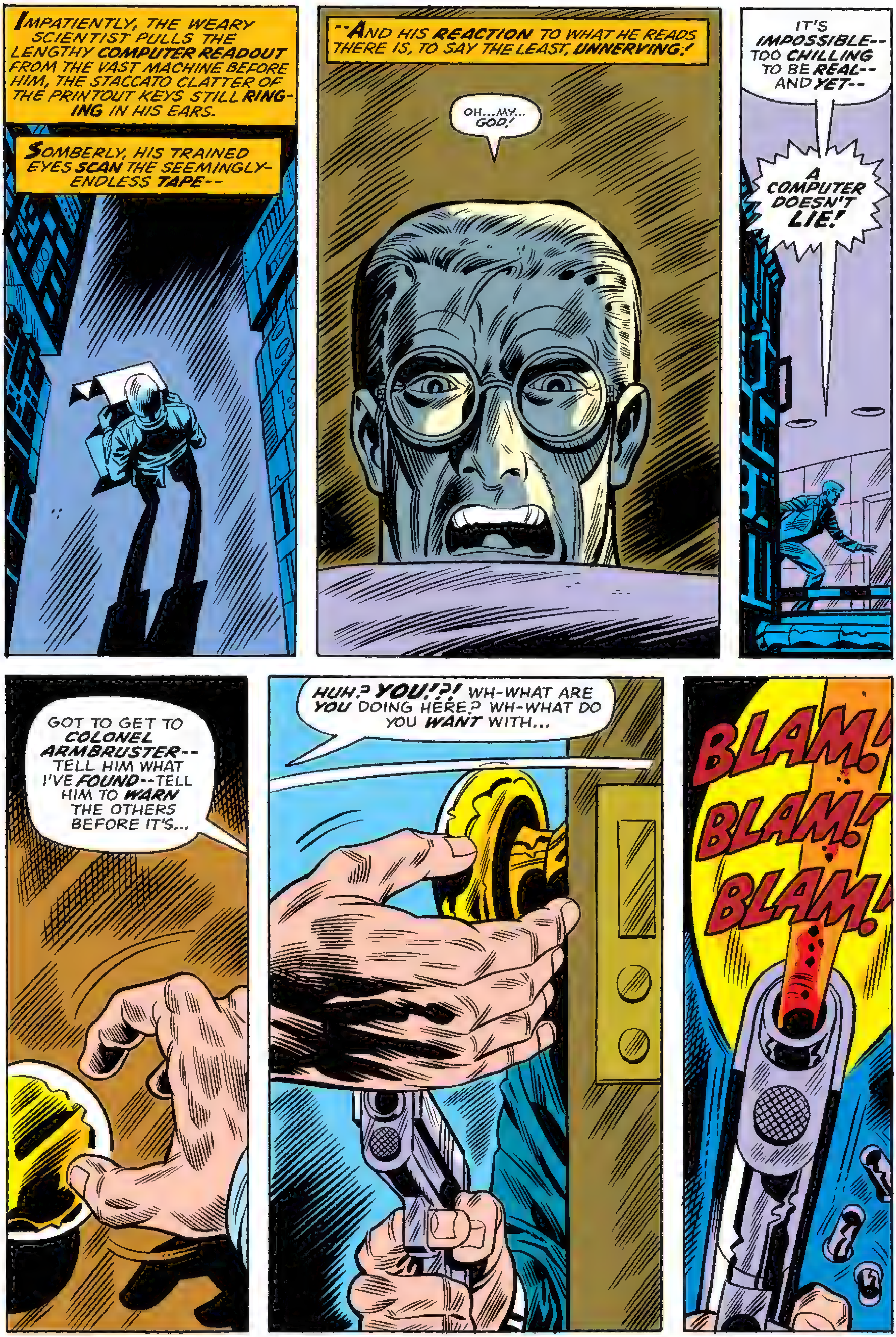

NO, THEY ARE ONLY CONCERNED WITH THEIR ORDERS--
C'MON, YOU JOKERS--CUT THAT MONSTER DOWN!
BHUD-UD-UD-AH
MP

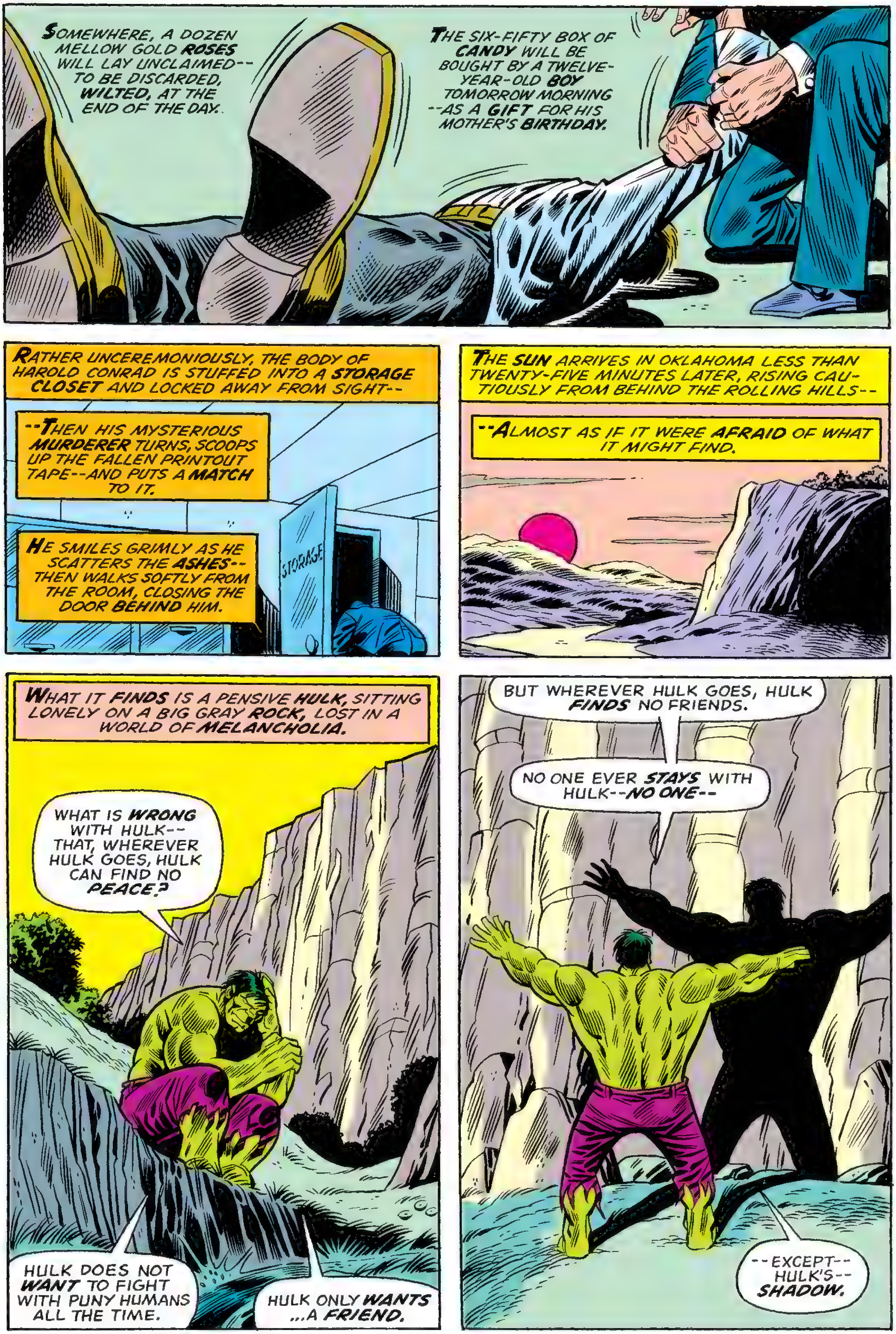

--AND NOT WITH EXPLANATIONS AT ALL!
ARRGH!
THAK-AK-AK-AK!

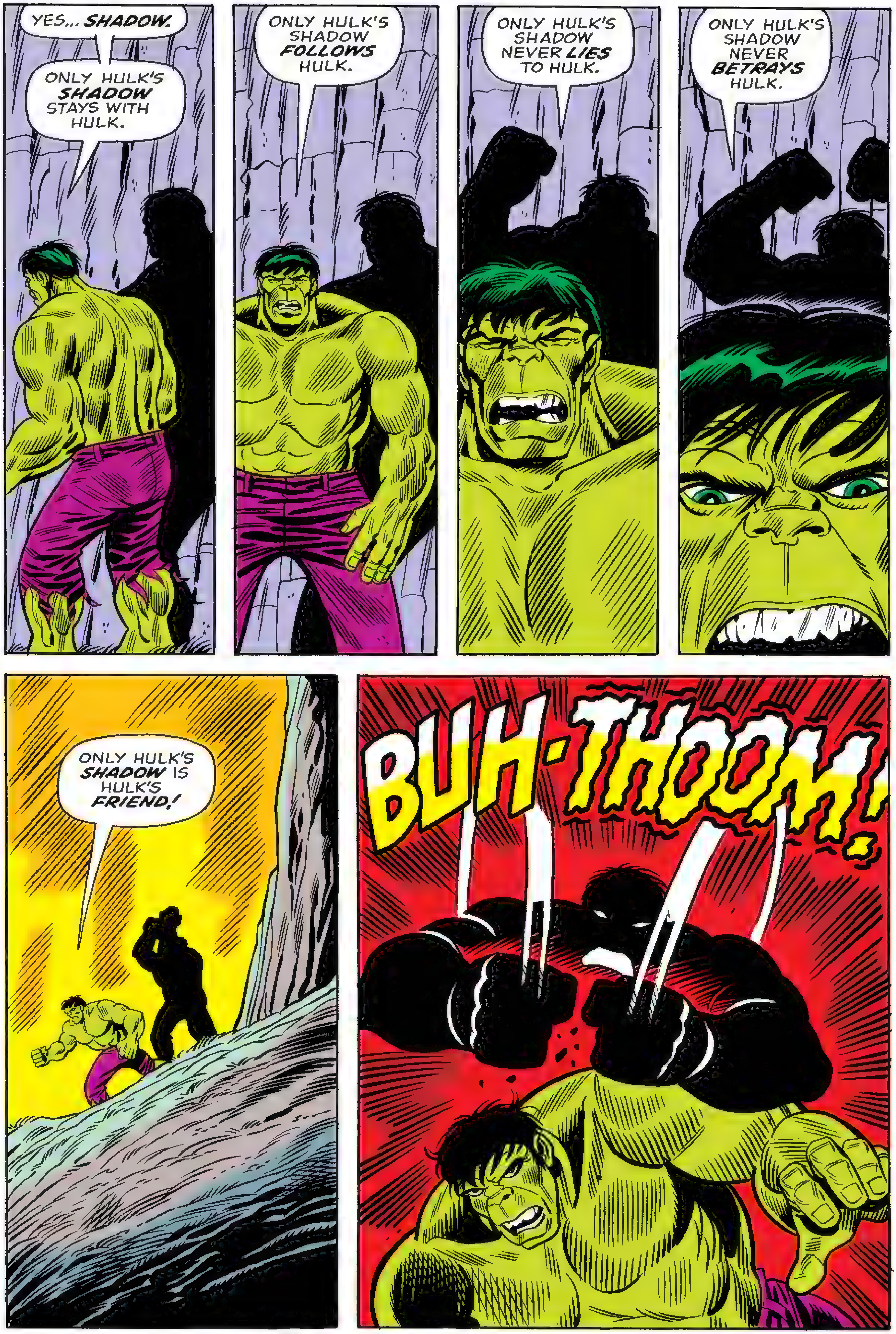

UNFORTUNATELY, TRYING TO STOP THE HULK WITH BULLETS IS NOT UNLIKE TRYING TO FLATTEN AN ELEPHANT WITH A FLY SWATTER.
AT BEST, YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO MAKE HIM MAD!
ALWAYS PUNY HUMANS ATTACK HULK WITH PUNY GUNS--
--AND HULK IS TIRED OF IT!
CHUFF!
SWAK!

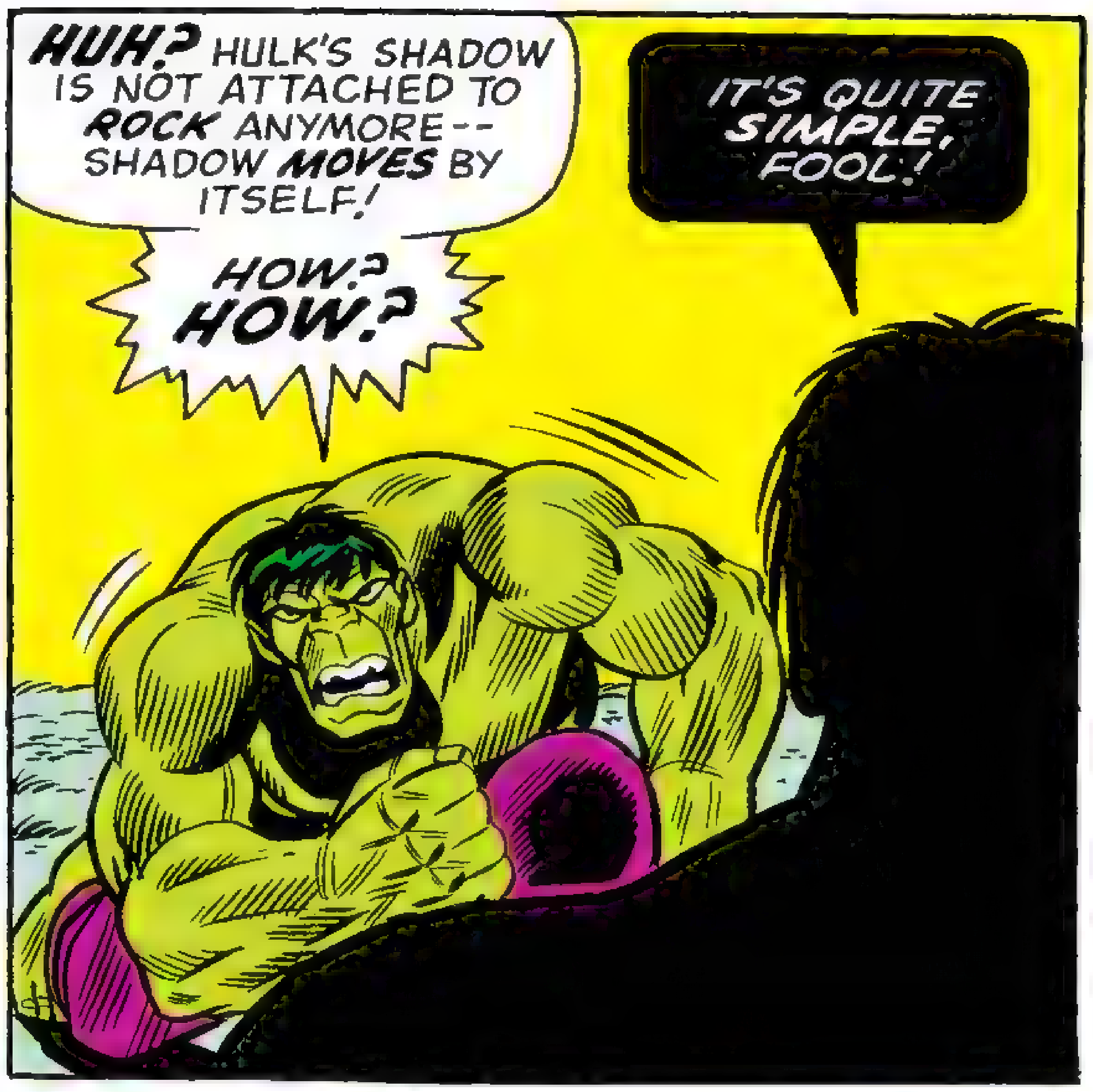

STOP HIM, SOMEBODY-- STOP HIM!
THE BRUTE IS HEADING FOR THE CHEMICAL TRUCK!
HULK ONLY WANTED TO REST--ONLY WANTED TO RIDE FOR A WHILE--
--BUT PUNY HUMANS THINK HULK ONLY WANTED TO HURT THEIR FUNNY-LOOKING TRUCK!
U.S. ARMY
AND IF THAT IS WHAT PUNY HUMANS THINK--
--THEN THAT IS WHAT HULK WILL DO!
KWA-ROOMM
A SINGLE GRUNT OF DOUR SATISFACTION--THEN THE MAN-MONSTER LUMBERS OFF, HIS VAST EMERALD BODY GLISTENING WITH THE COUNTLESS UNNAMED CHEMICALS SPILLED UPON IT.
BESIDE THE SHATTERED VEHICLE, THE SHAKEN SOLDIERS HURL THEIR RAGE AND FRUSTRATION AFTER THE GRIM BEHEMOTH--
--AND SO INVOLVED ARE THEY IN WATCHING THE INCREDIBLE ONE'S DEPARTURE, THAT THEY FAIL TO NOTICE A SILVERY SAUCER-SHAPED SKYCRAFT HOVERING SILENTLY HIGH ABOVE THEM--

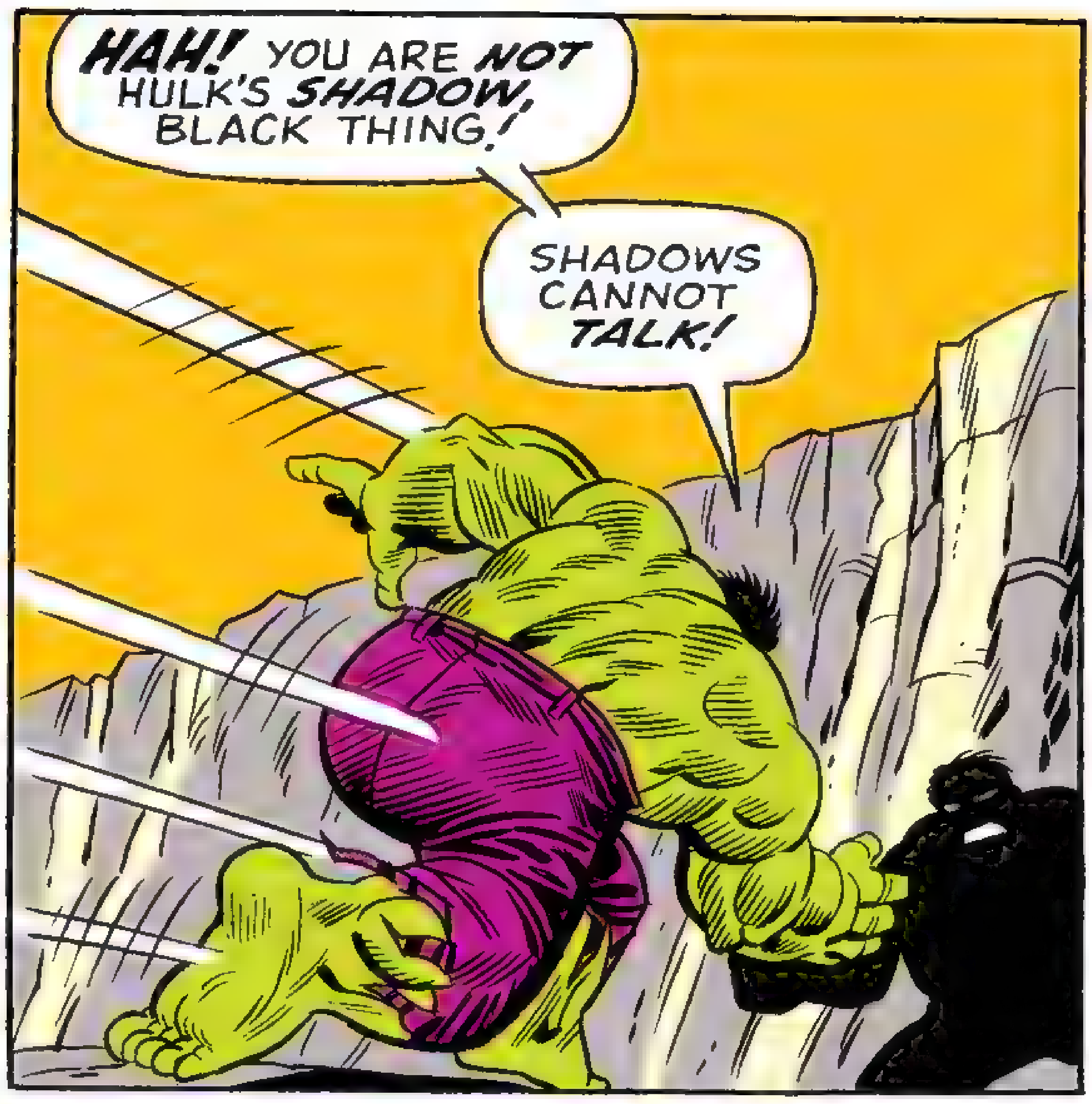

--ITS SINGLE PASSENGER ALSO OCCUPIED WITH OBSERVING THE MAN-BRUTE'S PROGRESS.
PERFECT! THAT MONSTER HAS ACCIDENTALLY PROVIDED ME WITH PRECISELY THE CHANCE I'VE SO LONG BEEN AWAITING!
NOW NOTHING CAN STOP ME FROM CONQUERING THIS WORLD!
AND WHAT A TANTALIZING TIME TO TURN OUR MUTUAL ATTENTION FROM THE HILLS OF OKLAHOMA TO THE ISOLATED NEW MEXICAN MILITARY COMPLEX KNOWN AS HULKBUSTER BASE--
--SPECIFICALLY, THE SYSTEMS ANALYSIS RESEARCH CENTER, WHERE A SOLITARY FIGURE WORKS DEEP INTO THE STAR-LIT PRE-DAWN HOURS.
ALMA HAD BLOWN HER STACK WHEN HAROLD CALLED TO TELL HER HE'D BE WORKING STRAIGHT THRU THE NIGHT. SHE TOLD HIM NOT TO EVEN BOTHER COMING HOME, NATURALLY--
--BUT WHAT WAS POOR HAROLD TO DO?
THE ORDER HAD COME STRAIGHT FROM THE TOP--FROM COLONEL ARMBRUSTER, COLONEL JACK D. ARMBRUSTER HIMSELF--THE DE FACTO COMMANDANT OF THE ENTIRE BASE.
"CONRAD, YOU DON'T GO HOME TILL I HAVE THE RESULTS OF THE CELLU-SCANNER TESTS RUN ON MAJOR GLENN TALBOT*," THE COLONEL HAD STATED GRUFFLY.
JACK D. ARMBRUSTER IS A MAN YOU DO NOT ARGUE WITH.
MEM
ANL
RIP-A
*TESTS TAKEN LAST ISH. --ROY.
HAROLD WILL PLACATE ALMA SOMEHOW--A DOZEN GOLD ROSES, MAYBE--A BOX OF CANDY--THE SIX-FIFTY BOX--THE ONE WITH THE BONBONS WRAPPED IN SILVER PAPER.
ALMA WILL UNDERSTAND...
...HAROLD HOPES.
FINALLY, THE RESULTS ARE COMING THRU!

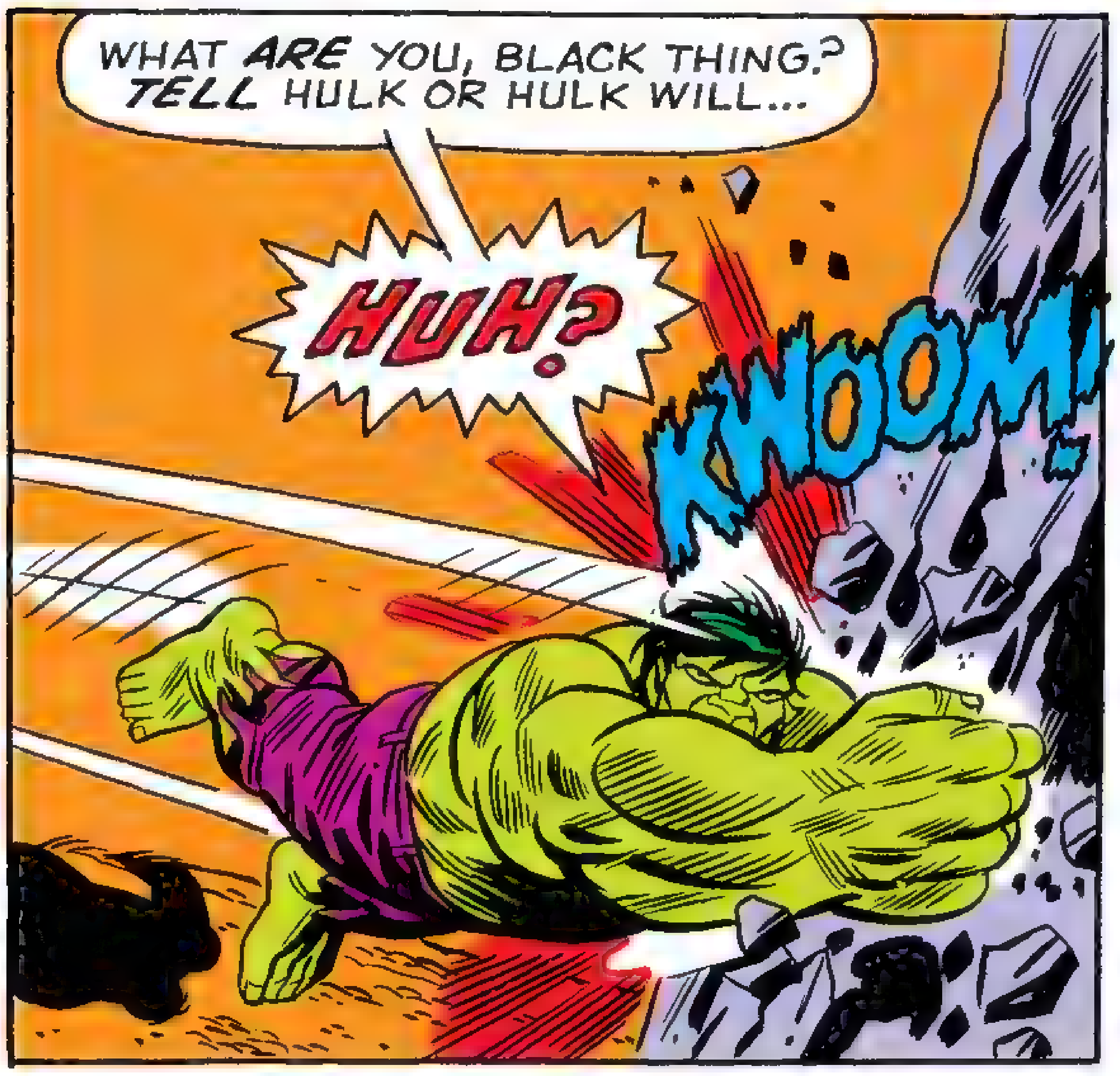

IMPATIENTLY, THE WEARY SCIENTIST PULLS THE LENGTHY COMPUTER READOUT FROM THE VAST MACHINE BEFORE HIM, THE STACCATO CLATTER OF THE PRINTOUT KEYS STILL RINGING IN HIS EARS.
SOMBERLY, HIS TRAINED EYES SCAN THE SEEMINGLY-ENDLESS TAPE--
--AND HIS REACTION TO WHAT HE READS THERE IS, TO SAY THE LEAST, UNNERVING!
OH...MY... GOD!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- TOO CHILLING TO BE REAL-- AND YET--
A COMPUTER DOESN'T LIE!
GOT TO GET TO COLONEL ARMBRUSTER-- TELL HIM WHAT I'VE FOUND--TELL HIM TO WARN THE OTHERS BEFORE IT'S...
HUH? YOU!?! WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH...
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

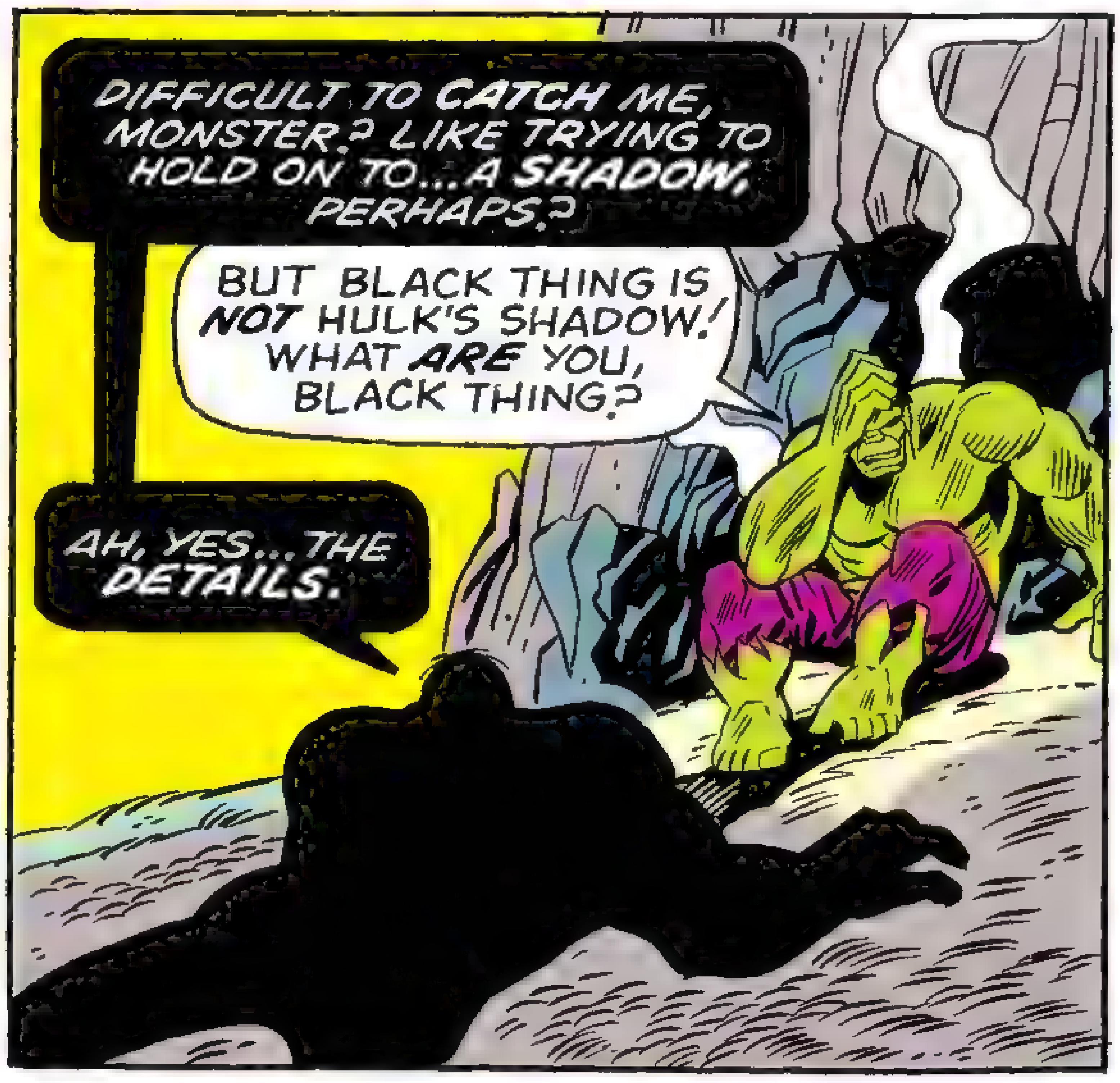

SOMEWHERE, A DOZEN MELLOW GOLD ROSES WILL LAY UNCLAIMED-- TO BE DISCARDED, WILTED, AT THE END OF THE DAY.
THE SIX-FIFTY BOX OF CANDY WILL BE BOUGHT BY A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY TOMORROW MORNING --AS A GIFT FOR HIS MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.
RATHER UNCEREMONIOUSLY, THE BODY OF HAROLD CONRAD IS STUFFED INTO A STORAGE CLOSET AND LOCKED AWAY FROM SIGHT--
--THEN HIS MYSTERIOUS MURDERER TURNS, SCOOPS UP THE FALLEN PRINTOUT TAPE--AND PUTS A MATCH TO IT.
HE SMILES GRIMLY AS HE SCATTERS THE ASHES-- THEN WALKS SOFTLY FROM THE ROOM, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.
STORAGE
THE SUN ARRIVES IN OKLAHOMA LESS THAN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER, RISING CAUTIOUSLY FROM BEHIND THE ROLLING HILLS--
--ALMOST AS IF IT WERE AFRAID OF WHAT IT MIGHT FIND.
WHAT IT FINDS IS A PENSIVE HULK, SITTING LONELY ON A BIG GRAY ROCK, LOST IN A WORLD OF MELANCHOLIA.
WHAT IS WRONG WITH HULK-- THAT, WHEREVER HULK GOES, HULK CAN FIND NO PEACE?
HULK DOES NOT WANT TO FIGHT WITH PUNY HUMANS ALL THE TIME.
HULK ONLY WANTS ...A FRIEND.
BUT WHEREVER HULK GOES, HULK FINDS NO FRIENDS.
NO ONE EVER STAYS WITH HULK--NO ONE--
--EXCEPT-- HULK'S-- SHADOW.

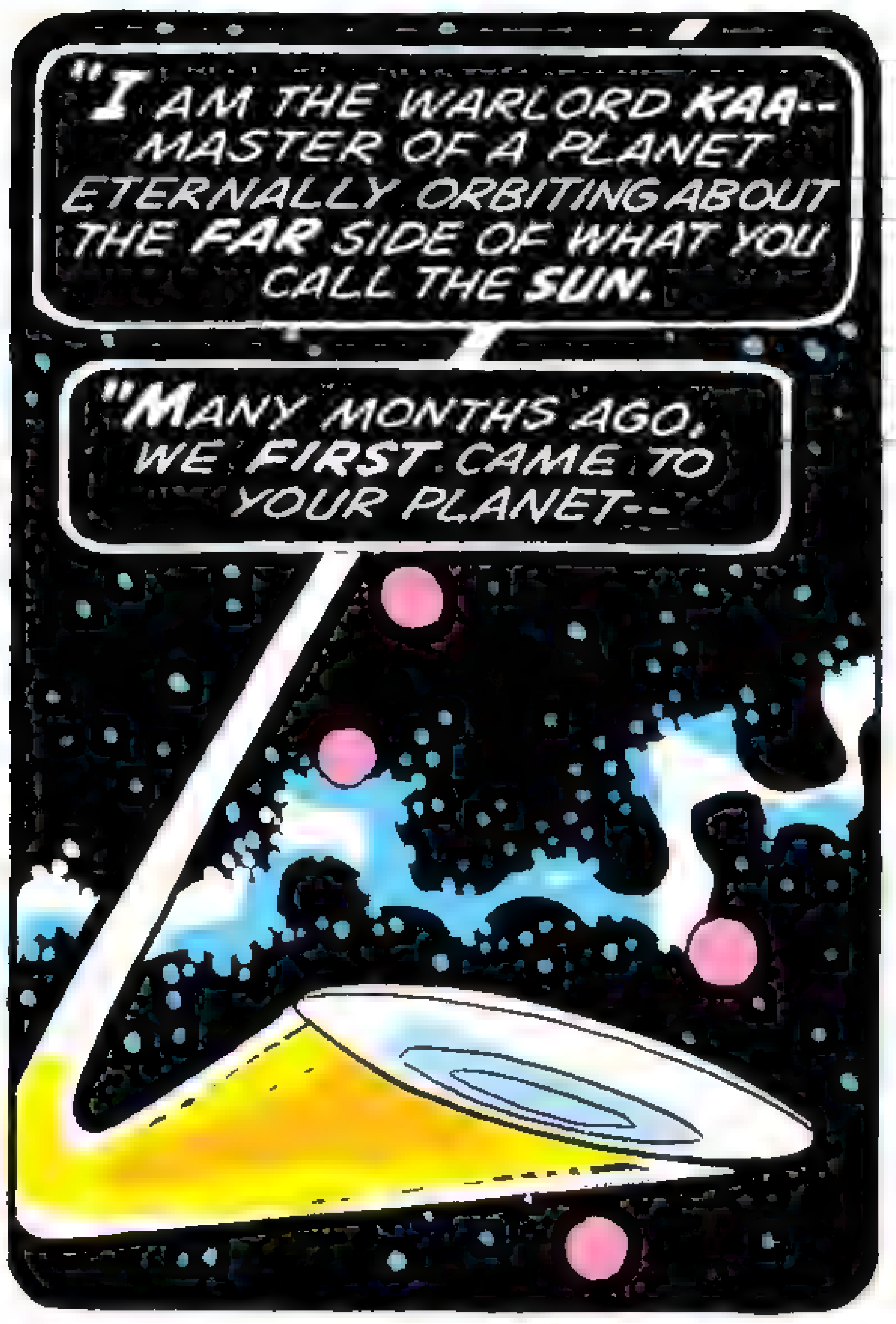

YES... SHADOW.
ONLY HULK'S SHADOW STAYS WITH HULK.
ONLY HULK'S SHADOW FOLLOWS HULK.
ONLY HULK'S SHADOW NEVER LIES TO HULK.
ONLY HULK'S SHADOW NEVER BETRAYS HULK.
ONLY HULK'S SHADOW IS HULK'S FRIEND!
BUH-THOOM!

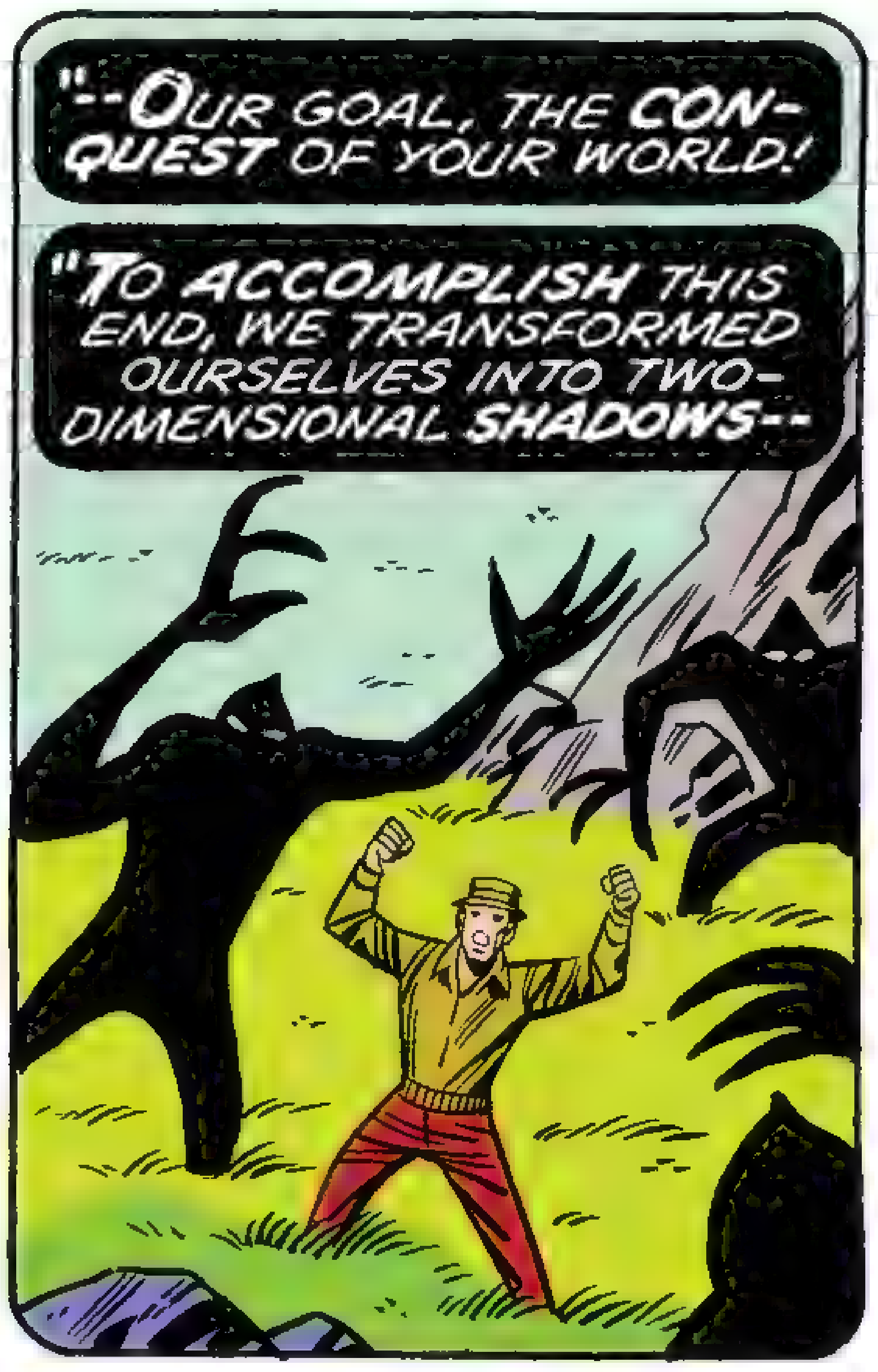

HUH? HULK'S SHADOW IS NOT ATTACHED TO ROCK ANYMORE-- SHADOW MOVES BY ITSELF!
HOW? HOW?
IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, FOOL!

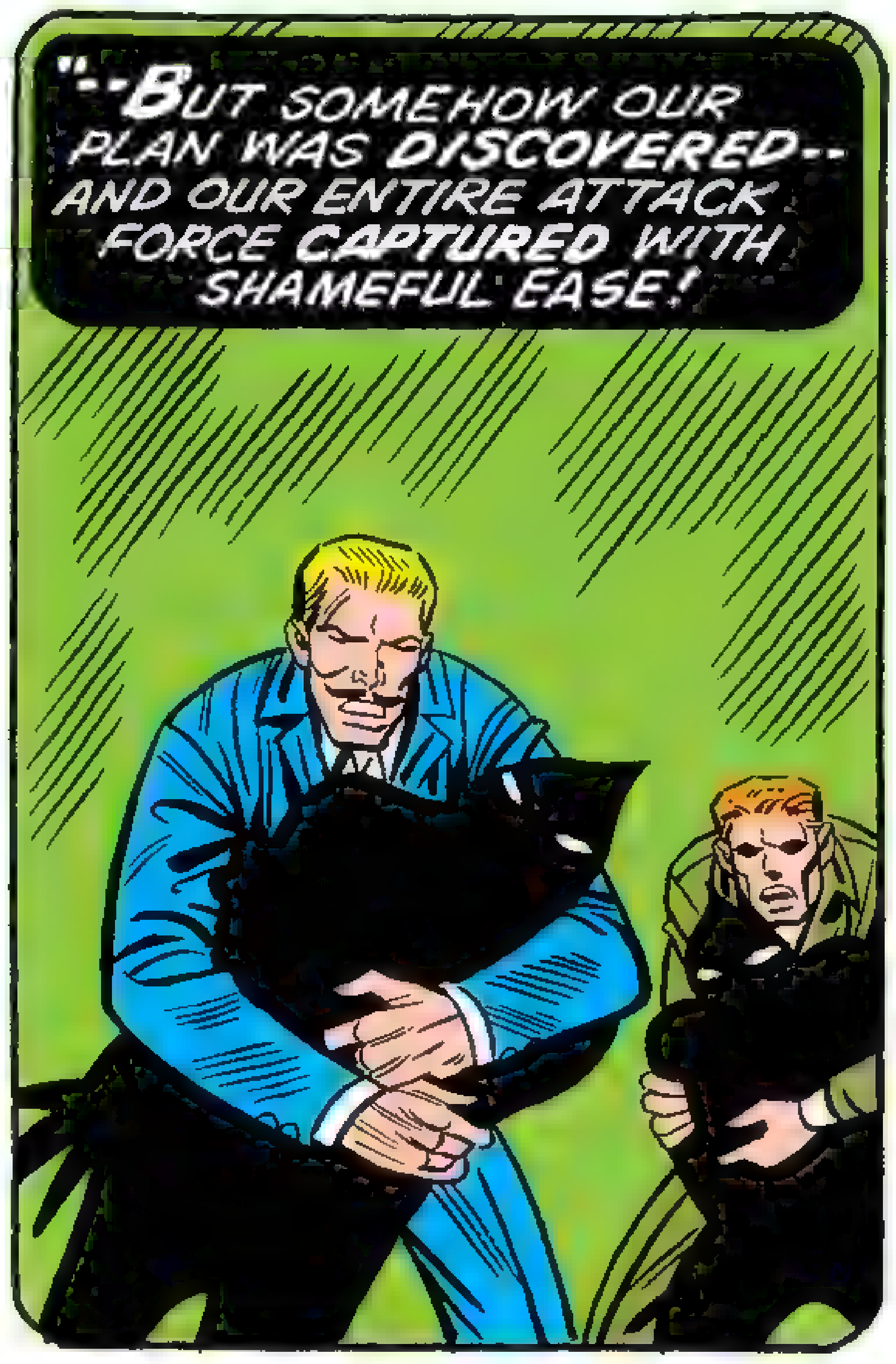

HAH! YOU ARE NOT HULK'S SHADOW, BLACK THING!
SHADOWS CANNOT TALK!

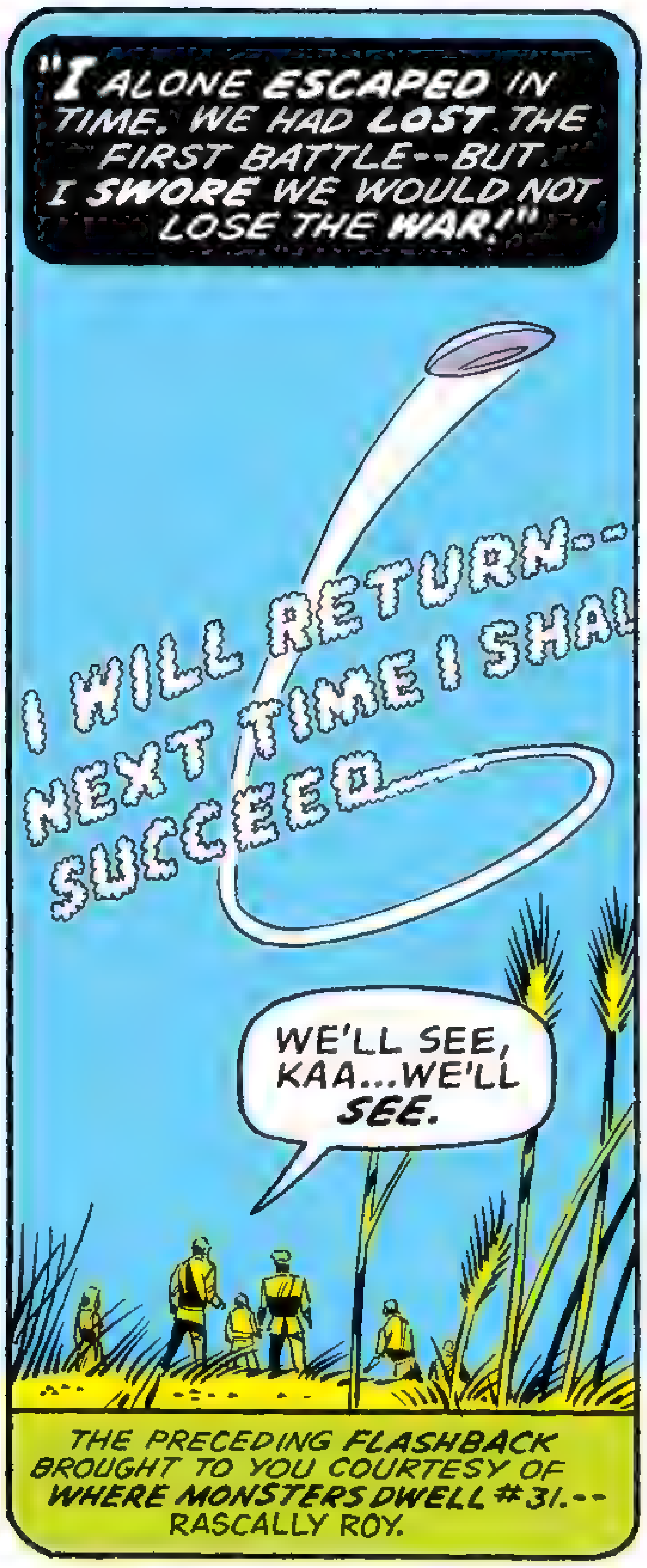

WHAT ARE YOU, BLACK THING? TELL HULK OR HULK WILL...
HUH?
KWOOM!

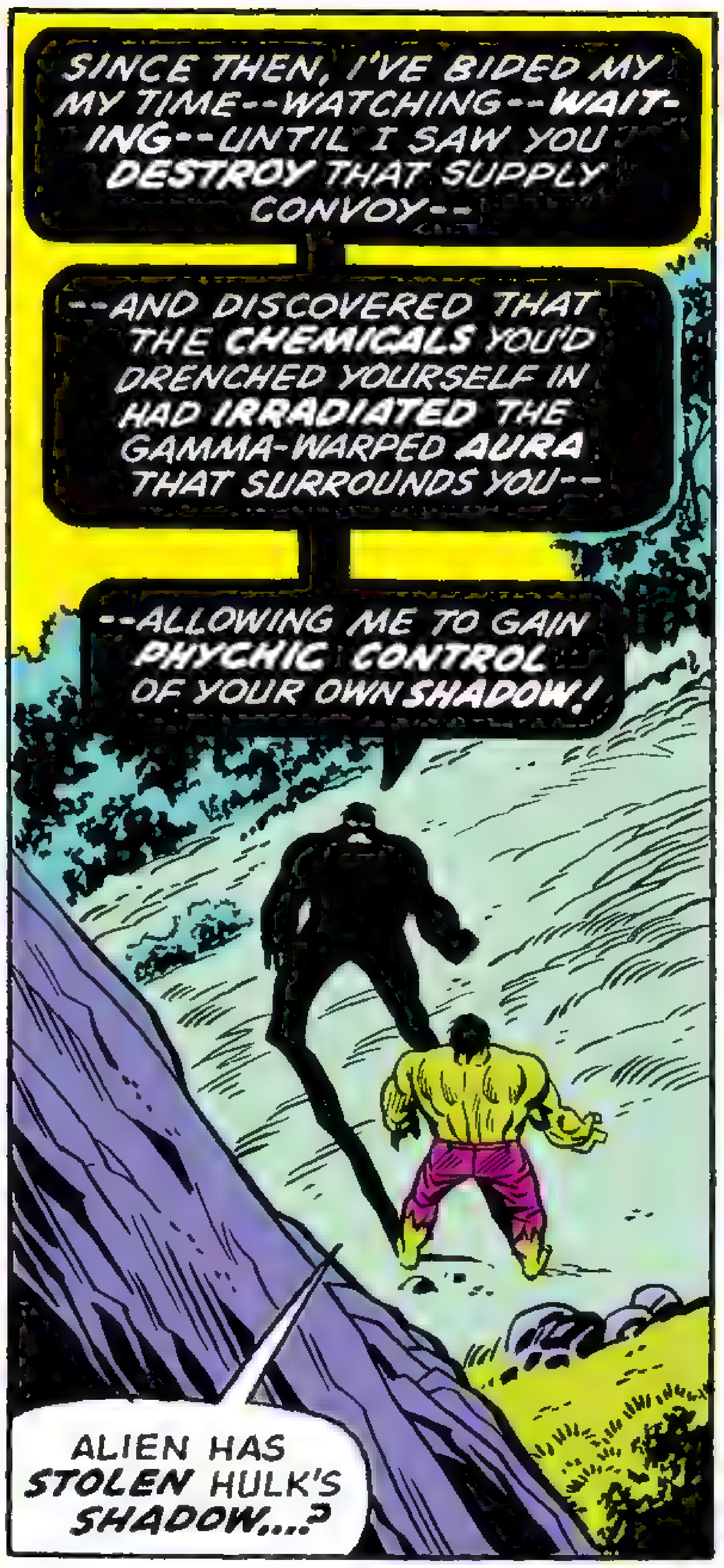

DIFFICULT TO CATCH ME, MONSTER? LIKE TRYING TO HOLD ON TO...A SHADOW, PERHAPS?
BUT BLACK THING IS NOT HULK'S SHADOW! WHAT ARE YOU, BLACK THING?
AH, YES...THE DETAILS.

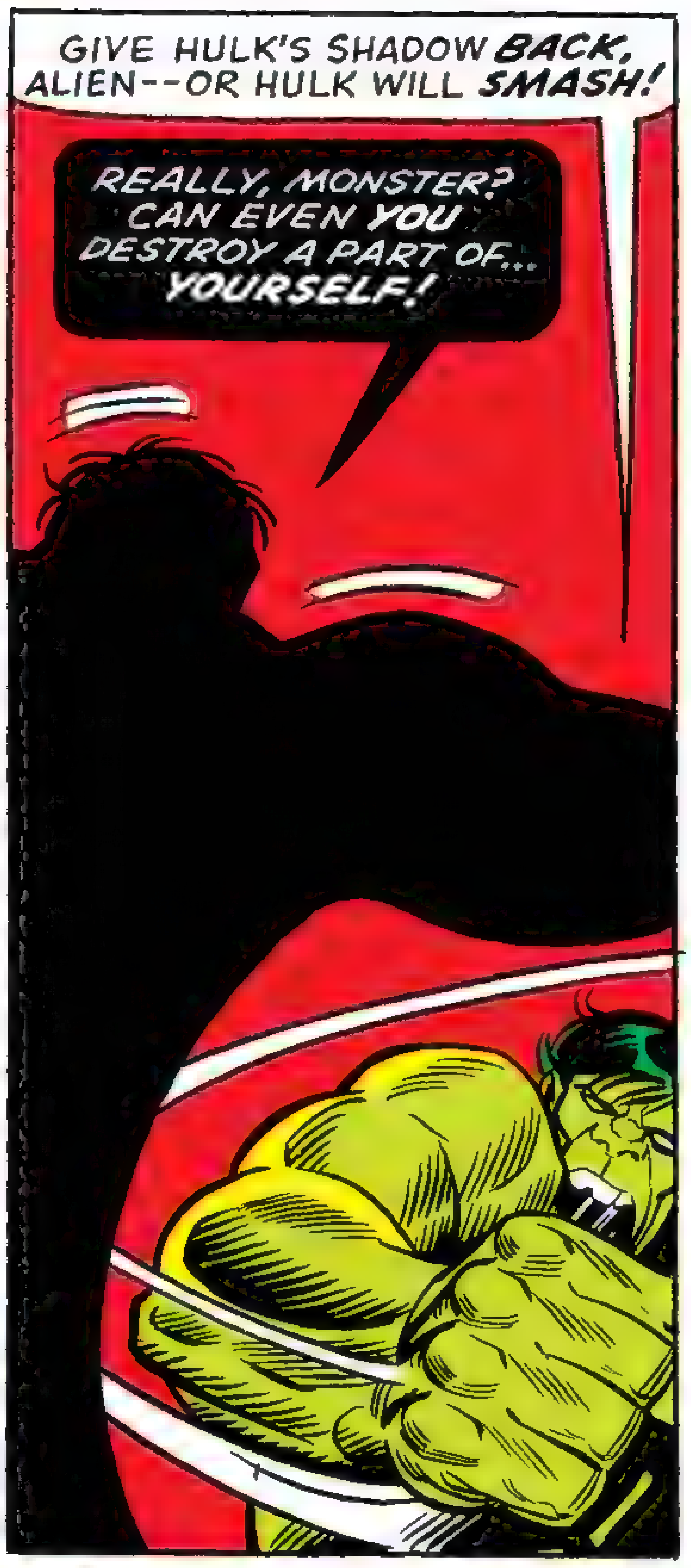

"I AM THE WARLORD KAA-- MASTER OF A PLANET ETERNALLY ORBITING ABOUT THE FAR SIDE OF WHAT YOU CALL THE SUN.
"MANY MONTHS AGO, WE FIRST CAME TO YOUR PLANET--

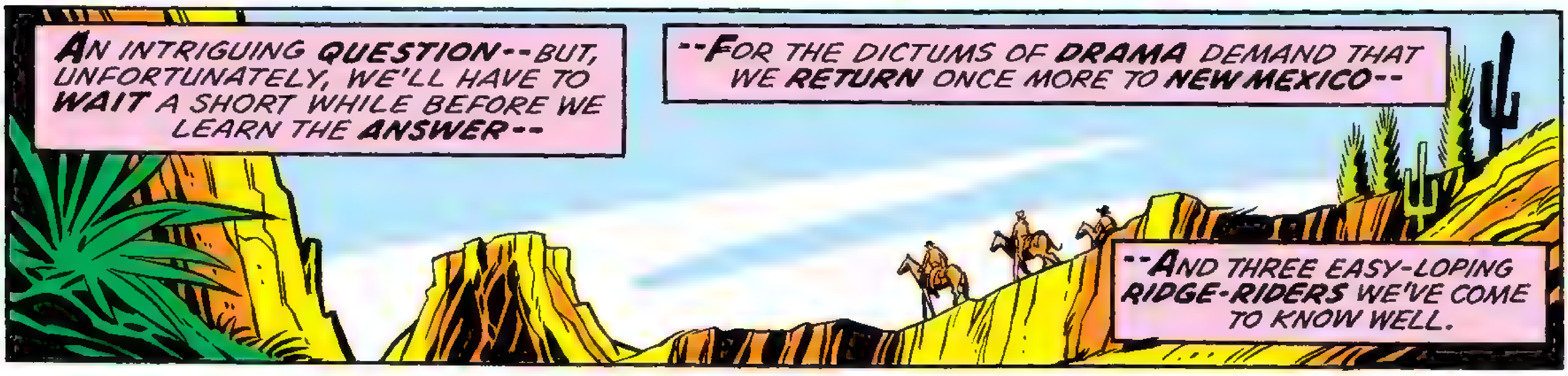

"--OUR GOAL, THE CONQUEST OF YOUR WORLD!
"TO ACCOMPLISH THIS END, WE TRANSFORMED OURSELVES INTO TWO-DIMENSIONAL SHADOWS--

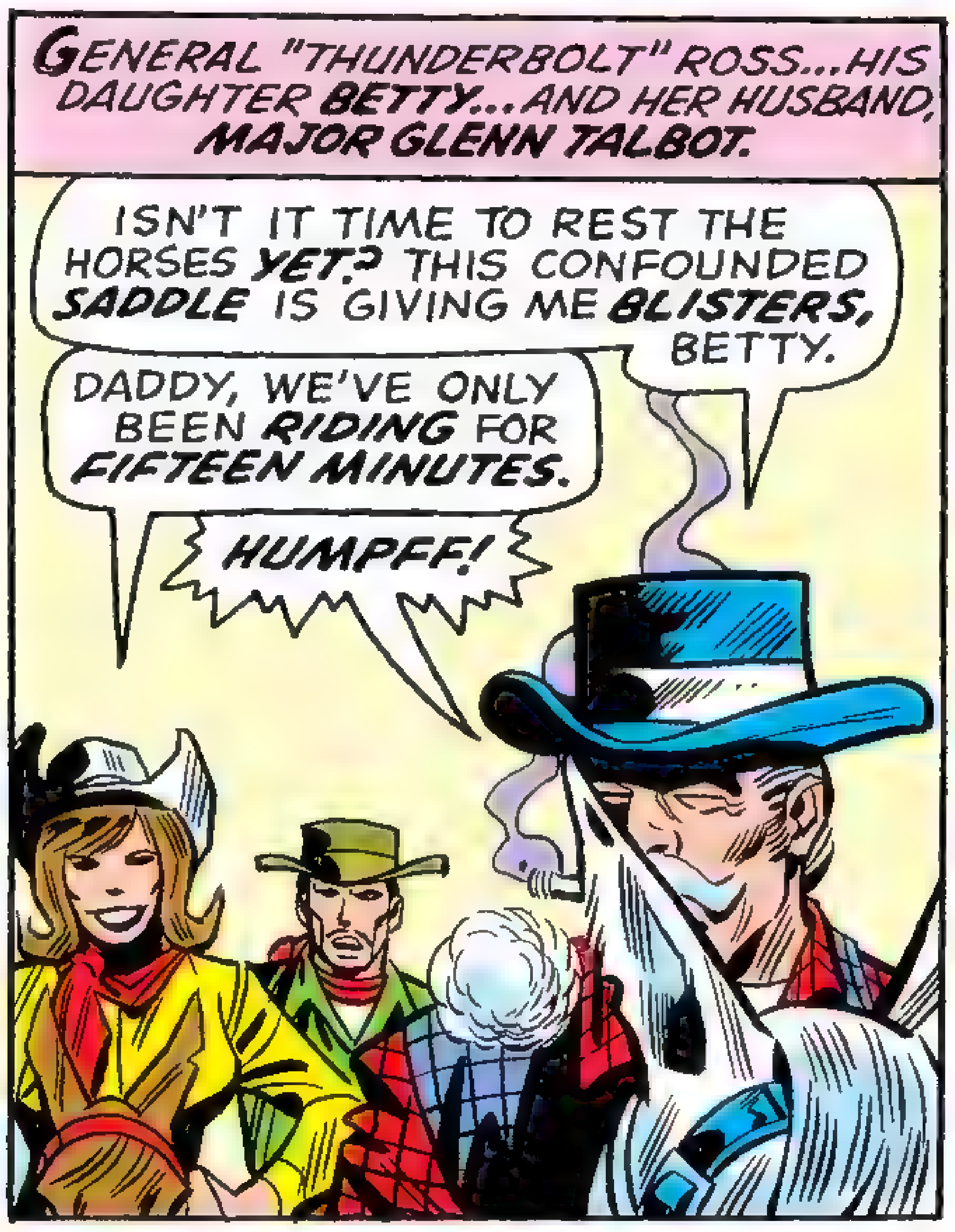

"--BUT SOMEHOW OUR PLAN WAS DISCOVERED-- AND OUR ENTIRE ATTACK FORCE CAPTURED WITH SHAMEFUL EASE!

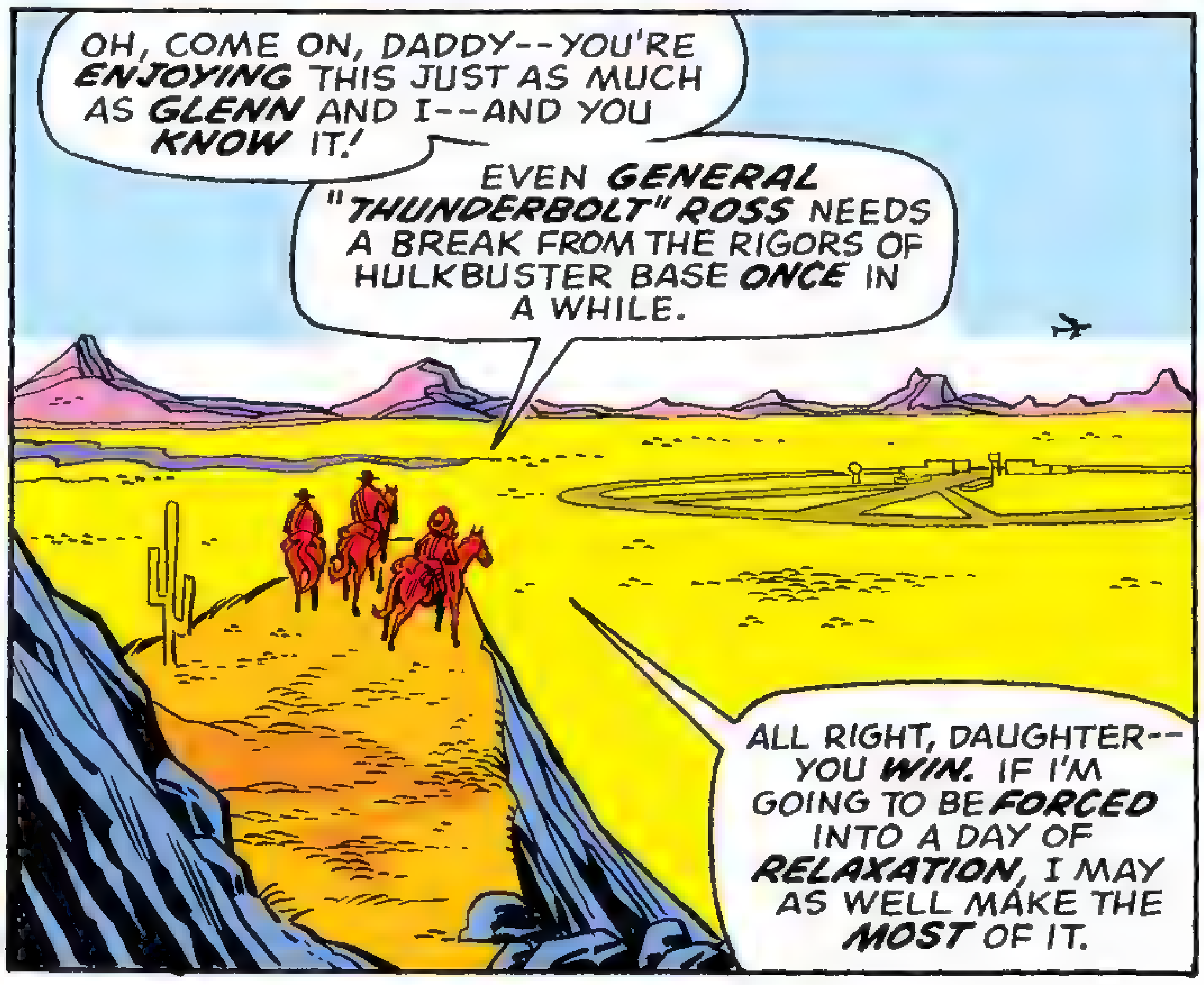

"I ALONE ESCAPED IN TIME. WE HAD LOST THE FIRST BATTLE--BUT I SWORE WE WOULD NOT LOSE THE WAR!"
I WILL RETURN--NEXT TIME I SHALL SUCCEED...
WE'LL SEE, KAA...WE'LL SEE.
THE PRECEDING FLASHBACK BROUGHT TO YOU COURTESY OF WHERE MONSTERS DWELL #31.--RASCALLY ROY.

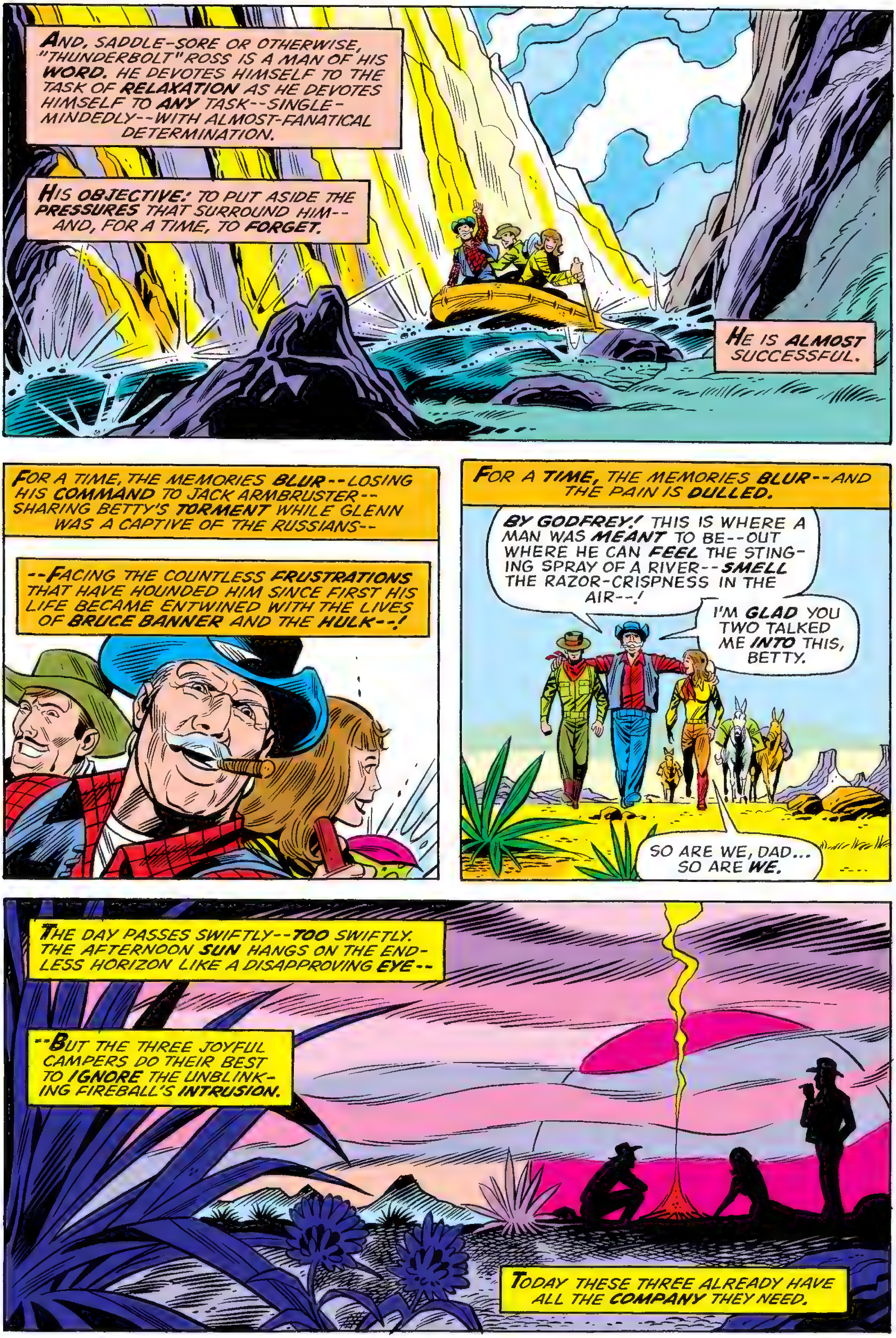

SINCE THEN, I'VE BIDED MY MY TIME--WATCHING--WAITING--UNTIL I SAW YOU DESTROY THAT SUPPLY CONVOY--
--AND DISCOVERED THAT THE CHEMICALS YOU'D DRENCHED YOURSELF IN HAD IRRADIATED THE GAMMA-WARPED AURA THAT SURROUNDS YOU--
--ALLOWING ME TO GAIN PHYCHIC CONTROL OF YOUR OWN SHADOW!
ALIEN HAS STOLEN HULK'S SHADOW...?

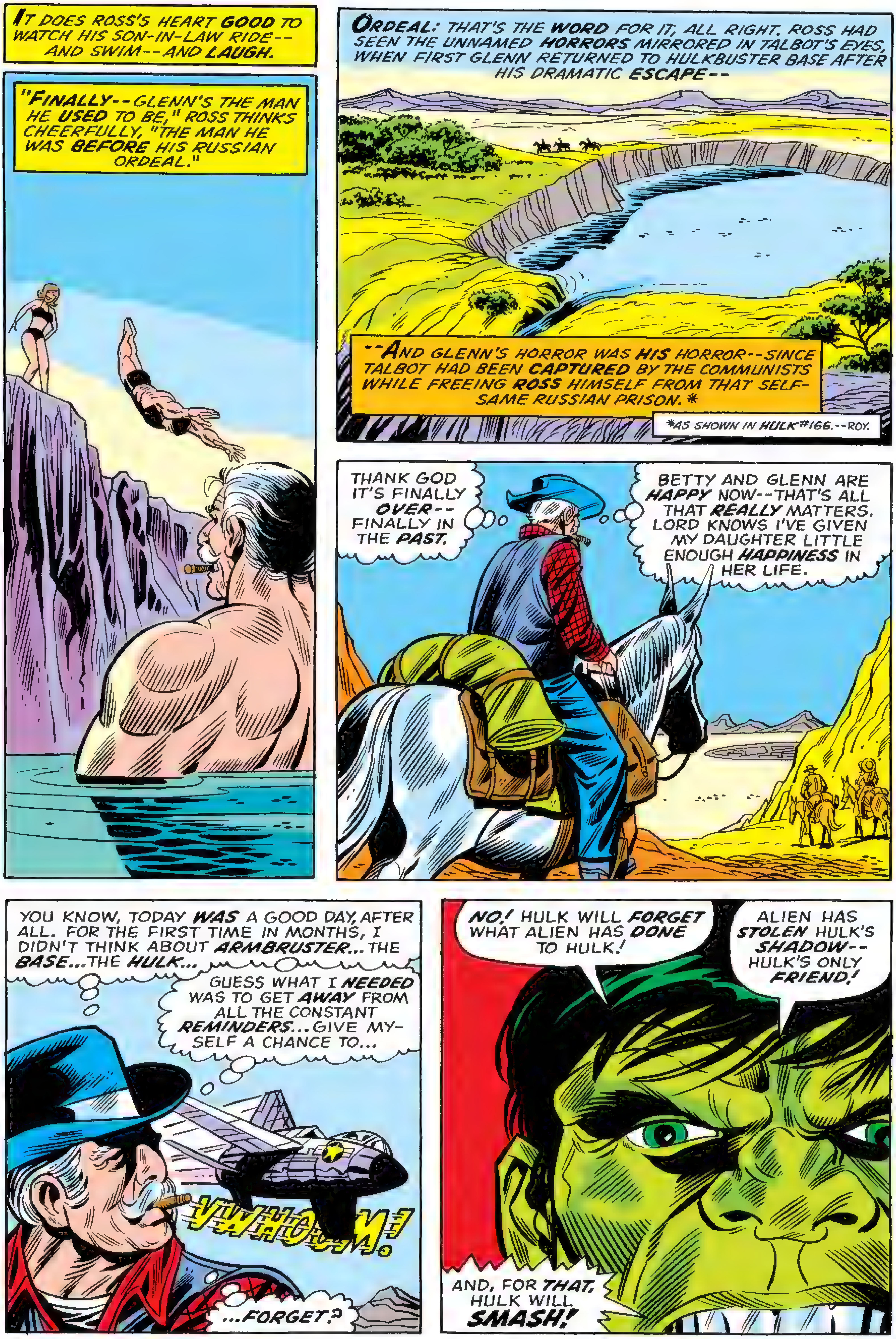

GIVE HULK'S SHADOW BACK, ALIEN--OR HULK WILL SMASH!
REALLY, MONSTER? CAN EVEN YOU DESTROY A PART OF... YOURSELF!

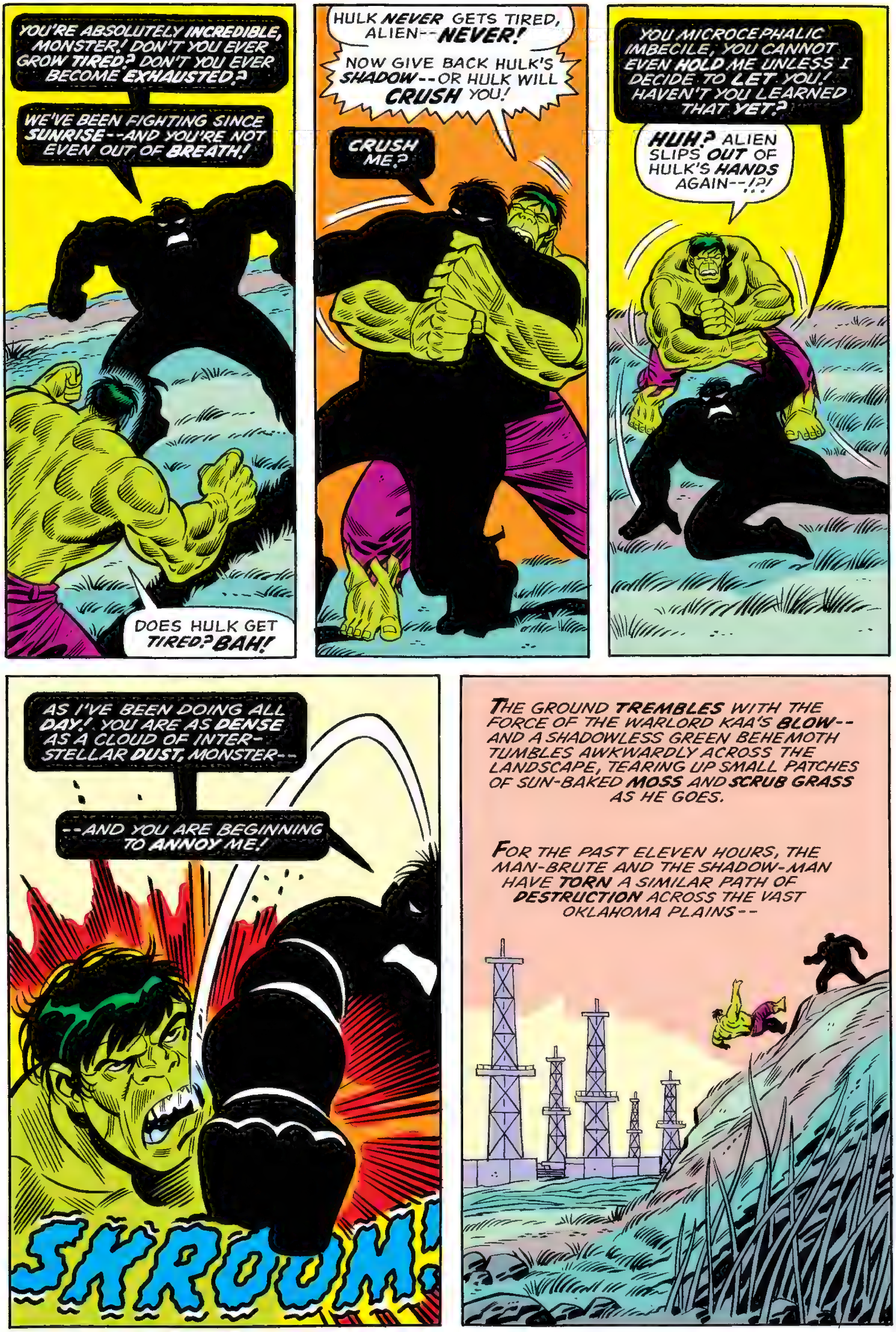

AN INTRIGUING QUESTION--BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT A SHORT WHILE BEFORE WE LEARN THE ANSWER--
--FOR THE DICTUMS OF DRAMA DEMAND THAT WE RETURN ONCE MORE TO NEW MEXICO--
--AND THREE EASY-LOPING RIDGE-RIDERS WE'VE COME TO KNOW WELL.

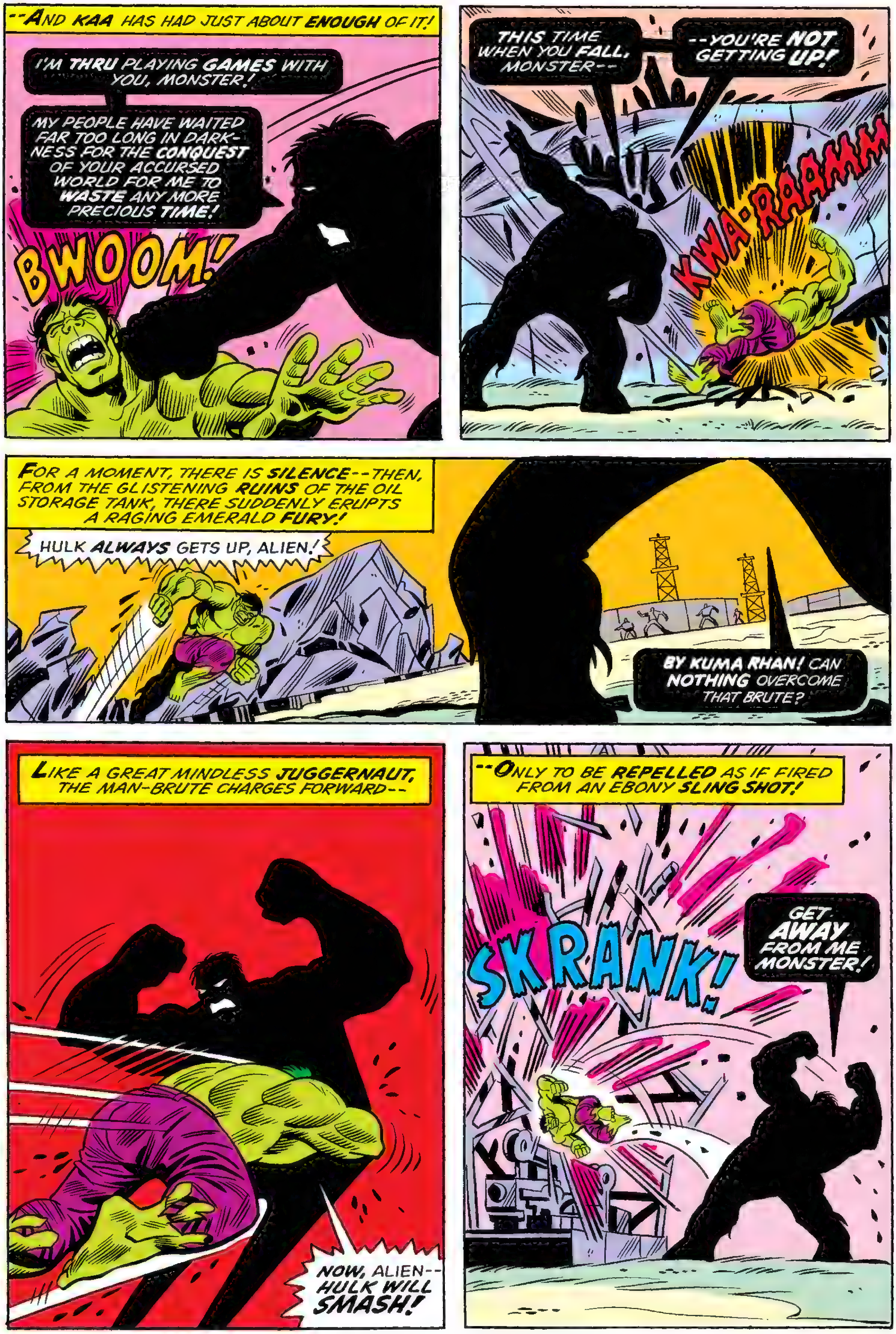

GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS...HIS DAUGHTER BETTY...AND HER HUSBAND, MAJOR GLENN TALBOT.
ISN'T IT TIME TO REST THE HORSES YET? THIS CONFOUNDED SADDLE IS GIVING ME BLISTERS, BETTY.
DADDY, WE'VE ONLY BEEN RIDING FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.
HUMPFF!

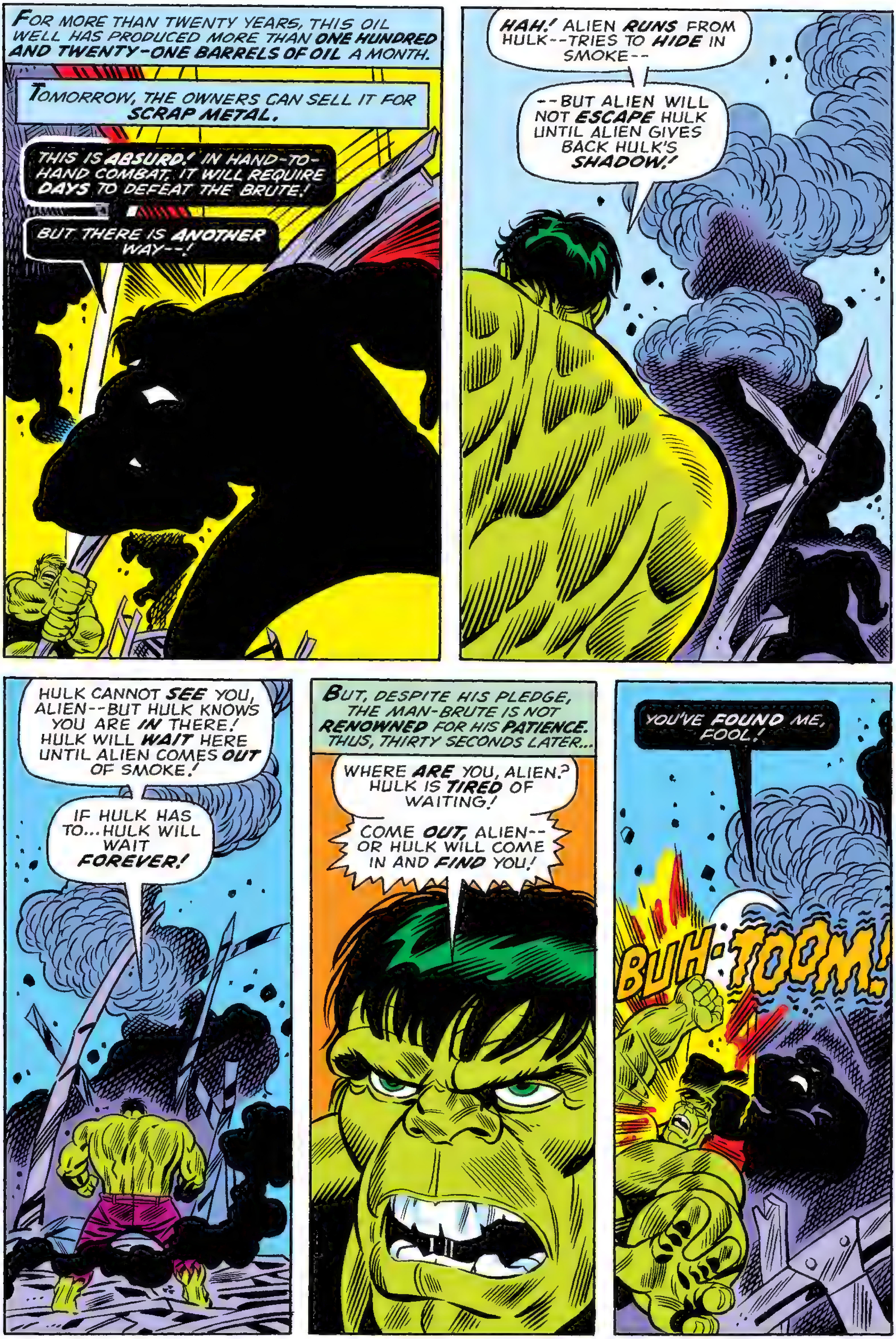

OH, COME ON, DADDY--YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS JUST AS MUCH AS GLENN AND I--AND YOU KNOW IT!
EVEN GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS NEEDS A BREAK FROM THE RIGORS OF HULKBUSTER BASE ONCE IN A WHILE.
ALL RIGHT, DAUGHTER--YOU WIN. IF I'M GOING TO BE FORCED INTO A DAY OF RELAXATION, I MAY AS WELL MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

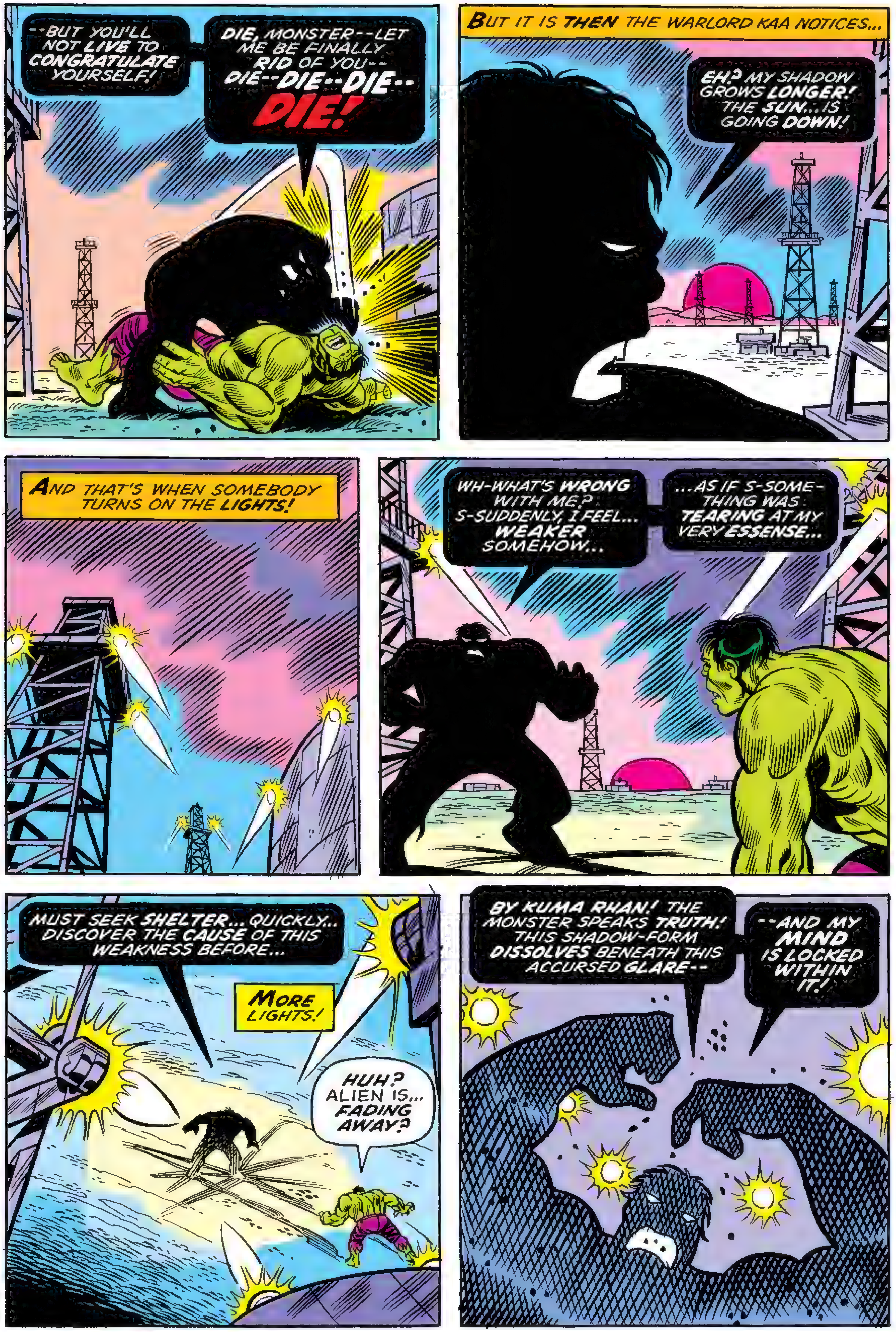

AND, SADDLE-SORE OR OTHERWISE, "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS IS A MAN OF HIS WORD. HE DEVOTES HIMSELF TO THE TASK OF RELAXATION AS HE DEVOTES HIMSELF TO ANY TASK--SINGLE-MINDEDLY--WITH ALMOST-FANATICAL DETERMINATION.
HIS OBJECTIVE: TO PUT ASIDE THE PRESSURES THAT SURROUND HIM--AND, FOR A TIME, TO FORGET.
HE IS ALMOST SUCCESSFUL.
FOR A TIME, THE MEMORIES BLUR--LOSING HIS COMMAND TO JACK ARMBRUSTER--SHARING BETTY'S TORMENT WHILE GLENN WAS A CAPTIVE OF THE RUSSIANS--
--FACING THE COUNTLESS FRUSTRATIONS THAT HAVE HOUNDED HIM SINCE FIRST HIS LIFE BECAME ENTWINED WITH THE LIVES OF BRUCE BANNER AND THE HULK--!
FOR A TIME, THE MEMORIES BLUR--AND THE PAIN IS DULLED.
BY GODFREY! THIS IS WHERE A MAN WAS MEANT TO BE--OUT WHERE HE CAN FEEL THE STINGING SPRAY OF A RIVER--SMELL THE RAZOR-CRISPNESS IN THE AIR--!
I'M GLAD YOU TWO TALKED ME INTO THIS, BETTY.
SO ARE WE, DAD... SO ARE WE.
THE DAY PASSES SWIFTLY--TOO SWIFTLY. THE AFTERNOON SUN HANGS ON THE ENDLESS HORIZON LIKE A DISAPPROVING EYE--
--BUT THE THREE JOYFUL CAMPERS DO THEIR BEST TO IGNORE THE UNBLINKING FIREBALL'S INTRUSION.
TODAY THESE THREE ALREADY HAVE ALL THE COMPANY THEY NEED.

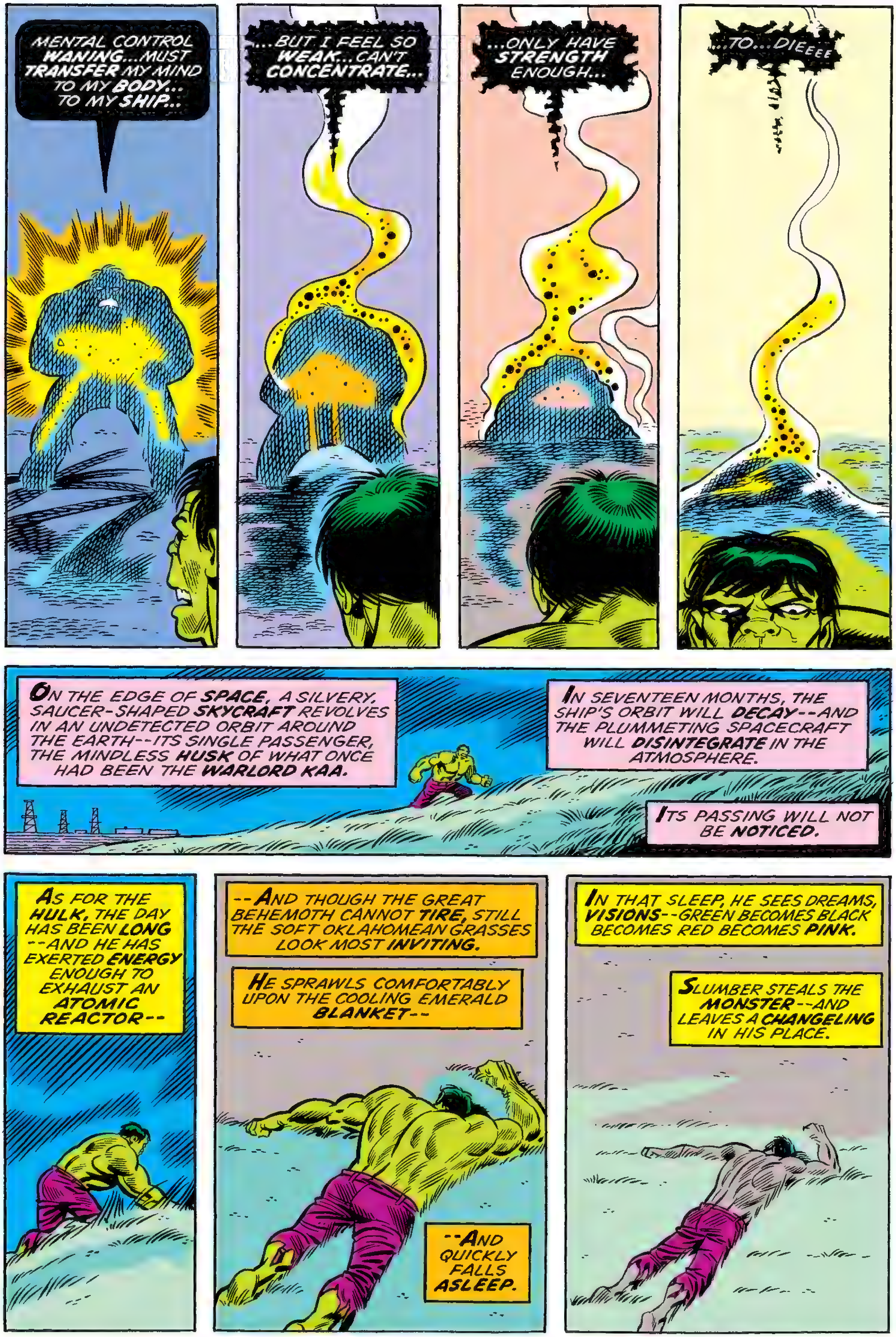

IT DOES ROSS'S HEART GOOD TO WATCH HIS SON-IN-LAW RIDE-- AND SWIM--AND LAUGH.
"FINALLY--GLENN'S THE MAN HE USED TO BE," ROSS THINKS CHEERFULLY, "THE MAN HE WAS BEFORE HIS RUSSIAN ORDEAL."
ORDEAL: THAT'S THE WORD FOR IT, ALL RIGHT. ROSS HAD SEEN THE UNNAMED HORRORS MIRRORED IN TALBOT'S EYES, WHEN FIRST GLENN RETURNED TO HULKBUSTER BASE AFTER HIS DRAMATIC ESCAPE--
--AND GLENN'S HORROR WAS HIS HORROR--SINCE TALBOT HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY THE COMMUNISTS WHILE FREEING ROSS HIMSELF FROM THAT SELF-SAME RUSSIAN PRISON.*
*AS SHOWN IN HULK #166.--ROY.
THANK GOD IT'S FINALLY OVER-- FINALLY IN THE PAST.
BETTY AND GLENN ARE HAPPY NOW--THAT'S ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS. LORD KNOWS I'VE GIVEN MY DAUGHTER LITTLE ENOUGH HAPPINESS IN HER LIFE.
YOU KNOW, TODAY WAS A GOOD DAY, AFTER ALL. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS, I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT ARMBRUSTER... THE BASE... THE HULK...
GUESS WHAT I NEEDED WAS TO GET AWAY FROM ALL THE CONSTANT REMINDERS... GIVE MYSELF A CHANCE TO...
VWHOOM!
...FORGET?
NO! HULK WILL FORGET WHAT ALIEN HAS DONE TO HULK!
ALIEN HAS STOLEN HULK'S SHADOW-- HULK'S ONLY FRIEND!
AND, FOR THAT, HULK WILL SMASH!

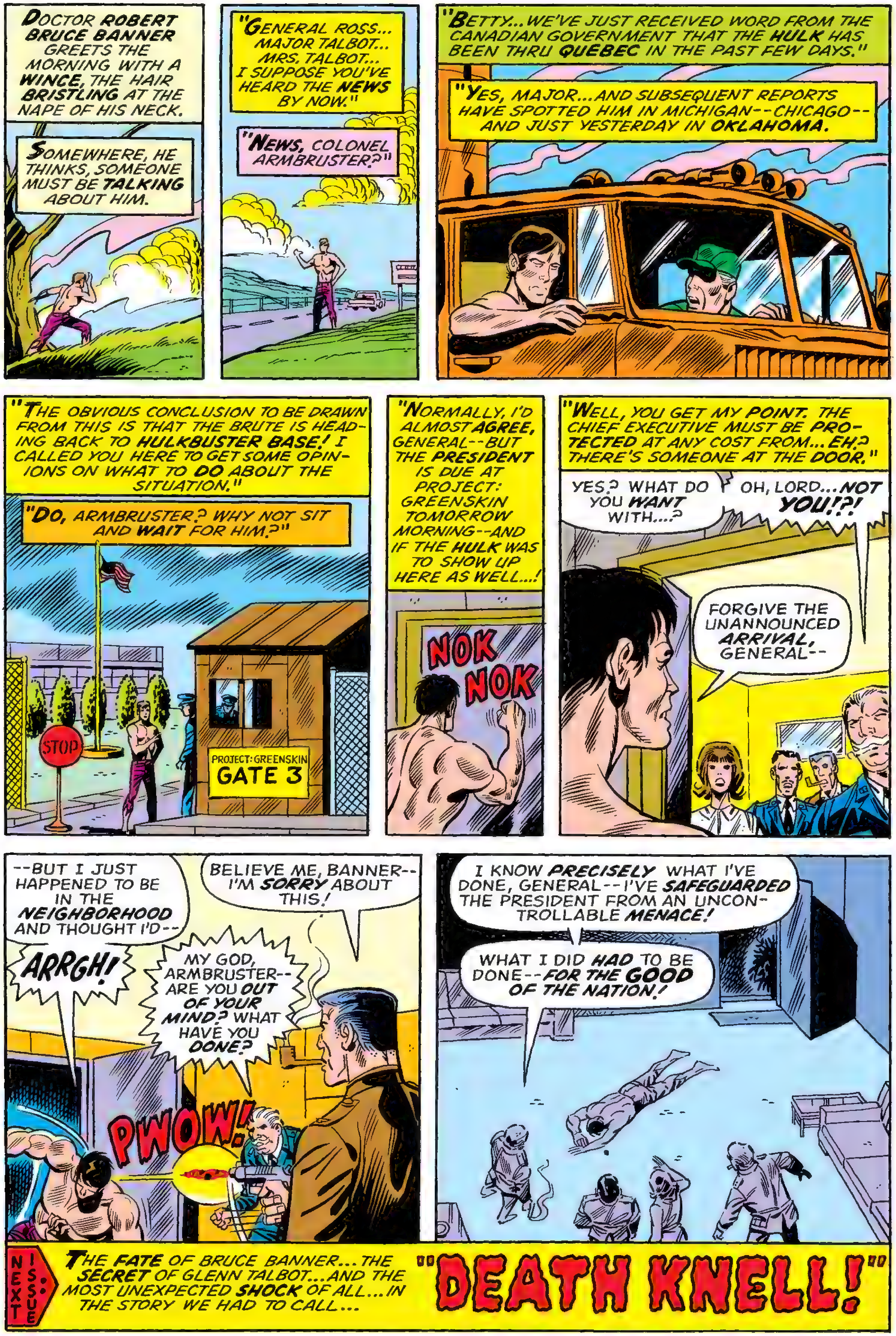

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE, MONSTER! DON'T YOU EVER GROW TIRED? DON'T YOU EVER BECOME EXHAUSTED?
WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING SINCE SUNRISE--AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN OUT OF BREATH!
DOES HULK GET TIRED? BAH!
HULK NEVER GETS TIRED, ALIEN--NEVER!
NOW GIVE BACK HULK'S SHADOW--OR HULK WILL CRUSH YOU!
CRUSH ME?
YOU MICROCEPHALIC IMBECILE, YOU CANNOT EVEN HOLD ME UNLESS I DECIDE TO LET YOU! HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED THAT YET?
HUH? ALIEN SLIPS OUT OF HULK'S HANDS AGAIN--!?!
AS I'VE BEEN DOING ALL DAY! YOU ARE AS DENSE AS A CLOUD OF INTER-STELLAR DUST, MONSTER--
--AND YOU ARE BEGINNING TO ANNOY ME!
SKROOM!
THE GROUND TREMBLES WITH THE FORCE OF THE WARLORD KAA'S BLOW-- AND A SHADOWLESS GREEN BEHEMOTH TUMBLES AWKWARDLY ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE, TEARING UP SMALL PATCHES OF SUN-BAKED MOSS AND SCRUB GRASS AS HE GOES.
FOR THE PAST ELEVEN HOURS, THE MAN-BRUTE AND THE SHADOW-MAN HAVE TORN A SIMILAR PATH OF DESTRUCTION ACROSS THE VAST OKLAHOMA PLAINS--

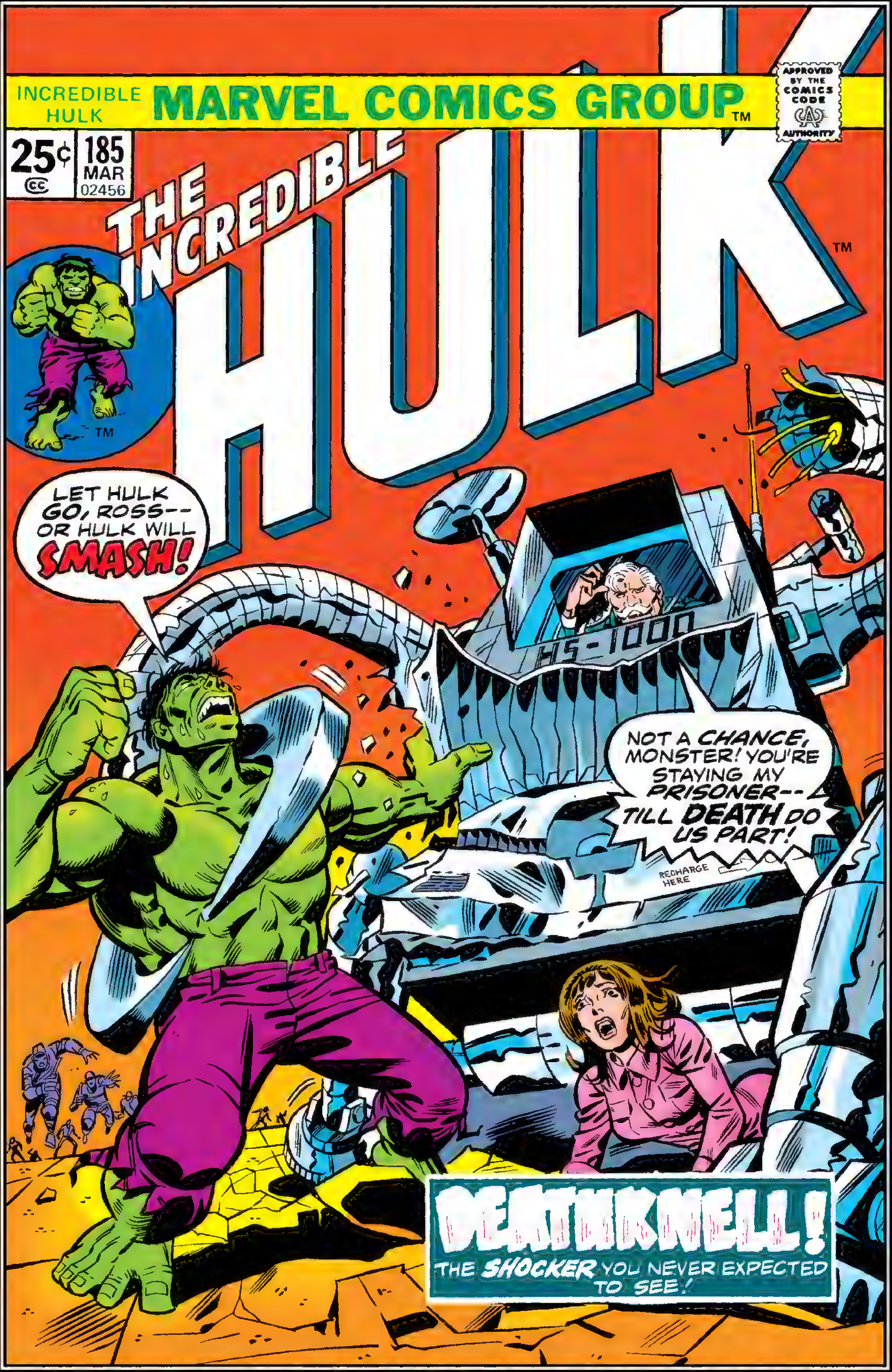

--AND KAA HAS HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF IT!
I'M THRU PLAYING GAMES WITH YOU, MONSTER!
MY PEOPLE HAVE WAITED FAR TOO LONG IN DARKNESS FOR THE CONQUEST OF YOUR ACCURSED WORLD FOR ME TO WASTE ANY MORE PRECIOUS TIME!
BWOOM!
THIS TIME WHEN YOU FALL, MONSTER--
--YOU'RE NOT GETTING UP!
KWA-RAAMM
FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS SILENCE--THEN, FROM THE GLISTENING RUINS OF THE OIL STORAGE TANK, THERE SUDDENLY ERUPTS A RAGING EMERALD FURY!
HULK ALWAYS GETS UP, ALIEN!
BY KUMA RHAN! CAN NOTHING OVERCOME THAT BRUTE?
LIKE A GREAT MINDLESS JUGGERNAUT, THE MAN-BRUTE CHARGES FORWARD--
NOW, ALIEN-- HULK WILL SMASH!
--ONLY TO BE REPELLED AS IF FIRED FROM AN EBONY SLING SHOT!
SKRANK!
GET AWAY FROM ME MONSTER!


For more than twenty years, this oil well has produced more than **one hundred and twenty-one barrels of oil** a month.
Tomorrow, the owners can sell it for **scrap metal.**
This is **absurd!** In hand-to-hand combat, it will require **days** to defeat the brute!
But there is **another** way--!
Hah! Alien **runs** from Hulk--tries to **hide** in smoke--
--But alien will not **escape** Hulk until alien gives back Hulk's **shadow!**
Hulk cannot **see** you, alien--but Hulk knows you are **in** there! Hulk will **wait** here until alien comes **out** of smoke!
If Hulk has to... Hulk will wait **forever!**
But, despite his pledge, the man-brute is not **renowned** for his **patience.** Thus, thirty seconds later...
Where **are** you, alien? Hulk is **tired** of waiting!
Come **out,** alien--or Hulk will come in and **find** you!
You've **found** me, fool!
BUH-TOOM!


--BUT YOU'LL NOT LIVE TO CONGRATULATE YOURSELF!
DIE, MONSTER--LET ME BE FINALLY RID OF YOU-- DIE--DIE--DIE-- DIE!
BUT IT IS THEN THE WARLORD KAA NOTICES...
EH? MY SHADOW GROWS LONGER! THE SUN...IS GOING DOWN!
AND THAT'S WHEN SOMEBODY TURNS ON THE LIGHTS!
WH-WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? S-SUDDENLY, I FEEL... WEAKER SOMEHOW...
...AS IF S-SOMETHING WAS TEARING AT MY VERY ESSENSE...
MUST SEEK SHELTER... QUICKLY... DISCOVER THE CAUSE OF THIS WEAKNESS BEFORE...
MORE LIGHTS!
HUH? ALIEN IS... FADING AWAY?
BY KUMA RHAN! THE MONSTER SPEAKS TRUTH! THIS SHADOW-FORM DISSOLVES BENEATH THIS ACCURSED GLARE--
--AND MY MIND IS LOCKED WITHIN IT!


MENTAL CONTROL **WANING**...MUST **TRANSFER** MY MIND TO MY **BODY**... TO MY **SHIP**...
...BUT I FEEL SO **WEAK**...CAN'T **CONCENTRATE**...
...ONLY HAVE **STRENGTH** ENOUGH...
...TO...DIEEEE
ON THE EDGE OF **SPACE**, A SILVERY, SAUCER-SHAPED **SKYCRAFT** REVOLVES IN AN UNDETECTED ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH--ITS SINGLE PASSENGER, THE MINDLESS **HUSK** OF WHAT ONCE HAD BEEN THE **WARLORD KAA**.
IN SEVENTEEN MONTHS, THE SHIP'S ORBIT WILL **DECAY**--AND THE PLUMMETING SPACECRAFT WILL **DISINTEGRATE** IN THE ATMOSPHERE.
ITS PASSING WILL NOT BE **NOTICED**.
AS FOR THE **HULK**, THE DAY HAS BEEN **LONG** --AND HE HAS EXERTED **ENERGY** ENOUGH TO EXHAUST AN **ATOMIC REACTOR**--
--AND THOUGH THE GREAT BEHEMOTH CANNOT **TIRE**, STILL THE SOFT OKLAHOMEAN GRASSES LOOK MOST **INVITING**.
HE SPRAWLS COMFORTABLY UPON THE COOLING EMERALD **BLANKET**--
--AND QUICKLY FALLS **ASLEEP**.
IN THAT SLEEP, HE SEES DREAMS, **VISIONS**--GREEN BECOMES BLACK BECOMES RED BECOMES **PINK**.
SLUMBER STEALS THE **MONSTER**--AND LEAVES A **CHANGELING** IN HIS PLACE.


DOCTOR ROBERT BRUCE BANNER GREETS THE MORNING WITH A WINCE, THE HAIR BRISTLING AT THE NAPE OF HIS NECK.
SOMEWHERE, HE THINKS, SOMEONE MUST BE TALKING ABOUT HIM.
"GENERAL ROSS... MAJOR TALBOT... MRS. TALBOT... I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD THE NEWS BY NOW."
"NEWS, COLONEL ARMBRUSTER?"
"BETTY... WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT THAT THE HULK HAS BEEN THRU QUEBEC IN THE PAST FEW DAYS."
"YES, MAJOR... AND SUBSEQUENT REPORTS HAVE SPOTTED HIM IN MICHIGAN--CHICAGO--AND JUST YESTERDAY IN OKLAHOMA.
"THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSION TO BE DRAWN FROM THIS IS THAT THE BRUTE IS HEADING BACK TO HULKBUSTER BASE! I CALLED YOU HERE TO GET SOME OPINIONS ON WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE SITUATION."
"DO, ARMBRUSTER? WHY NOT SIT AND WAIT FOR HIM?"
STOP
PROJECT: GREENSKIN
GATE 3
"NORMALLY, I'D ALMOST AGREE, GENERAL--BUT THE PRESIDENT IS DUE AT PROJECT: GREENSKIN TOMORROW MORNING--AND IF THE HULK WAS TO SHOW UP HERE AS WELL...!"
NOK NOK
"WELL, YOU GET MY POINT. THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE MUST BE PROTECTED AT ANY COST FROM... EH? THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR."
YES? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH...?
OH, LORD... NOT YOU!?!
FORGIVE THE UNANNOUNCED ARRIVAL, GENERAL--
--BUT I JUST HAPPENED TO BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND THOUGHT I'D--
ARRGH!
BELIEVE ME, BANNER--I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS!
MY GOD, ARMBRUSTER--ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
PWOW!
I KNOW PRECISELY WHAT I'VE DONE, GENERAL--I'VE SAFEGUARDED THE PRESIDENT FROM AN UNCONTROLLABLE MENACE!
WHAT I DID HAD TO BE DONE--FOR THE GOOD OF THE NATION!
NEXT ISSUE
THE FATE OF BRUCE BANNER... THE SECRET OF GLENN TALBOT... AND THE MOST UNEXPECTED SHOCK OF ALL... IN THE STORY WE HAD TO CALL...
"DEATH KNELL!"


INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
185
MAR
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
LET HULK GO, ROSS-- OR HULK WILL SMASH!
HS-1000
NOT A CHANCE, MONSTER! YOU'RE STAYING MY PRISONER-- TILL DEATH DO US PART!
RECHARGE HERE
DEATHKNELL!
THE SHOCKER YOU NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE!

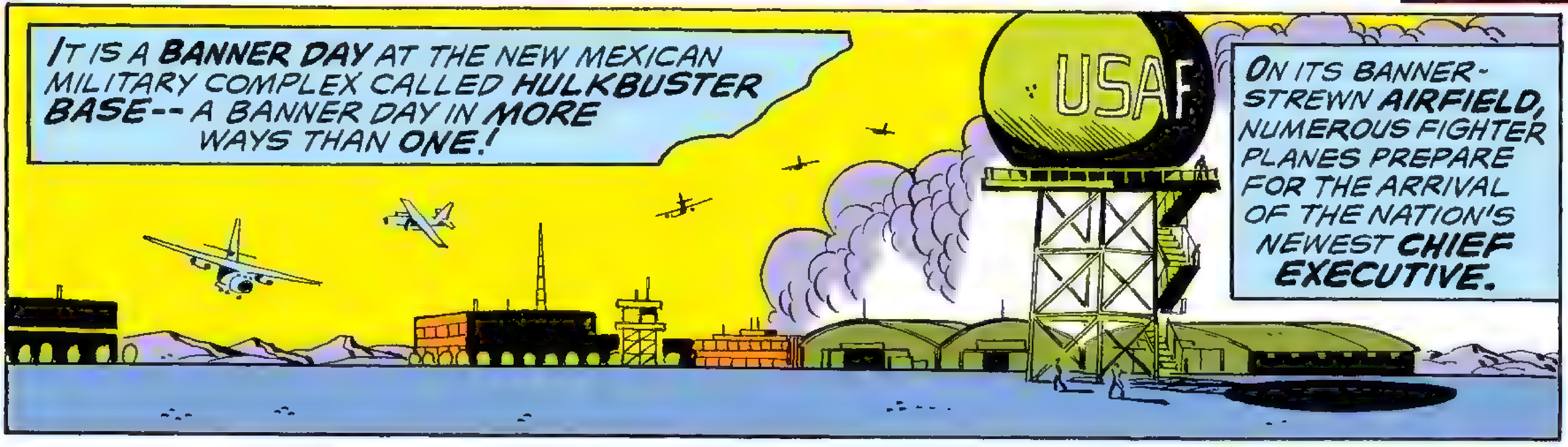
Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

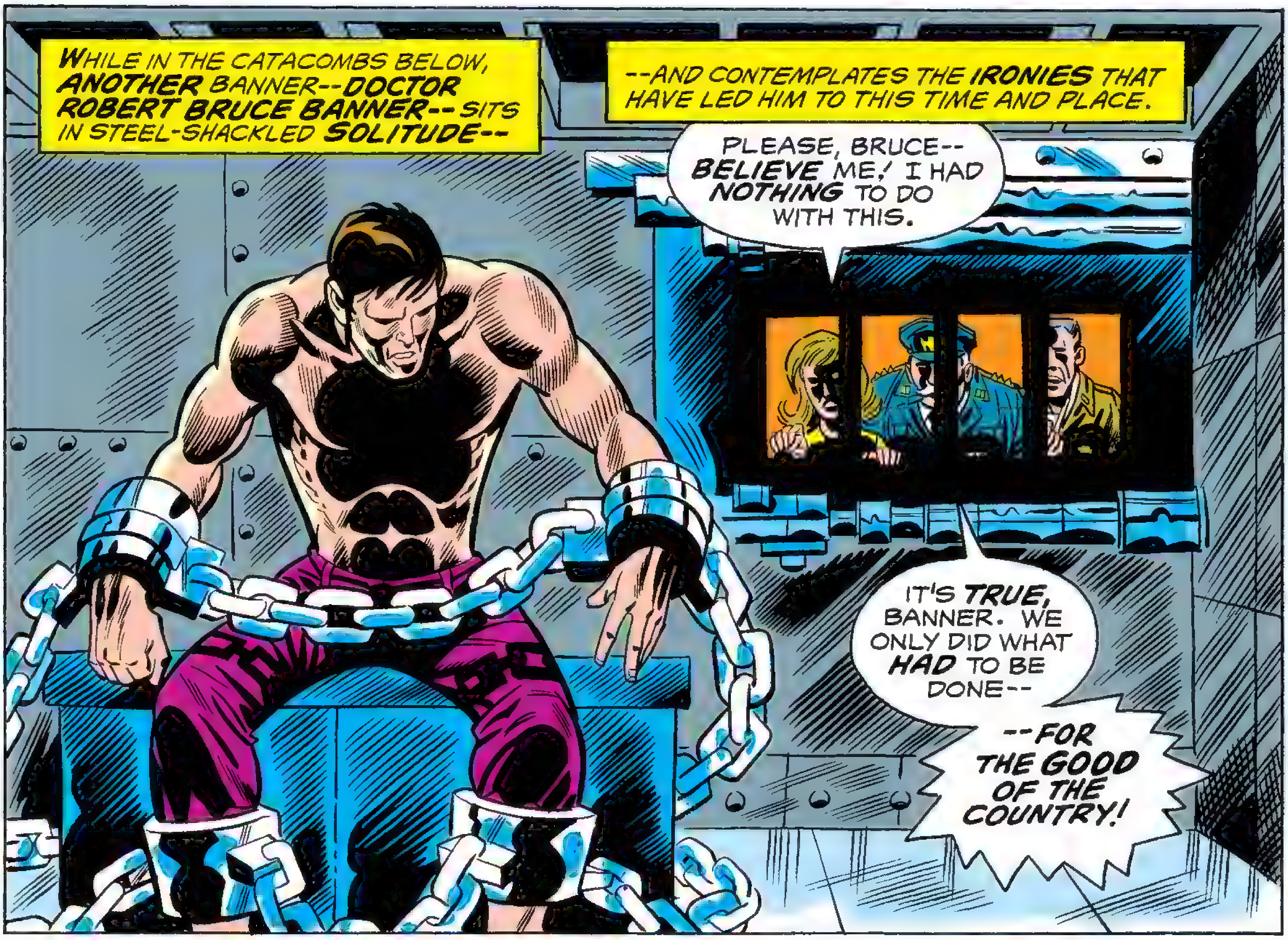
STAN LEE PRESENTS: **THE INCREDIBLE HULK!**™

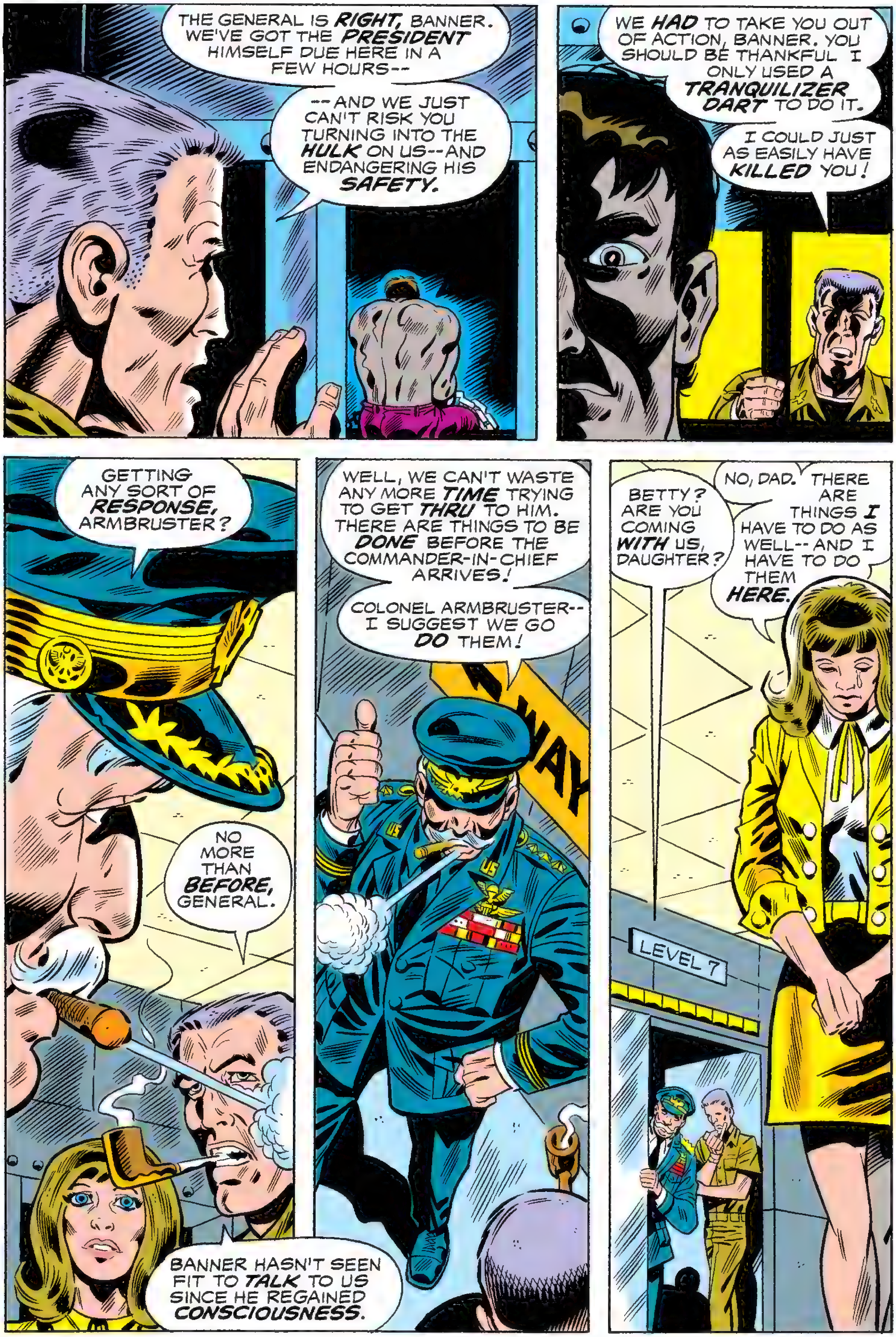
LEN WEIN: WRITER/EDITOR • **HERB TRIMPE:** ILLUSTRATOR • GLYNIS OLIVER WEIN: COLORIST • RAY HOLLOWAY: LETTERER

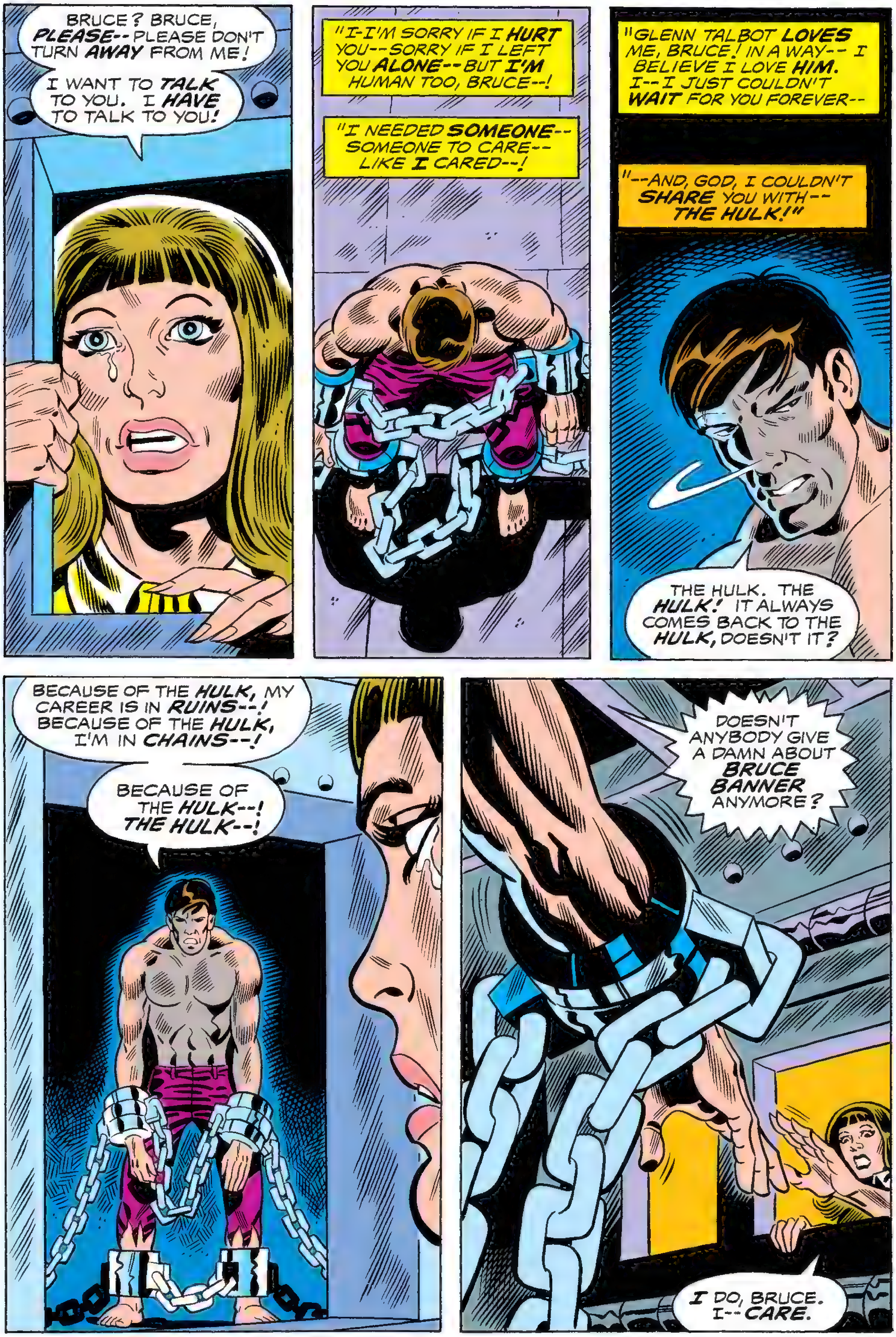
PRESENTING THE MOST SHATTERING HULK SHOCKER OF THE YEAR! THE STORY WE HAD TO CALL...

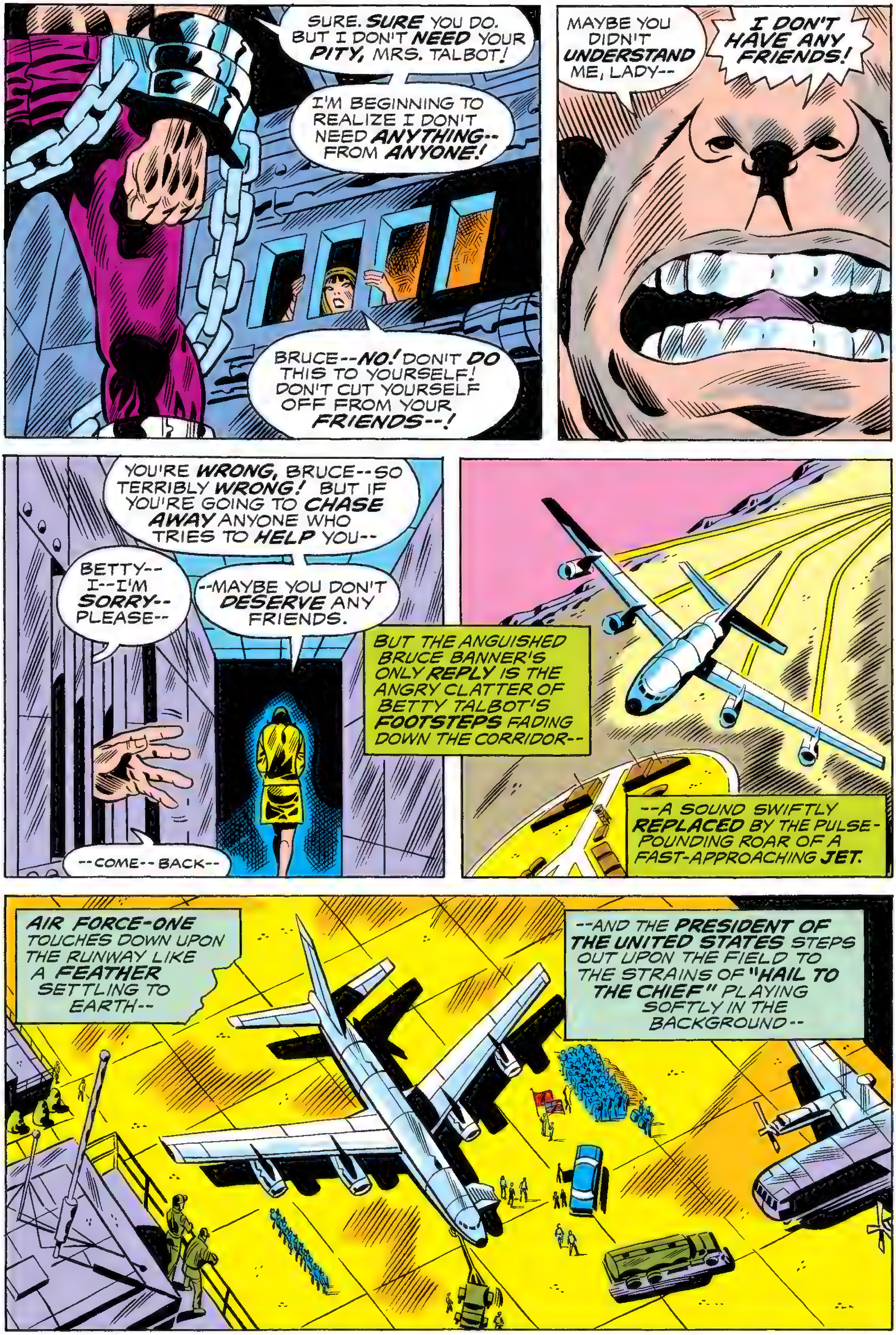
DEATHKNELL!

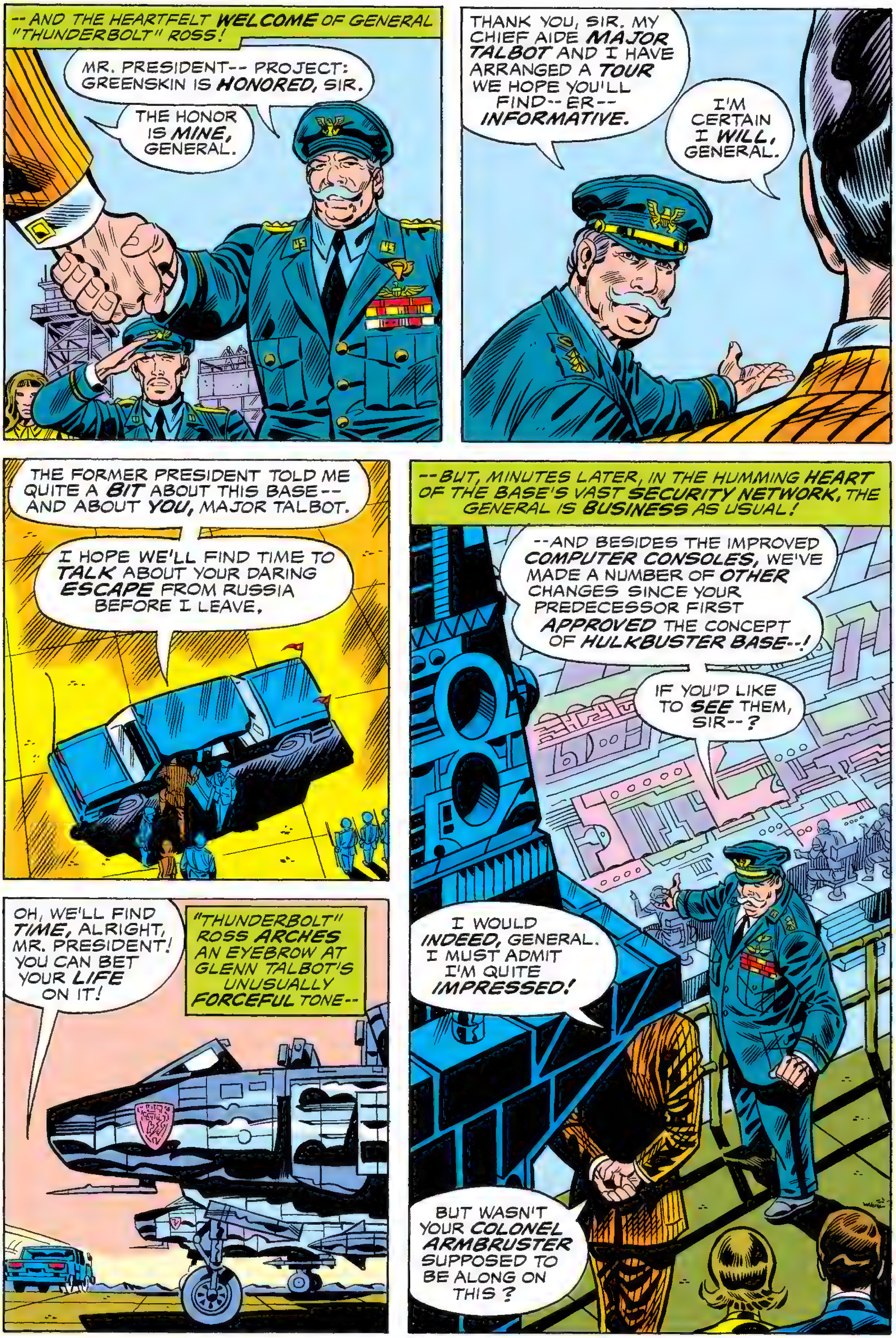

IT IS A BANNER DAY AT THE NEW MEXICAN MILITARY COMPLEX CALLED HULKBUSTER BASE-- A BANNER DAY IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!
USAF
ON ITS BANNER-STREWN AIRFIELD, NUMEROUS FIGHTER PLANES PREPARE FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE NATION'S NEWEST CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

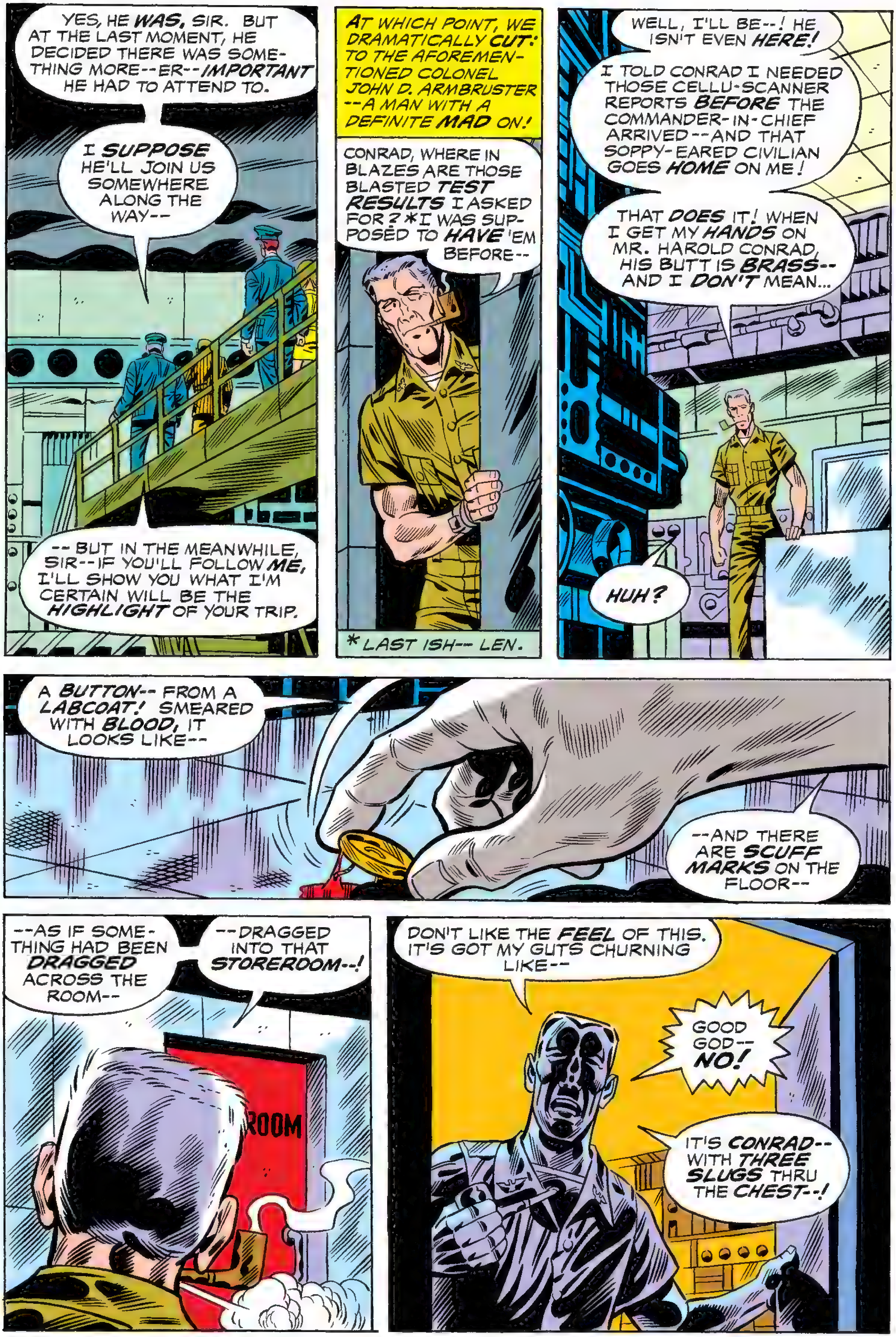

WHILE IN THE CATACOMBS BELOW, ANOTHER BANNER--DOCTOR ROBERT BRUCE BANNER--SITS IN STEEL-SHACKLED SOLITUDE--
--AND CONTEMPLATES THE IRONIES THAT HAVE LED HIM TO THIS TIME AND PLACE.
PLEASE, BRUCE-- BELIEVE ME! I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.
IT'S TRUE, BANNER. WE ONLY DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE--
--FOR THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY!

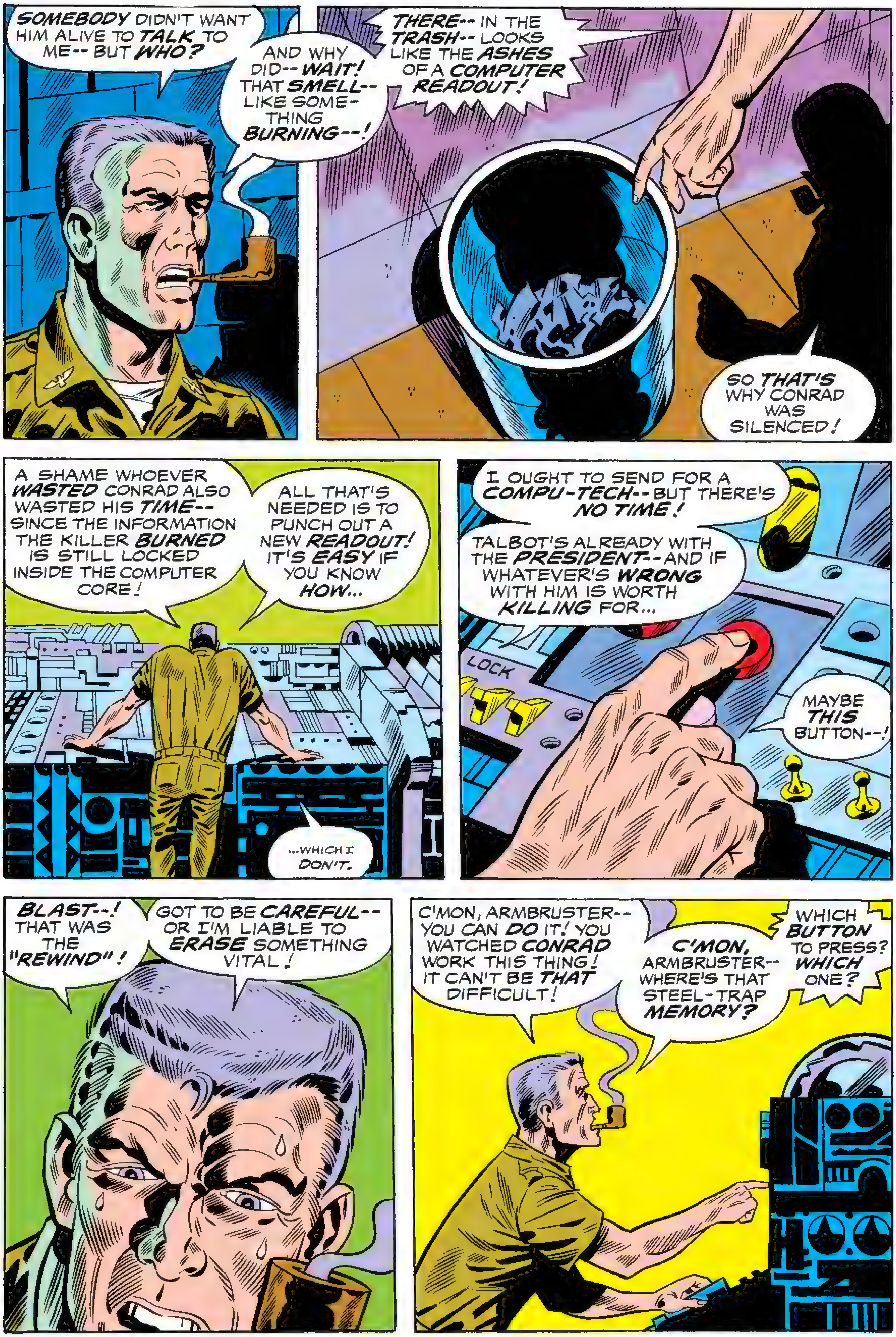

THE GENERAL IS *RIGHT*, BANNER. WE'VE GOT THE *PRESIDENT* HIMSELF DUE HERE IN A FEW HOURS--
--AND WE JUST CAN'T RISK YOU TURNING INTO THE *HULK* ON US--AND ENDANGERING HIS *SAFETY.*
WE *HAD* TO TAKE YOU OUT OF ACTION, BANNER. YOU SHOULD BE THANKFUL I ONLY USED A *TRANQUILIZER DART* TO DO IT.
I COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE *KILLED* YOU!
GETTING ANY SORT OF *RESPONSE*, ARMBRUSTER?
NO MORE THAN *BEFORE*, GENERAL.
BANNER HASN'T SEEN FIT TO *TALK* TO US SINCE HE REGAINED *CONSCIOUSNESS.*
WELL, WE CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE *TIME* TRYING TO GET *THRU* TO HIM. THERE ARE THINGS TO BE *DONE* BEFORE THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ARRIVES!
COLONEL ARMBRUSTER-- I SUGGEST WE GO *DO* THEM!
BETTY? ARE YOU COMING *WITH* US, DAUGHTER?
NO, DAD. THERE ARE THINGS *I* HAVE TO DO AS WELL-- AND I HAVE TO DO THEM *HERE.*
LEVEL 7

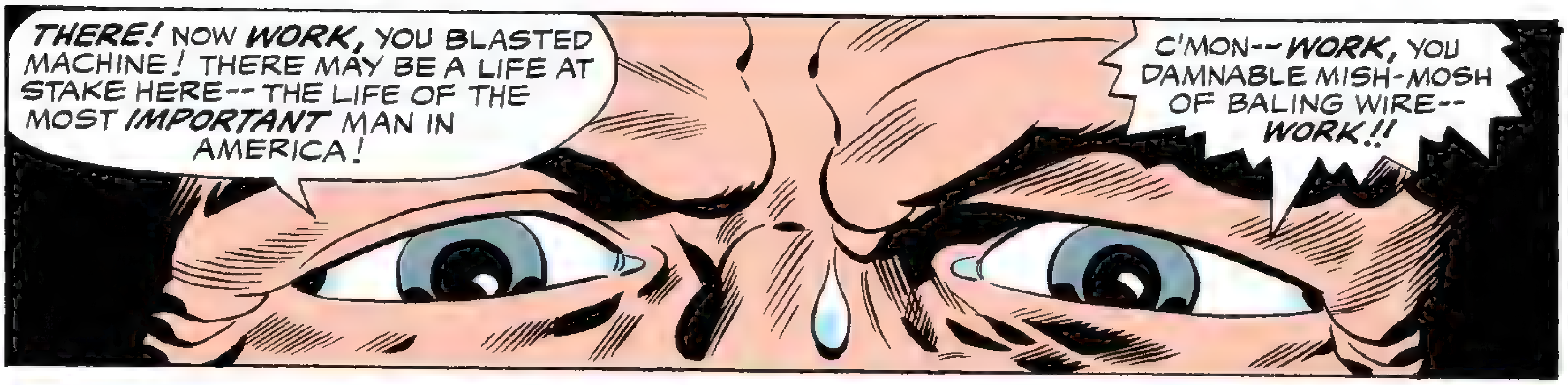

BRUCE? BRUCE, PLEASE-- PLEASE DON'T TURN AWAY FROM ME!
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU!
"I-I'M SORRY IF I HURT YOU-- SORRY IF I LEFT YOU ALONE-- BUT I'M HUMAN TOO, BRUCE--!
"I NEEDED SOMEONE-- SOMEONE TO CARE-- LIKE I CARED--!
"GLENN TALBOT LOVES ME, BRUCE! IN A WAY-- I BELIEVE I LOVE HIM. I-- I JUST COULDN'T WAIT FOR YOU FOREVER--
"--AND, GOD, I COULDN'T SHARE YOU WITH-- THE HULK!"
THE HULK. THE HULK! IT ALWAYS COMES BACK TO THE HULK, DOESN'T IT?
BECAUSE OF THE HULK, MY CAREER IS IN RUINS--! BECAUSE OF THE HULK, I'M IN CHAINS--!
BECAUSE OF THE HULK--! THE HULK--!
DOESN'T ANYBODY GIVE A DAMN ABOUT BRUCE BANNER ANYMORE?
I DO, BRUCE. I-- CARE.

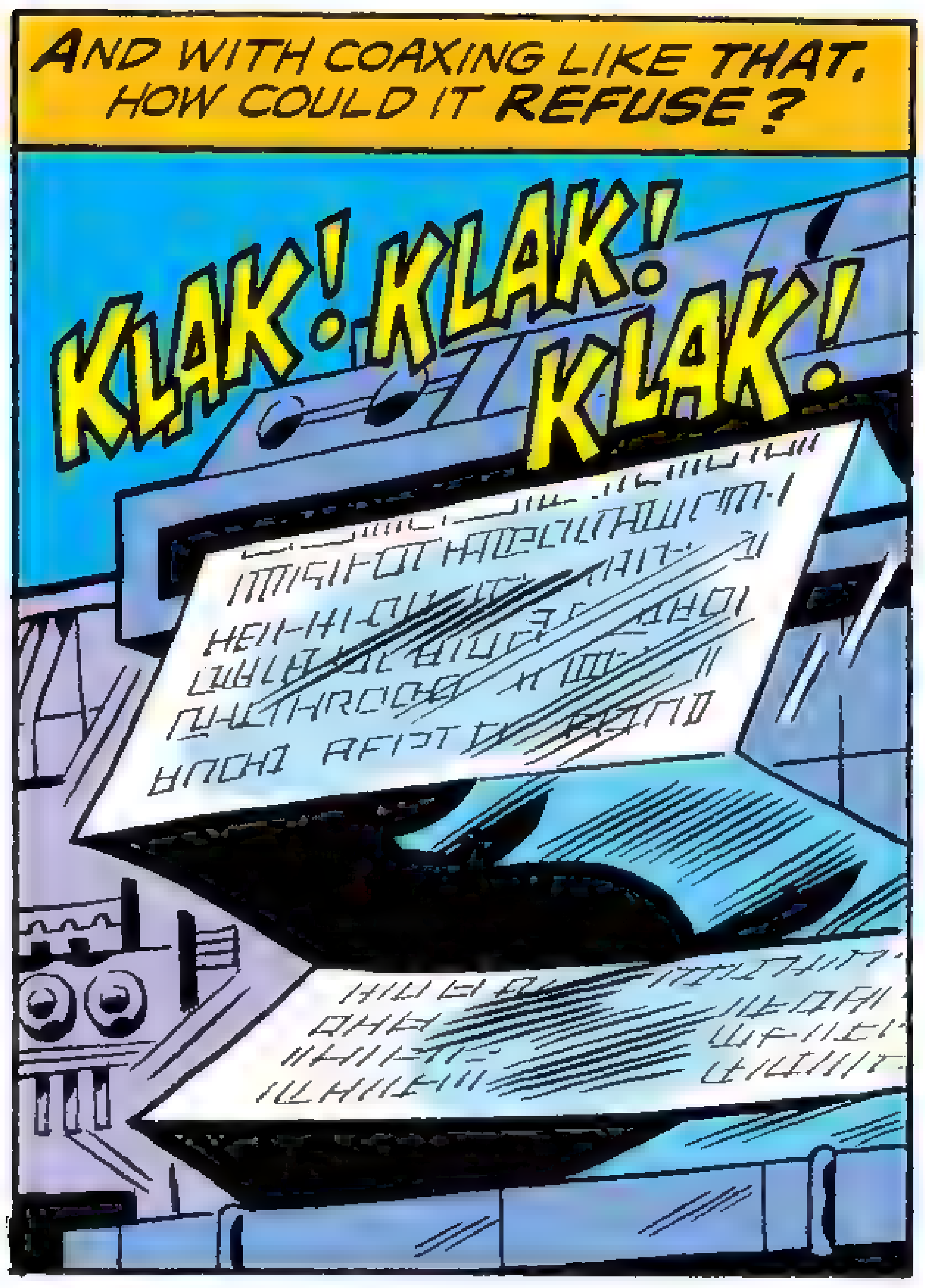

SURE. **SURE** YOU DO. BUT I DON'T **NEED** YOUR **PITY,** MRS. TALBOT!
I'M BEGINNING TO REALIZE I DON'T NEED **ANYTHING**-- FROM **ANYONE!**
BRUCE--**NO!** DON'T **DO** THIS TO YOURSELF! DON'T CUT YOURSELF OFF FROM YOUR **FRIENDS--!**
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T **UNDERSTAND** ME, LADY--
I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS!
YOU'RE **WRONG,** BRUCE--SO TERRIBLY **WRONG!** BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO **CHASE AWAY** ANYONE WHO TRIES TO **HELP** YOU--
BETTY-- I--I'M **SORRY--** PLEASE--
--MAYBE YOU DON'T **DESERVE** ANY FRIENDS.
--COME--BACK--
*BUT THE ANGUISHED BRUCE BANNER'S ONLY **REPLY** IS THE ANGRY CLATTER OF BETTY TALBOT'S **FOOTSTEPS** FADING DOWN THE CORRIDOR--*
*--A SOUND SWIFTLY **REPLACED** BY THE PULSE-POUNDING ROAR OF A FAST-APPROACHING **JET.***
***AIR FORCE-ONE** TOUCHES DOWN UPON THE RUNWAY LIKE A **FEATHER** SETTLING TO EARTH--*
*--AND THE **PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES** STEPS OUT UPON THE FIELD TO THE STRAINS OF **"HAIL TO THE CHIEF"** PLAYING SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND--*

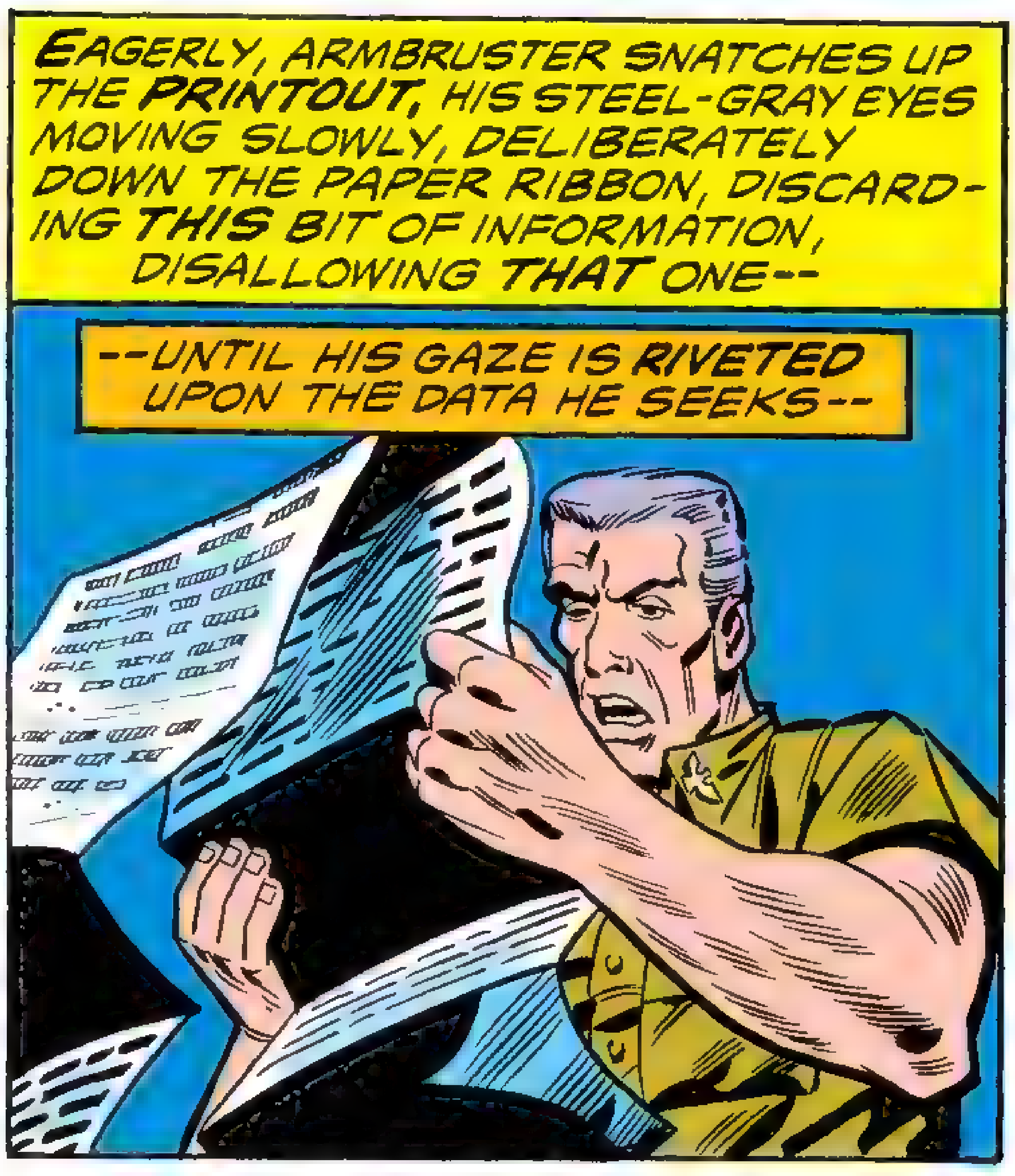

--AND THE HEARTFELT WELCOME OF GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS!
MR. PRESIDENT-- PROJECT: GREENSKIN IS HONORED, SIR.
THE HONOR IS MINE, GENERAL.
THANK YOU, SIR. MY CHIEF AIDE MAJOR TALBOT AND I HAVE ARRANGED A TOUR WE HOPE YOU'LL FIND-- ER-- INFORMATIVE.
I'M CERTAIN I WILL, GENERAL.
THE FORMER PRESIDENT TOLD ME QUITE A BIT ABOUT THIS BASE-- AND ABOUT YOU, MAJOR TALBOT.
I HOPE WE'LL FIND TIME TO TALK ABOUT YOUR DARING ESCAPE FROM RUSSIA BEFORE I LEAVE.
OH, WE'LL FIND TIME, ALRIGHT, MR. PRESIDENT! YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE ON IT!
"THUNDERBOLT" ROSS ARCHES AN EYEBROW AT GLENN TALBOT'S UNUSUALLY FORCEFUL TONE--
--BUT, MINUTES LATER, IN THE HUMMING HEART OF THE BASE'S VAST SECURITY NETWORK, THE GENERAL IS BUSINESS AS USUAL!
--AND BESIDES THE IMPROVED COMPUTER CONSOLES, WE'VE MADE A NUMBER OF OTHER CHANGES SINCE YOUR PREDECESSOR FIRST APPROVED THE CONCEPT OF HULKBUSTER BASE--!
IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THEM, SIR--?
I WOULD INDEED, GENERAL. I MUST ADMIT I'M QUITE IMPRESSED!
BUT WASN'T YOUR COLONEL ARMBRUSTER SUPPOSED TO BE ALONG ON THIS?

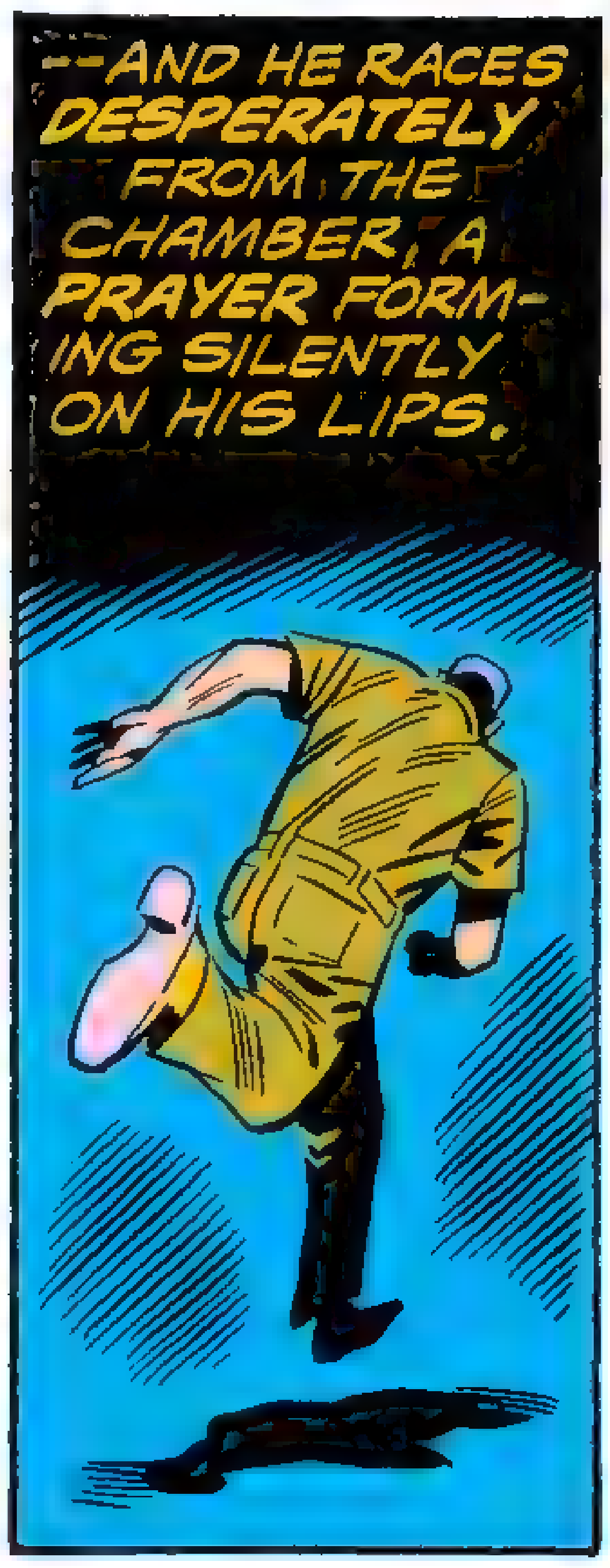

YES, HE WAS, SIR. BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT, HE DECIDED THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE--ER--IMPORTANT HE HAD TO ATTEND TO.
I SUPPOSE HE'LL JOIN US SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY--
-- BUT IN THE MEANWHILE, SIR--IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I'M CERTAIN WILL BE THE HIGHLIGHT OF YOUR TRIP.
AT WHICH POINT, WE DRAMATICALLY CUT: TO THE AFOREMENTIONED COLONEL JOHN D. ARMBRUSTER --A MAN WITH A DEFINITE MAD ON!
CONRAD, WHERE IN BLAZES ARE THOSE BLASTED TEST RESULTS I ASKED FOR? *I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE 'EM BEFORE--
*LAST ISH-- LEN.
WELL, I'LL BE--! HE ISN'T EVEN HERE!
I TOLD CONRAD I NEEDED THOSE CELLU-SCANNER REPORTS BEFORE THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ARRIVED--AND THAT SOPPY-EARED CIVILIAN GOES HOME ON ME!
THAT DOES IT! WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON MR. HAROLD CONRAD, HIS BUTT IS BRASS--AND I DON'T MEAN...
HUH?
A BUTTON-- FROM A LABCOAT! SMEARED WITH BLOOD, IT LOOKS LIKE--
--AND THERE ARE SCUFF MARKS ON THE FLOOR--
--AS IF SOMETHING HAD BEEN DRAGGED ACROSS THE ROOM--
--DRAGGED INTO THAT STOREROOM--!
ROOM
DON'T LIKE THE FEEL OF THIS. IT'S GOT MY GUTS CHURNING LIKE--
GOOD GOD-- NO!
IT'S CONRAD-- WITH THREE SLUGS THRU THE CHEST--!

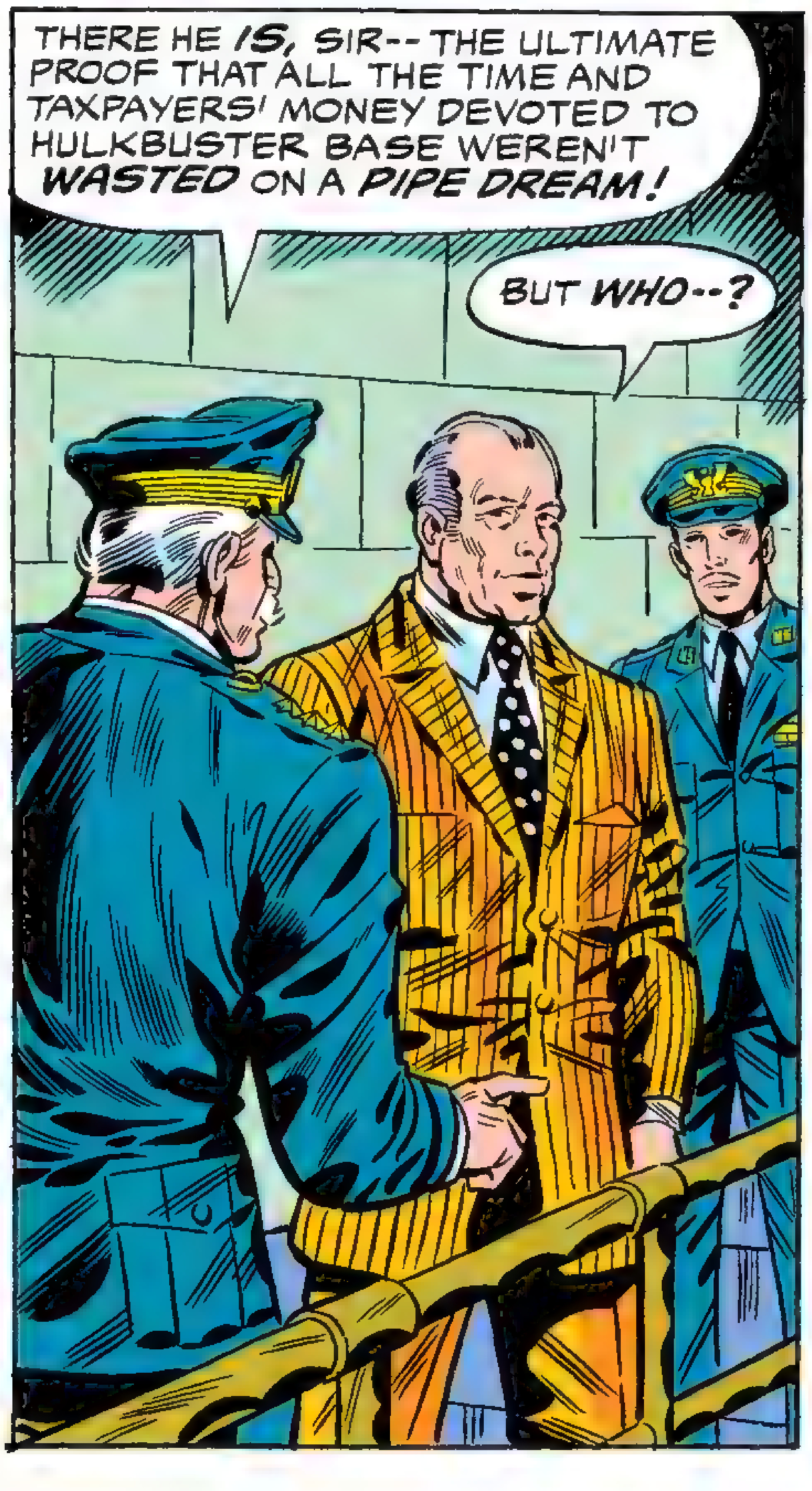

SOMEBODY DIDN'T WANT HIM ALIVE TO TALK TO ME-- BUT WHO?
AND WHY DID-- WAIT! THAT SMELL-- LIKE SOMETHING BURNING--!
THERE-- IN THE TRASH-- LOOKS LIKE THE ASHES OF A COMPUTER READOUT!
SO THAT'S WHY CONRAD WAS SILENCED!
A SHAME WHOEVER WASTED CONRAD ALSO WASTED HIS TIME-- SINCE THE INFORMATION THE KILLER BURNED IS STILL LOCKED INSIDE THE COMPUTER CORE!
ALL THAT'S NEEDED IS TO PUNCH OUT A NEW READOUT! IT'S EASY IF YOU KNOW HOW...
...WHICH I DON'T.
I OUGHT TO SEND FOR A COMPU-TECH-- BUT THERE'S NO TIME!
TALBOT'S ALREADY WITH THE PRESIDENT-- AND IF WHATEVER'S WRONG WITH HIM IS WORTH KILLING FOR...
LOCK
MAYBE THIS BUTTON--!
BLAST--! THAT WAS THE "REWIND"!
GOT TO BE CAREFUL-- OR I'M LIABLE TO ERASE SOMETHING VITAL!
C'MON, ARMBRUSTER-- YOU CAN DO IT! YOU WATCHED CONRAD WORK THIS THING! IT CAN'T BE THAT DIFFICULT!
C'MON, ARMBRUSTER-- WHERE'S THAT STEEL-TRAP MEMORY?
WHICH BUTTON TO PRESS? WHICH ONE?

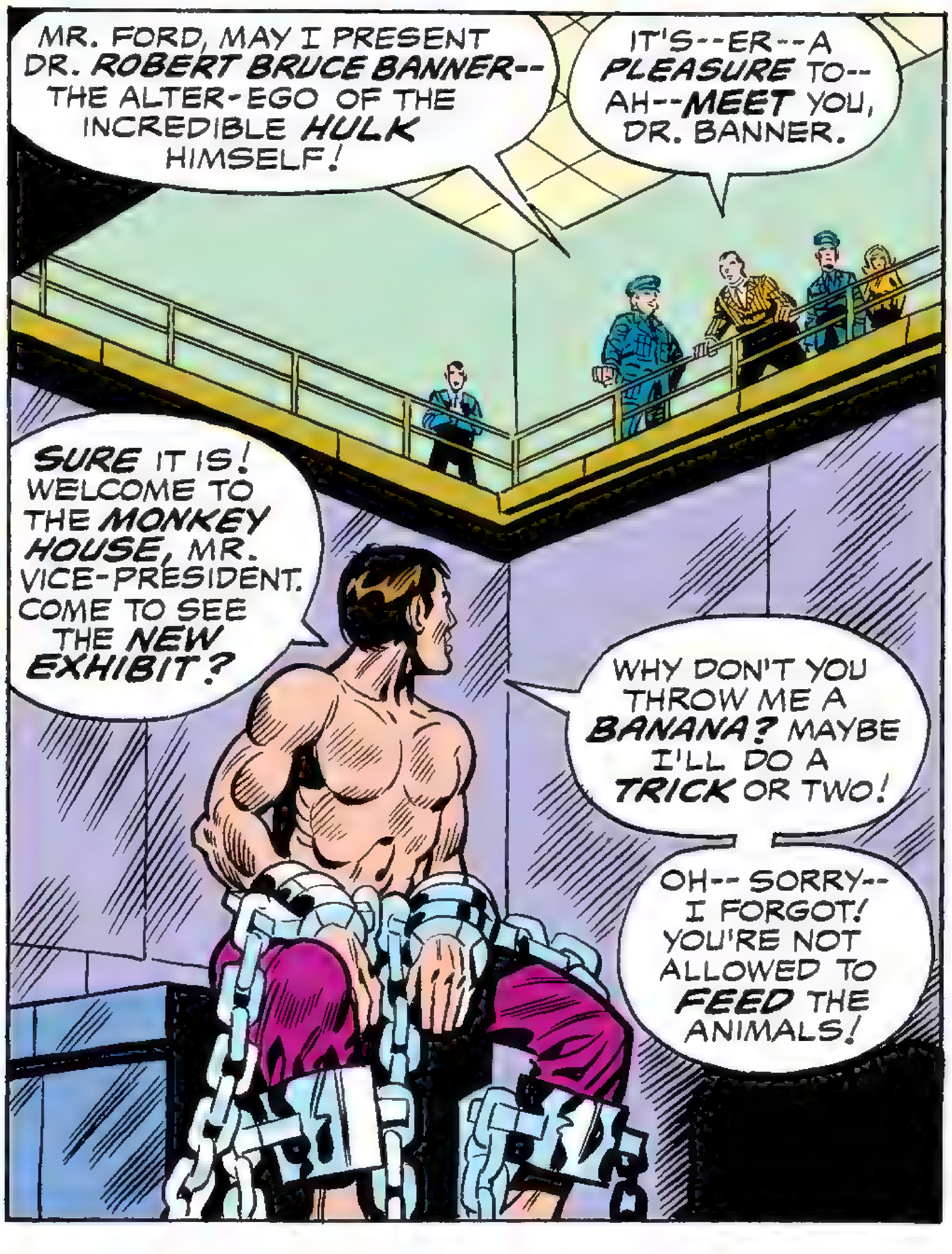

THERE! NOW WORK, YOU BLASTED MACHINE! THERE MAY BE A LIFE AT STAKE HERE--THE LIFE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN AMERICA!
C'MON--WORK, YOU DAMNABLE MISH-MOSH OF BALING WIRE--WORK!!

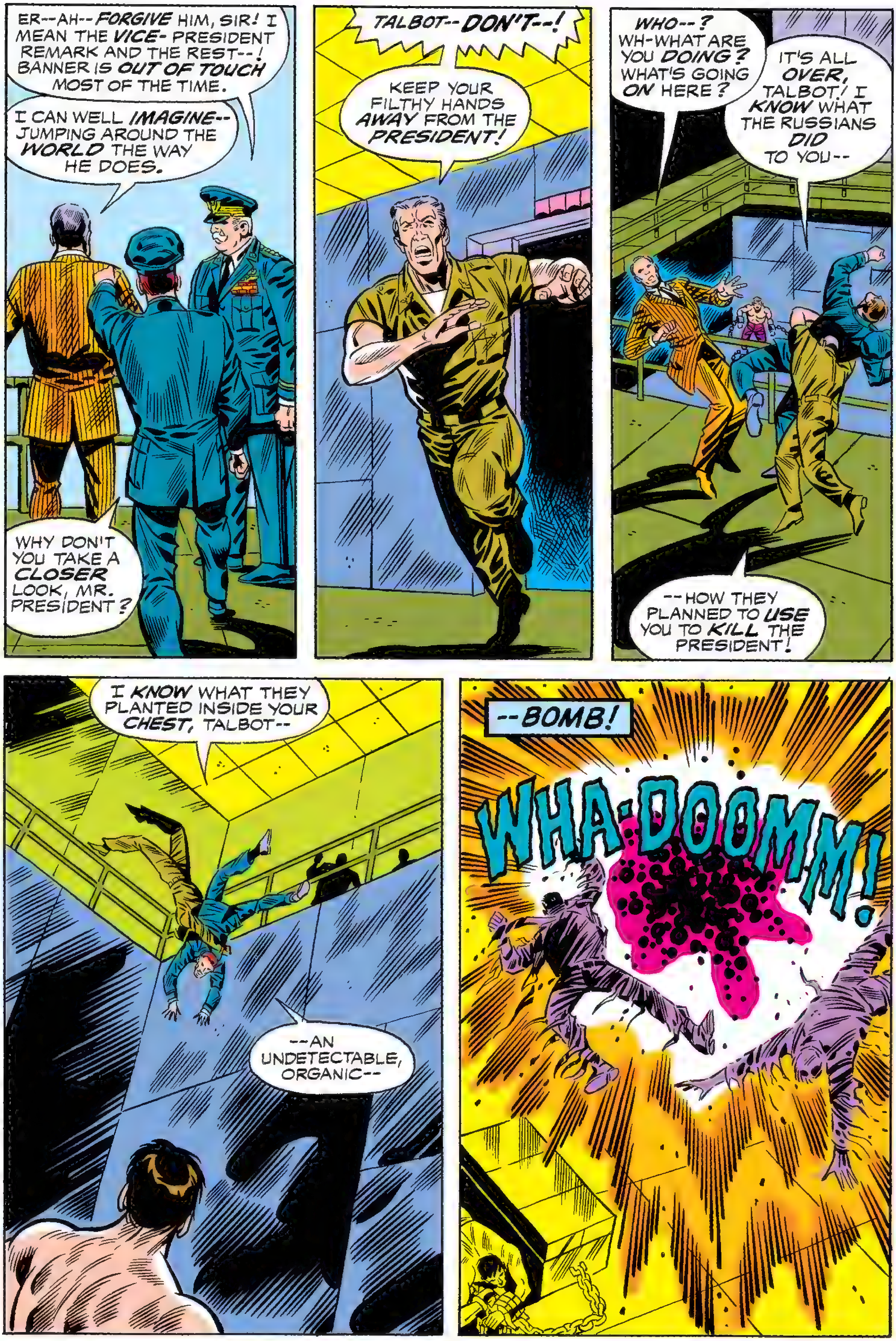

AND WITH COAXING LIKE THAT, HOW COULD IT REFUSE?
KLAK! KLAK! KLAK!

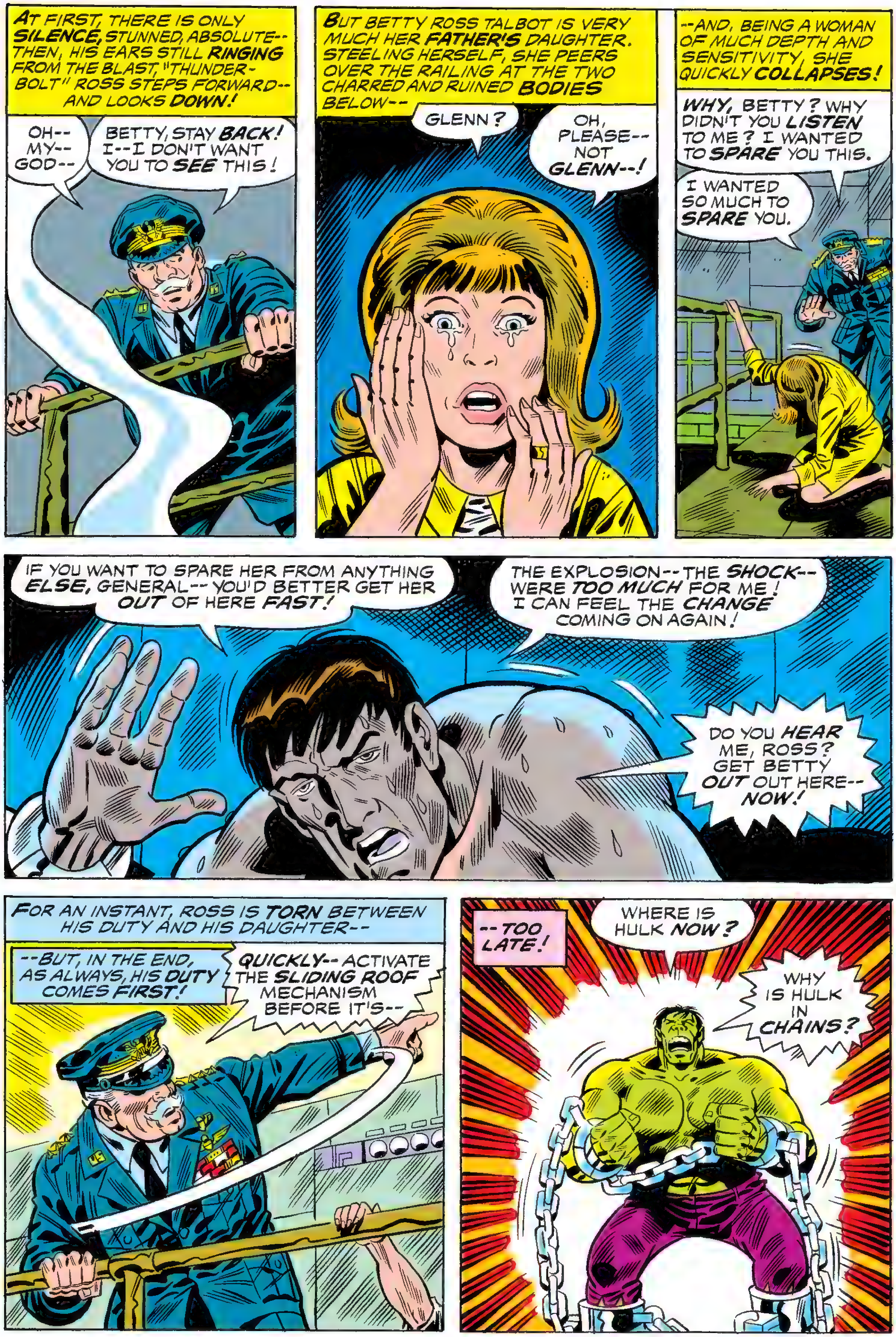

EAGERLY, ARMBRUSTER SNATCHES UP THE PRINTOUT, HIS STEEL-GRAY EYES MOVING SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY DOWN THE PAPER RIBBON, DISCARDING THIS BIT OF INFORMATION, DISALLOWING THAT ONE--
--UNTIL HIS GAZE IS RIVETED UPON THE DATA HE SEEKS--

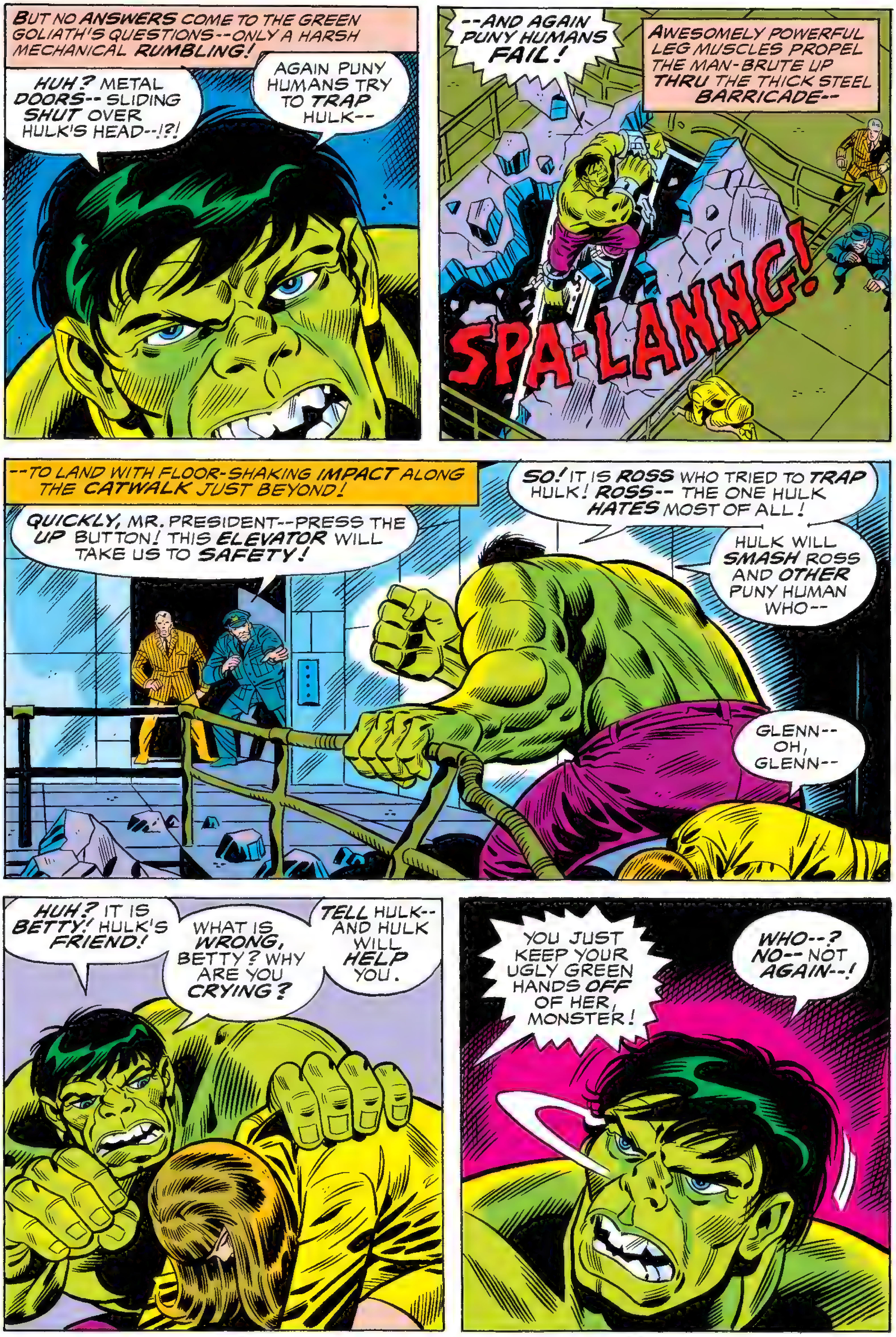

--AND HE RACES DESPERATELY FROM THE CHAMBER, A PRAYER FORMING SILENTLY ON HIS LIPS.

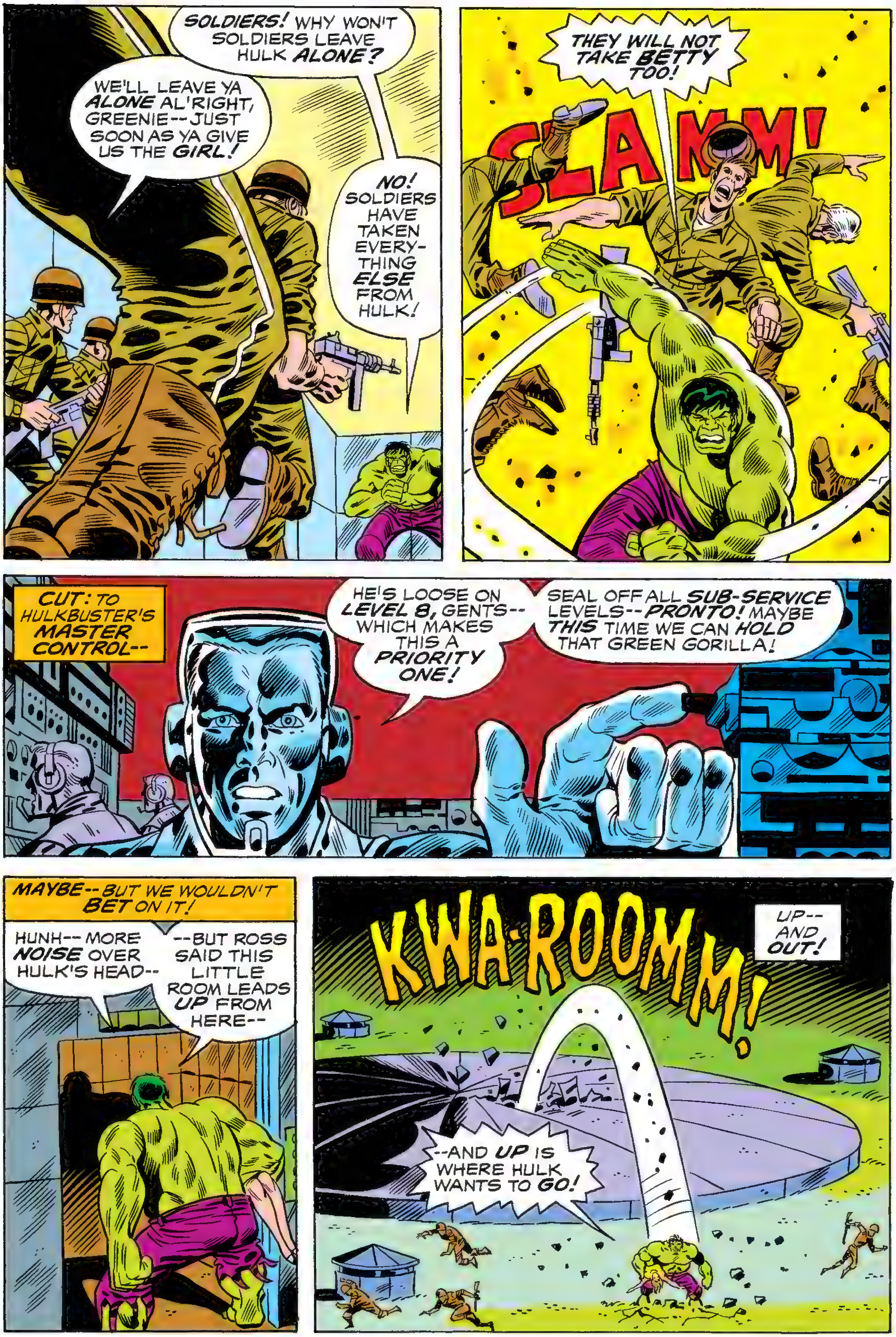

THERE HE IS, SIR--THE ULTIMATE PROOF THAT ALL THE TIME AND TAXPAYERS' MONEY DEVOTED TO HULKBUSTER BASE WEREN'T WASTED ON A PIPE DREAM!
BUT WHO--?

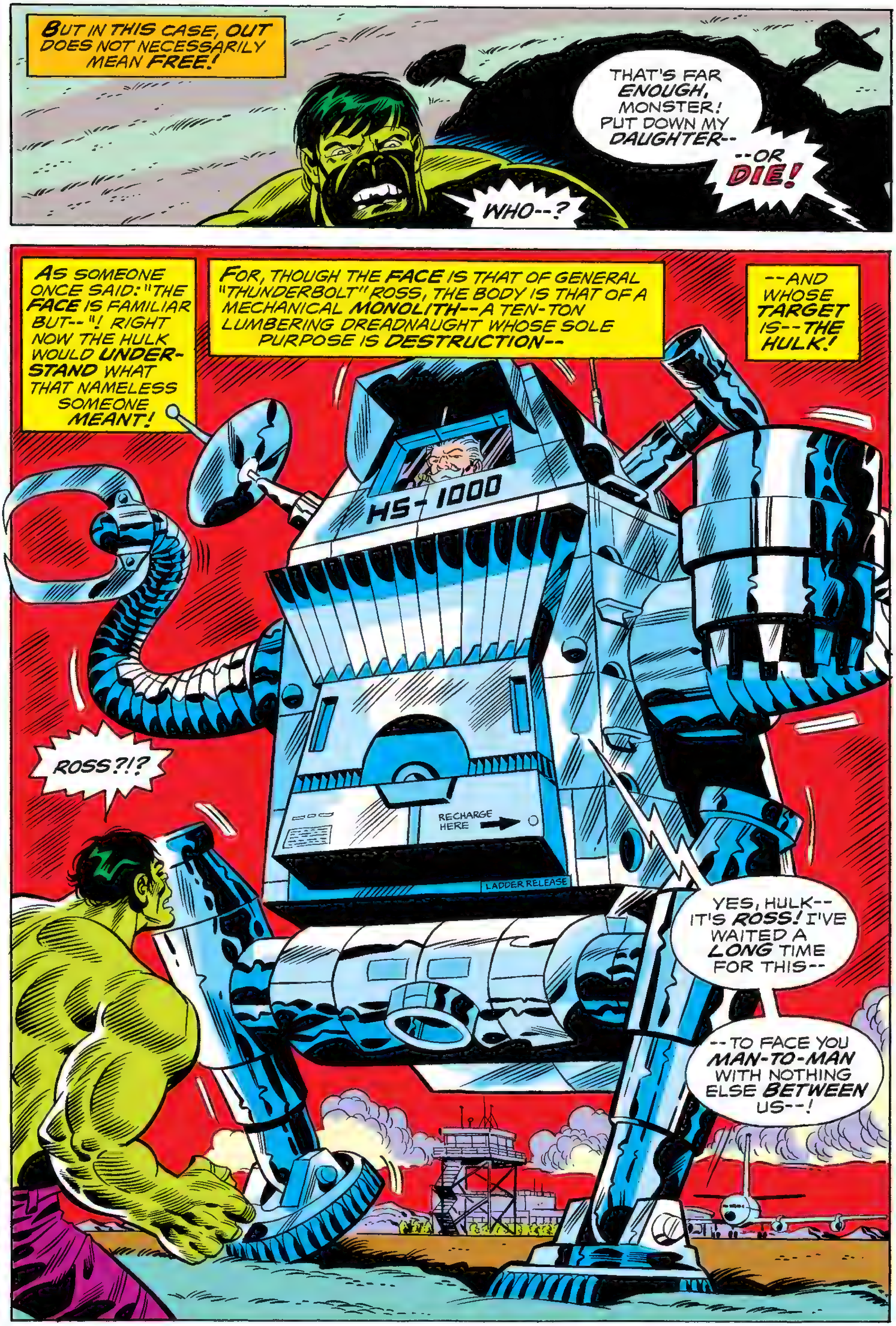

MR. FORD, MAY I PRESENT DR. ROBERT BRUCE BANNER--THE ALTER-EGO OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK HIMSELF!
IT'S--ER--A PLEASURE TO--AH--MEET YOU, DR. BANNER.
SURE IT IS! WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE, MR. VICE-PRESIDENT. COME TO SEE THE NEW EXHIBIT?
WHY DON'T YOU THROW ME A BANANA? MAYBE I'LL DO A TRICK OR TWO!
OH--SORRY--I FORGOT! YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO FEED THE ANIMALS!

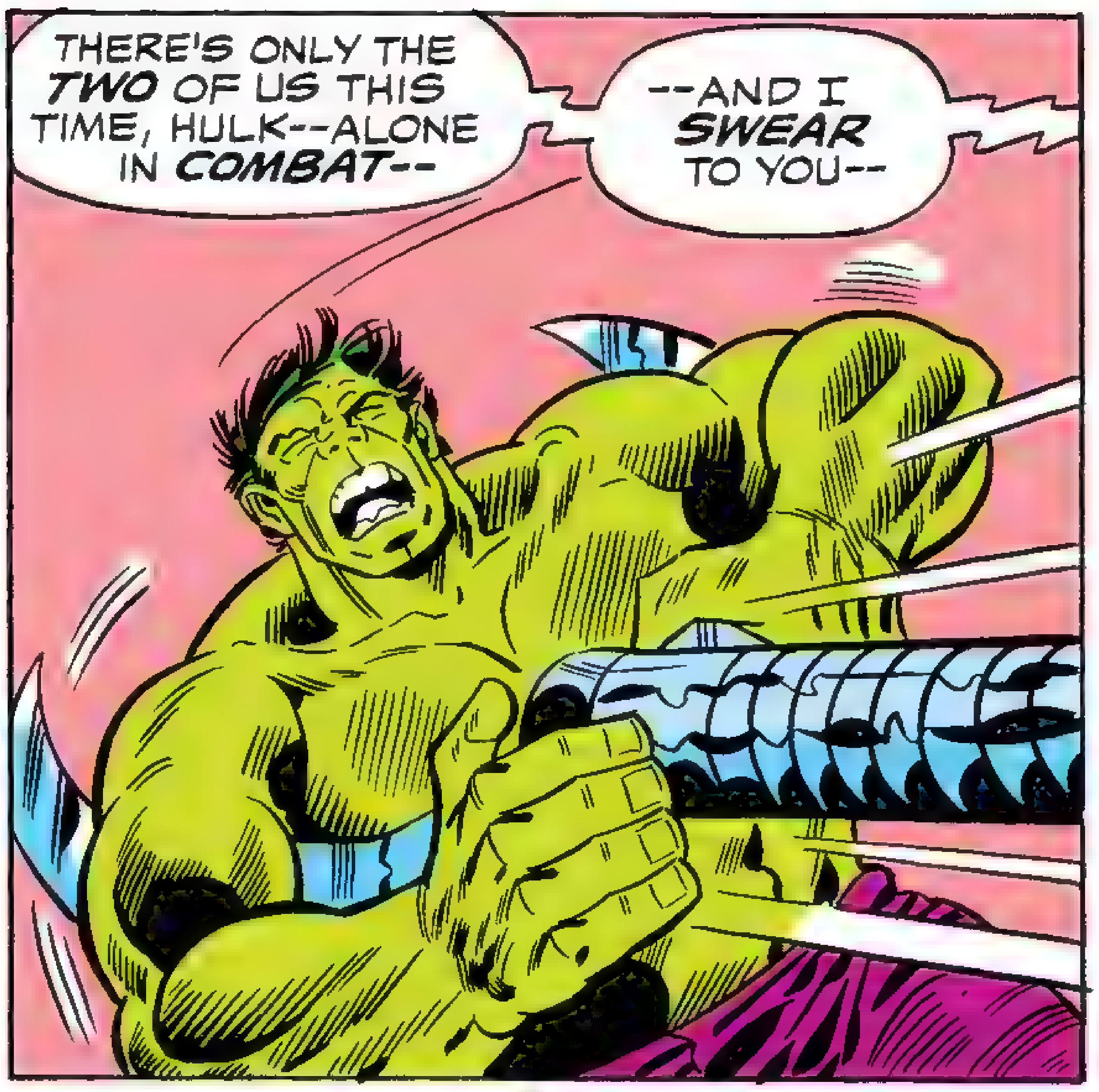

ER--AH--FORGIVE HIM, SIR! I MEAN THE VICE-PRESIDENT REMARK AND THE REST--! BANNER IS OUT OF TOUCH MOST OF THE TIME.
I CAN WELL IMAGINE--JUMPING AROUND THE WORLD THE WAY HE DOES.
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A CLOSER LOOK, MR. PRESIDENT?
TALBOT--DON'T--!
KEEP YOUR FILTHY HANDS AWAY FROM THE PRESIDENT!
WHO--? WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
IT'S ALL OVER, TALBOT! I KNOW WHAT THE RUSSIANS DID TO YOU--
--HOW THEY PLANNED TO USE YOU TO KILL THE PRESIDENT!
I KNOW WHAT THEY PLANTED INSIDE YOUR CHEST, TALBOT--
--AN UNDETECTABLE, ORGANIC--
--BOMB!
WHA-DOOMM!

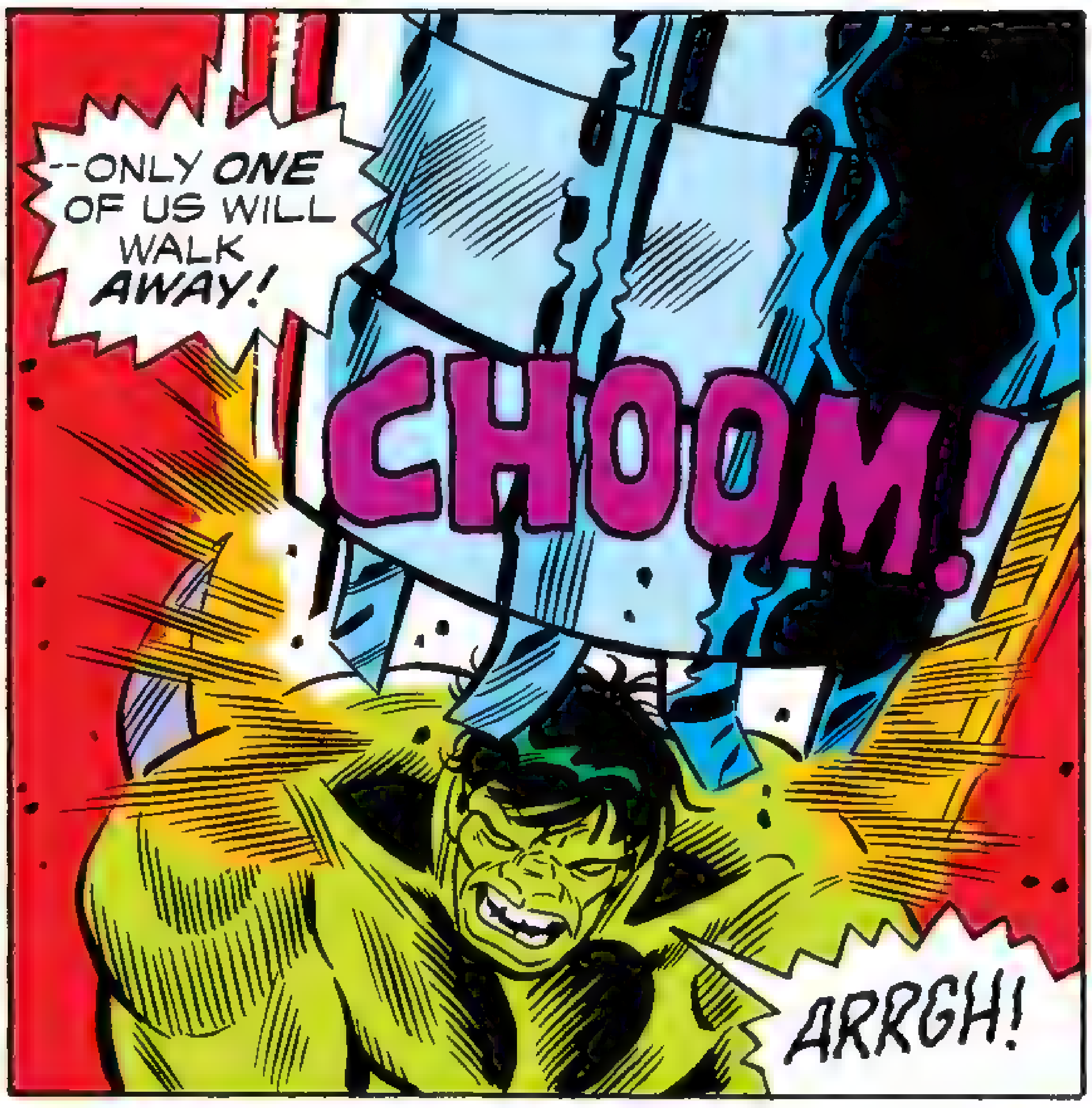

AT FIRST, THERE IS ONLY SILENCE, STUNNED, ABSOLUTE-- THEN, HIS EARS STILL RINGING FROM THE BLAST, "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS STEPS FORWARD-- AND LOOKS DOWN!
OH-- MY-- GOD--
BETTY, STAY BACK! I--I DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE THIS!
BUT BETTY ROSS TALBOT IS VERY MUCH HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER. STEELING HERSELF, SHE PEERS OVER THE RAILING AT THE TWO CHARRED AND RUINED BODIES BELOW--
GLENN?
OH, PLEASE-- NOT GLENN--!
--AND, BEING A WOMAN OF MUCH DEPTH AND SENSITIVITY, SHE QUICKLY COLLAPSES!
WHY, BETTY? WHY DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME? I WANTED TO SPARE YOU THIS.
I WANTED SO MUCH TO SPARE YOU.
IF YOU WANT TO SPARE HER FROM ANYTHING ELSE, GENERAL-- YOU'D BETTER GET HER OUT OF HERE FAST!
THE EXPLOSION--THE SHOCK-- WERE TOO MUCH FOR ME! I CAN FEEL THE CHANGE COMING ON AGAIN!
DO YOU HEAR ME, ROSS? GET BETTY OUT OUT HERE-- NOW!
FOR AN INSTANT, ROSS IS TORN BETWEEN HIS DUTY AND HIS DAUGHTER--
--BUT, IN THE END, AS ALWAYS, HIS DUTY COMES FIRST!
QUICKLY-- ACTIVATE THE SLIDING ROOF MECHANISM BEFORE IT'S--
--TOO LATE!
WHERE IS HULK NOW?
WHY IS HULK IN CHAINS?

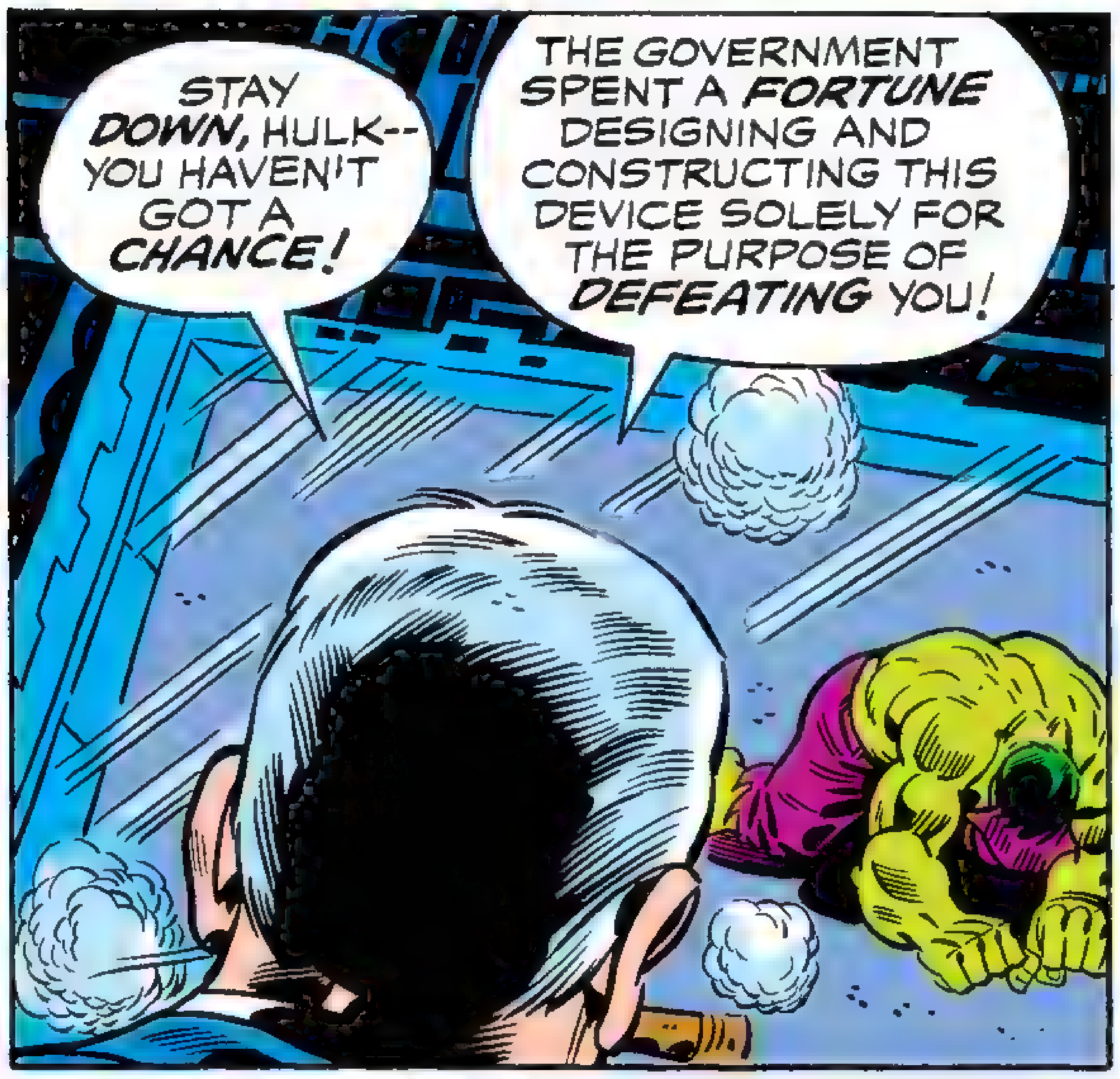

BUT NO ANSWERS COME TO THE GREEN GOLIATH'S QUESTIONS--ONLY A HARSH MECHANICAL RUMBLING!
HUH? METAL DOORS-- SLIDING SHUT OVER HULK'S HEAD--!?!
AGAIN PUNY HUMANS TRY TO TRAP HULK--
--AND AGAIN PUNY HUMANS FAIL!
AWESOMELY POWERFUL LEG MUSCLES PROPEL THE MAN-BRUTE UP THRU THE THICK STEEL BARRICADE--
SPA-LANNG!
--TO LAND WITH FLOOR-SHAKING IMPACT ALONG THE CATWALK JUST BEYOND!
QUICKLY, MR. PRESIDENT--PRESS THE UP BUTTON! THIS ELEVATOR WILL TAKE US TO SAFETY!
SO! IT IS ROSS WHO TRIED TO TRAP HULK! ROSS-- THE ONE HULK HATES MOST OF ALL!
HULK WILL SMASH ROSS AND OTHER PUNY HUMAN WHO--
GLENN-- OH, GLENN--
HUH? IT IS BETTY! HULK'S FRIEND!
WHAT IS WRONG, BETTY? WHY ARE YOU CRYING?
TELL HULK-- AND HULK WILL HELP YOU.
YOU JUST KEEP YOUR UGLY GREEN HANDS OFF OF HER, MONSTER!
WHO--? NO-- NOT AGAIN--!

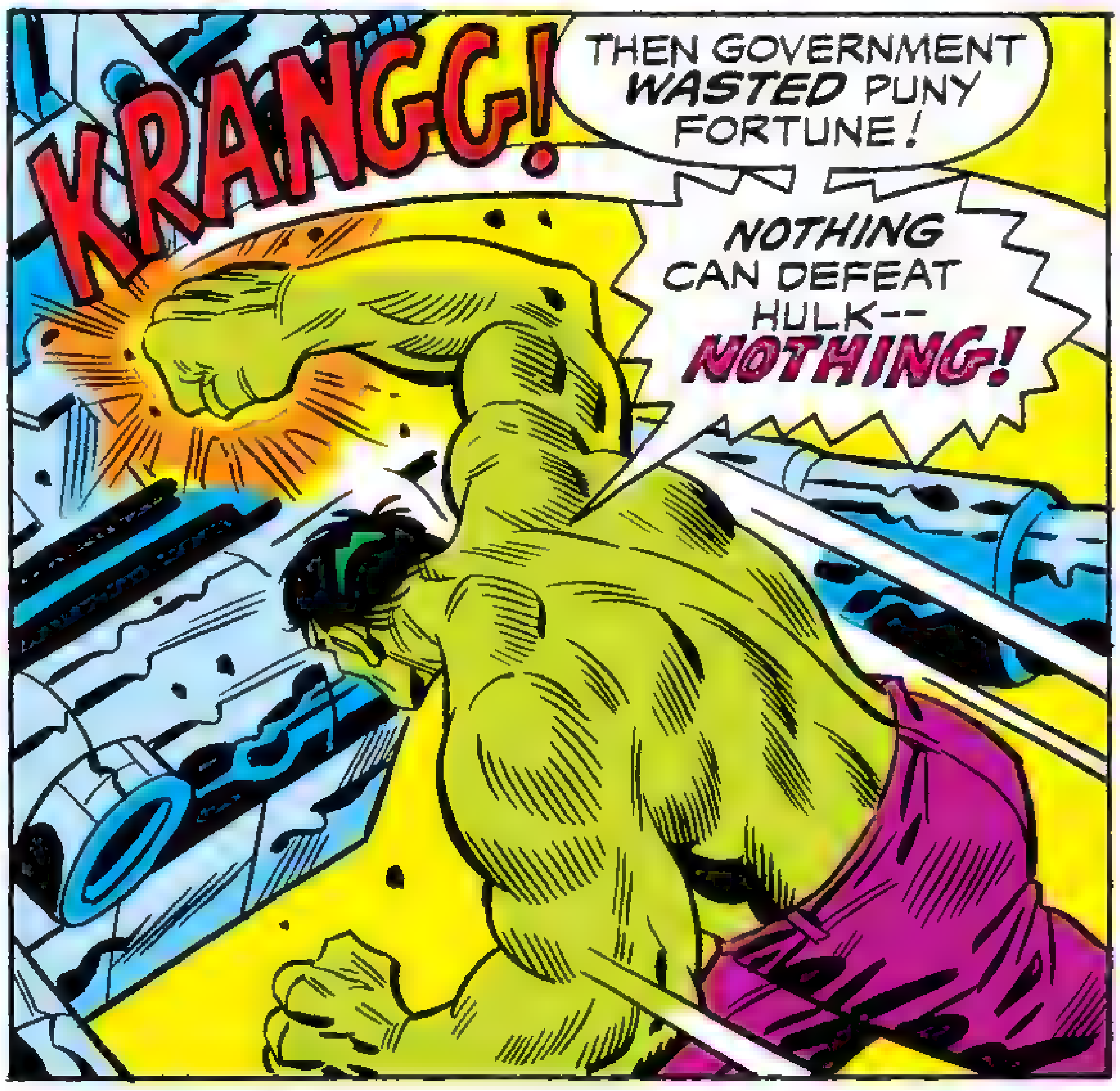

SOLDIERS! WHY WON'T SOLDIERS LEAVE HULK ALONE?
WE'LL LEAVE YA ALONE AL'RIGHT, GREENIE--JUST SOON AS YA GIVE US THE GIRL!
NO! SOLDIERS HAVE TAKEN EVERY-THING ELSE FROM HULK!
THEY WILL NOT TAKE BETTY TOO!
SLAMM!
CUT: TO HULKBUSTER'S MASTER CONTROL--
HE'S LOOSE ON LEVEL 8, GENTS--WHICH MAKES THIS A PRIORITY ONE!
SEAL OFF ALL SUB-SERVICE LEVELS--PRONTO! MAYBE THIS TIME WE CAN HOLD THAT GREEN GORILLA!
MAYBE--BUT WE WOULDN'T BET ON IT!
HUNH-- MORE NOISE OVER HULK'S HEAD--
--BUT ROSS SAID THIS LITTLE ROOM LEADS UP FROM HERE--
KWA-ROOMM!
UP--AND OUT!
--AND UP IS WHERE HULK WANTS TO GO!

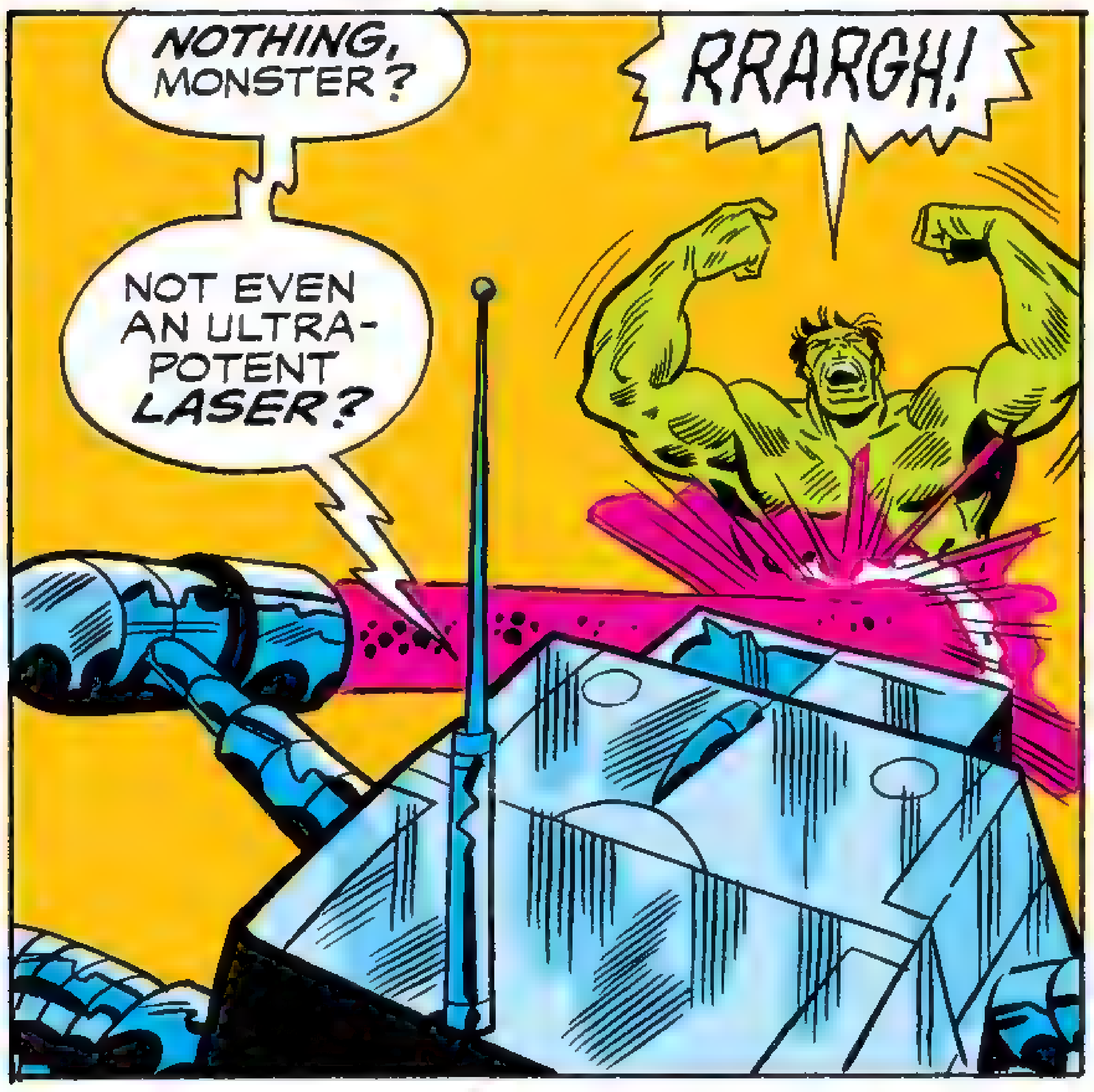

BUT IN THIS CASE, OUT DOES NOT NECESSARILY MEAN FREE!
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, MONSTER! PUT DOWN MY DAUGHTER--
--OR DIE!
WHO--?
AS SOMEONE ONCE SAID: "THE FACE IS FAMILIAR BUT--"! RIGHT NOW THE HULK WOULD UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT NAMELESS SOMEONE MEANT!
FOR, THOUGH THE FACE IS THAT OF GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS, THE BODY IS THAT OF A MECHANICAL MONOLITH--A TEN-TON LUMBERING DREADNAUGHT WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE IS DESTRUCTION--
--AND WHOSE TARGET IS--THE HULK!
HS-1000
RECHARGE HERE
LADDER RELEASE
ROSS?!?
YES, HULK--IT'S ROSS! I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS--
--TO FACE YOU MAN-TO-MAN WITH NOTHING ELSE BETWEEN US--!

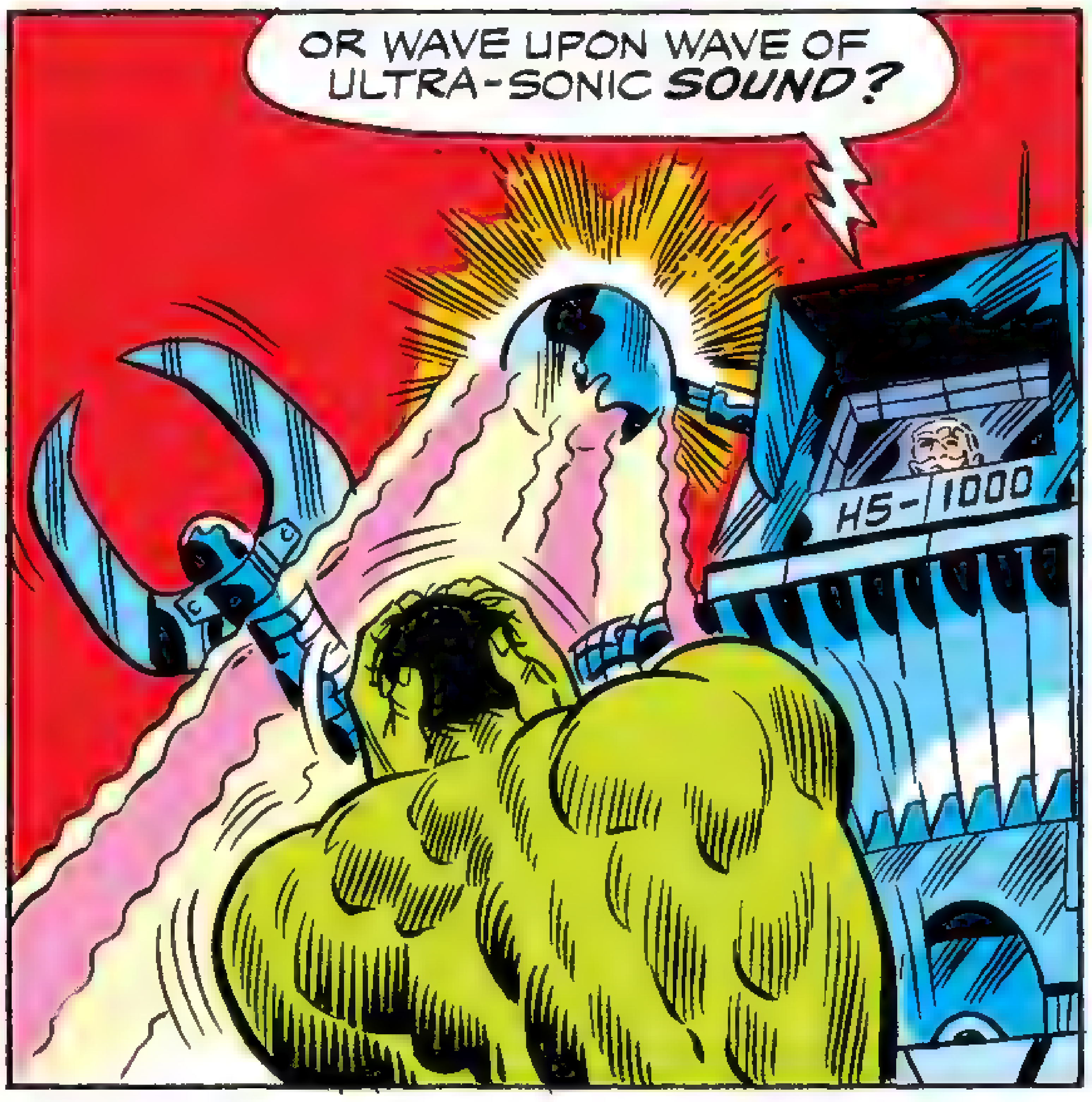

THERE'S ONLY THE **TWO** OF US THIS TIME, HULK--ALONE IN **COMBAT**--
--AND I **SWEAR** TO YOU--

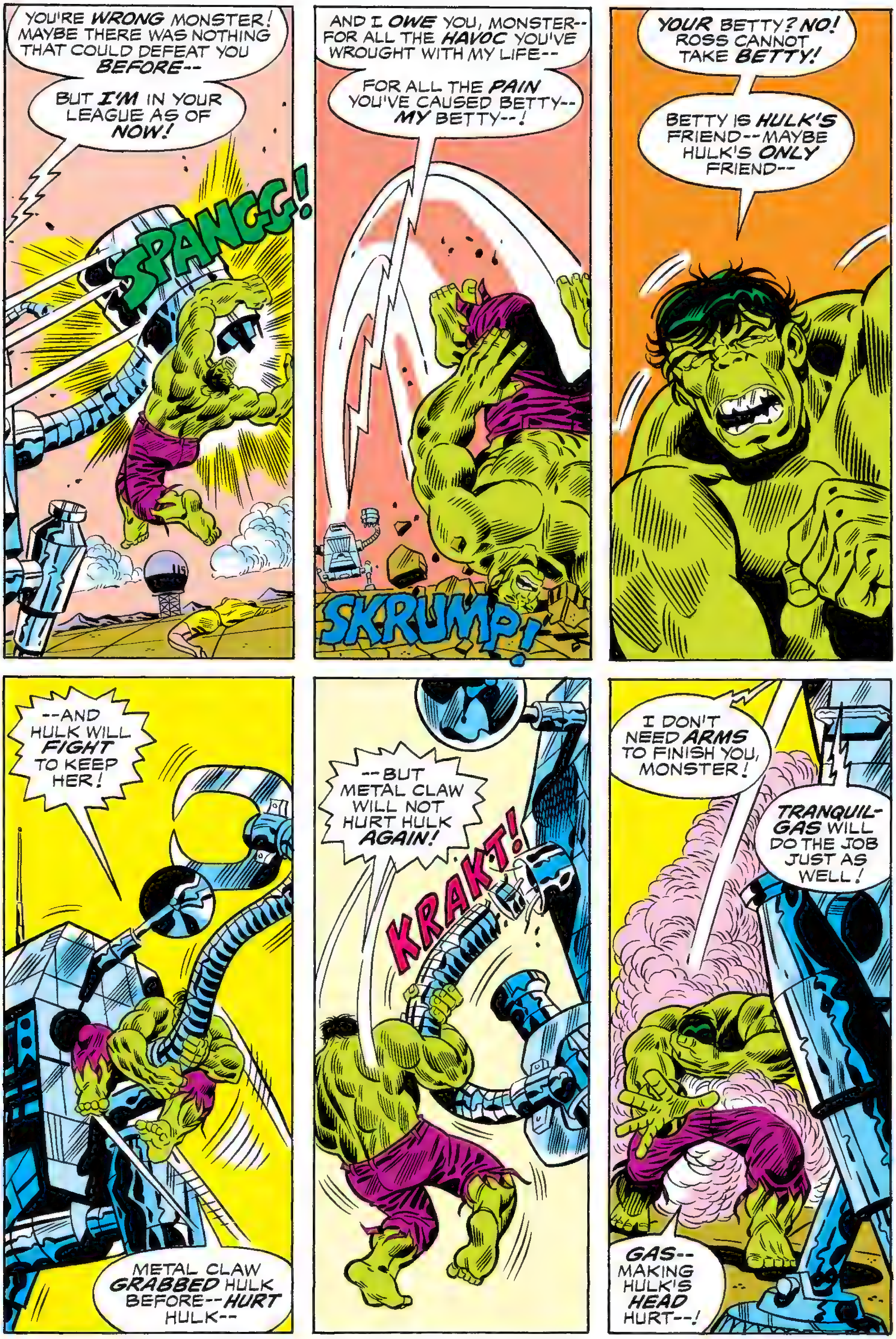

--ONLY **ONE** OF US WILL WALK **AWAY!**
CHOOM!
ARRGH!

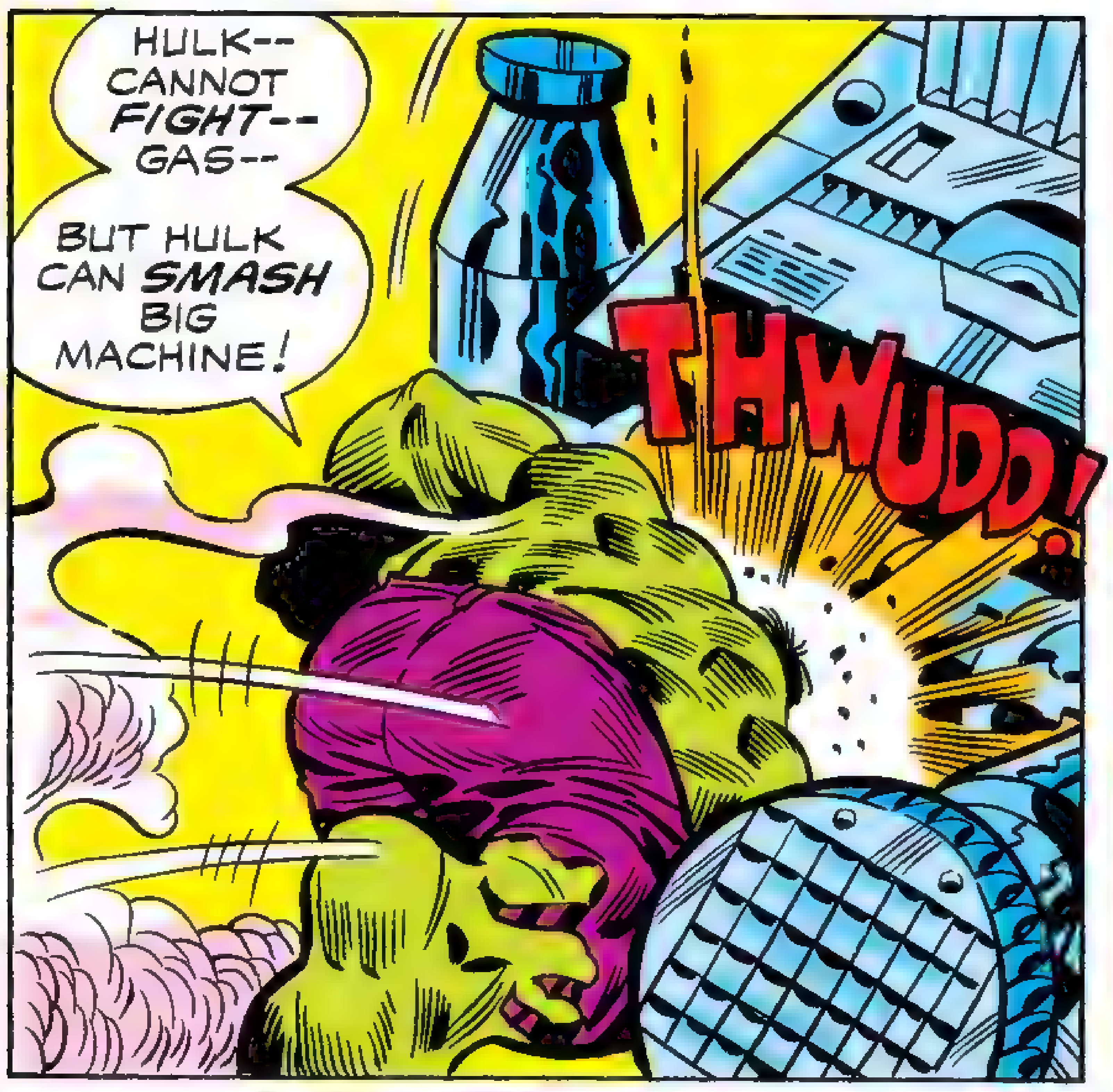

STAY **DOWN,** HULK-- YOU HAVEN'T GOT A **CHANCE!**
THE GOVERNMENT SPENT A **FORTUNE** DESIGNING AND CONSTRUCTING THIS DEVICE SOLELY FOR THE PURPOSE OF **DEFEATING** YOU!

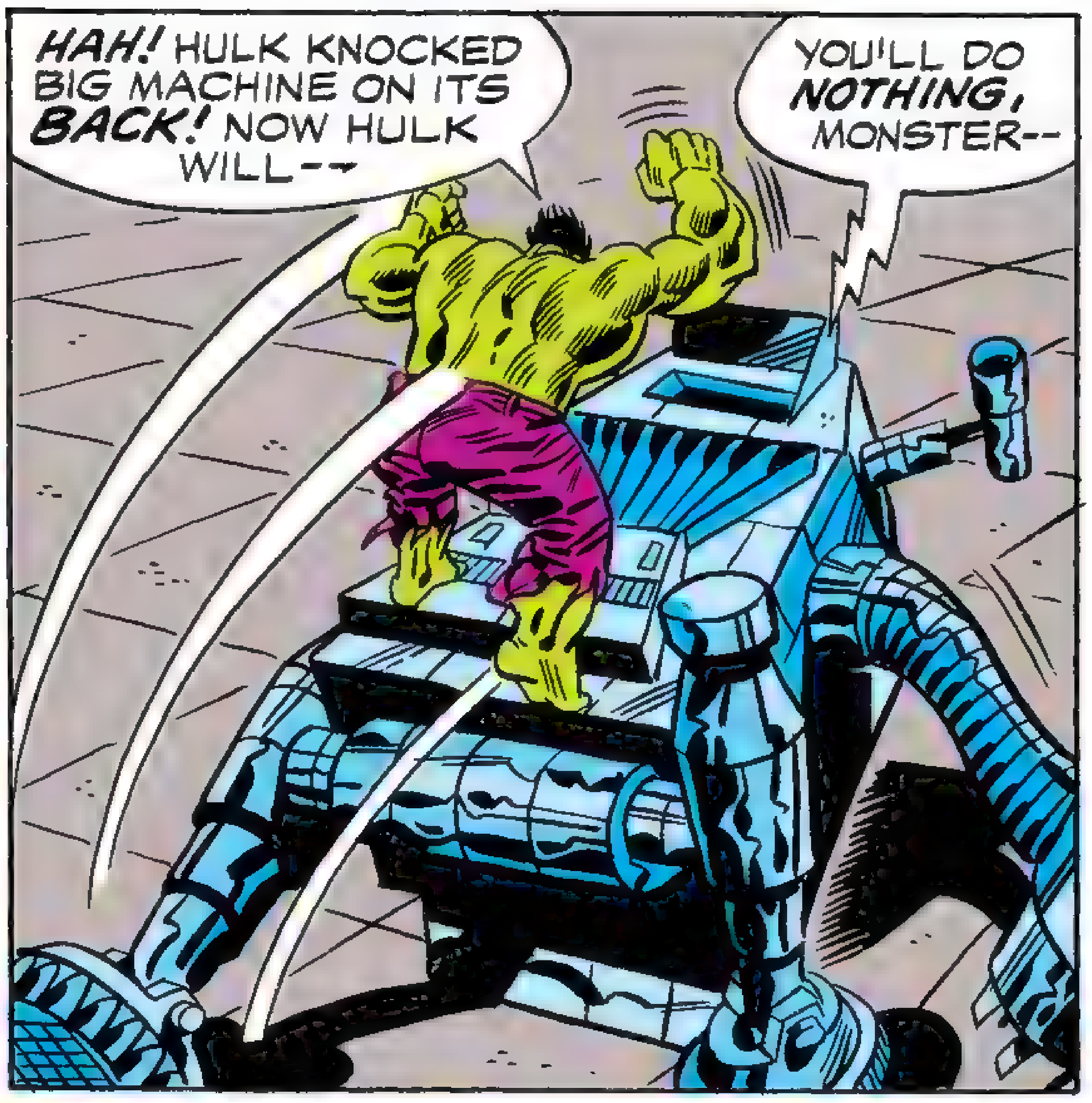

KRANGG!
THEN GOVERNMENT **WASTED** PUNY FORTUNE!
NOTHING CAN DEFEAT HULK-- **NOTHING!**

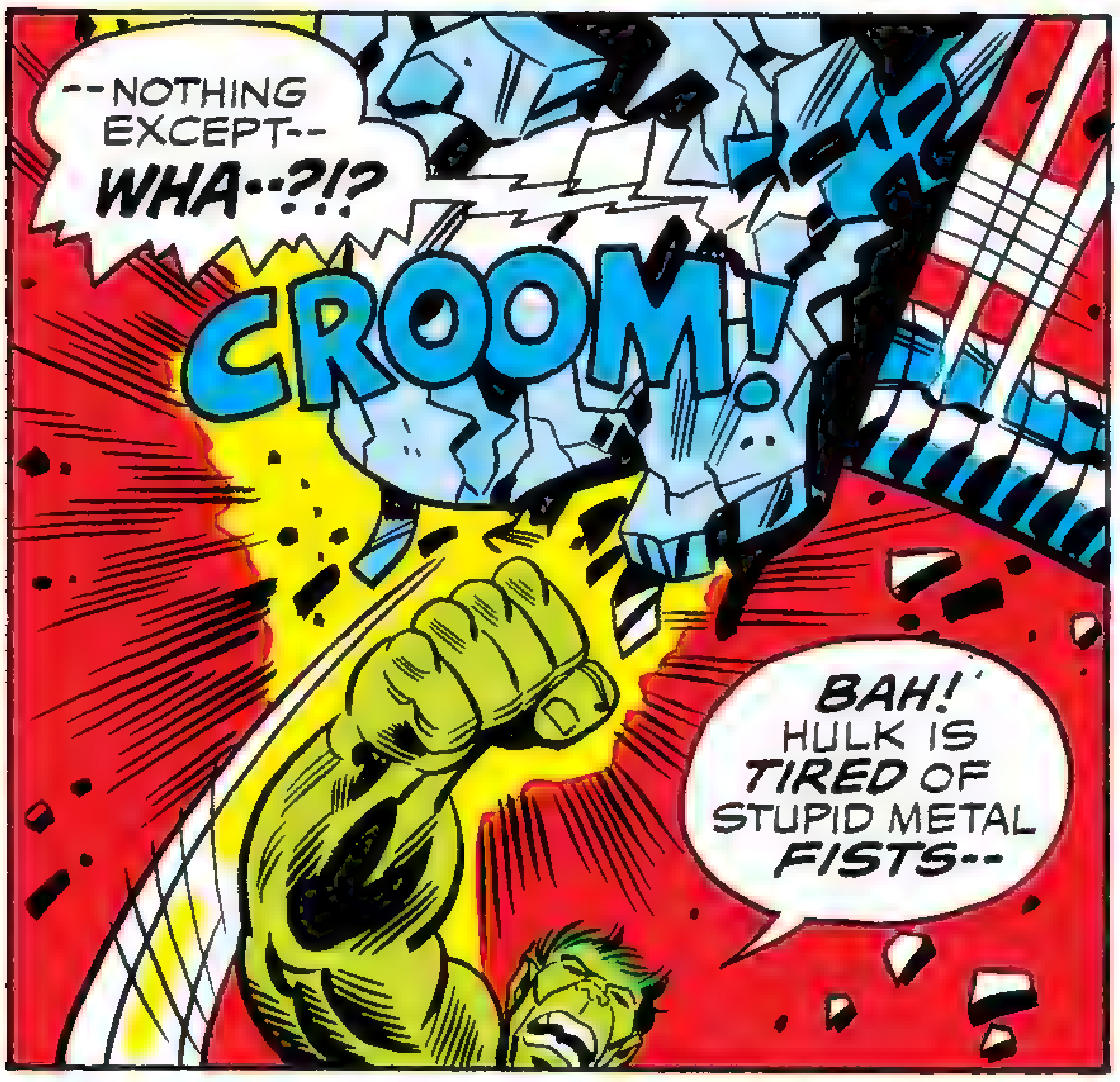

NOTHING, MONSTER?
RRARGH!
NOT EVEN AN ULTRA-POTENT **LASER?**

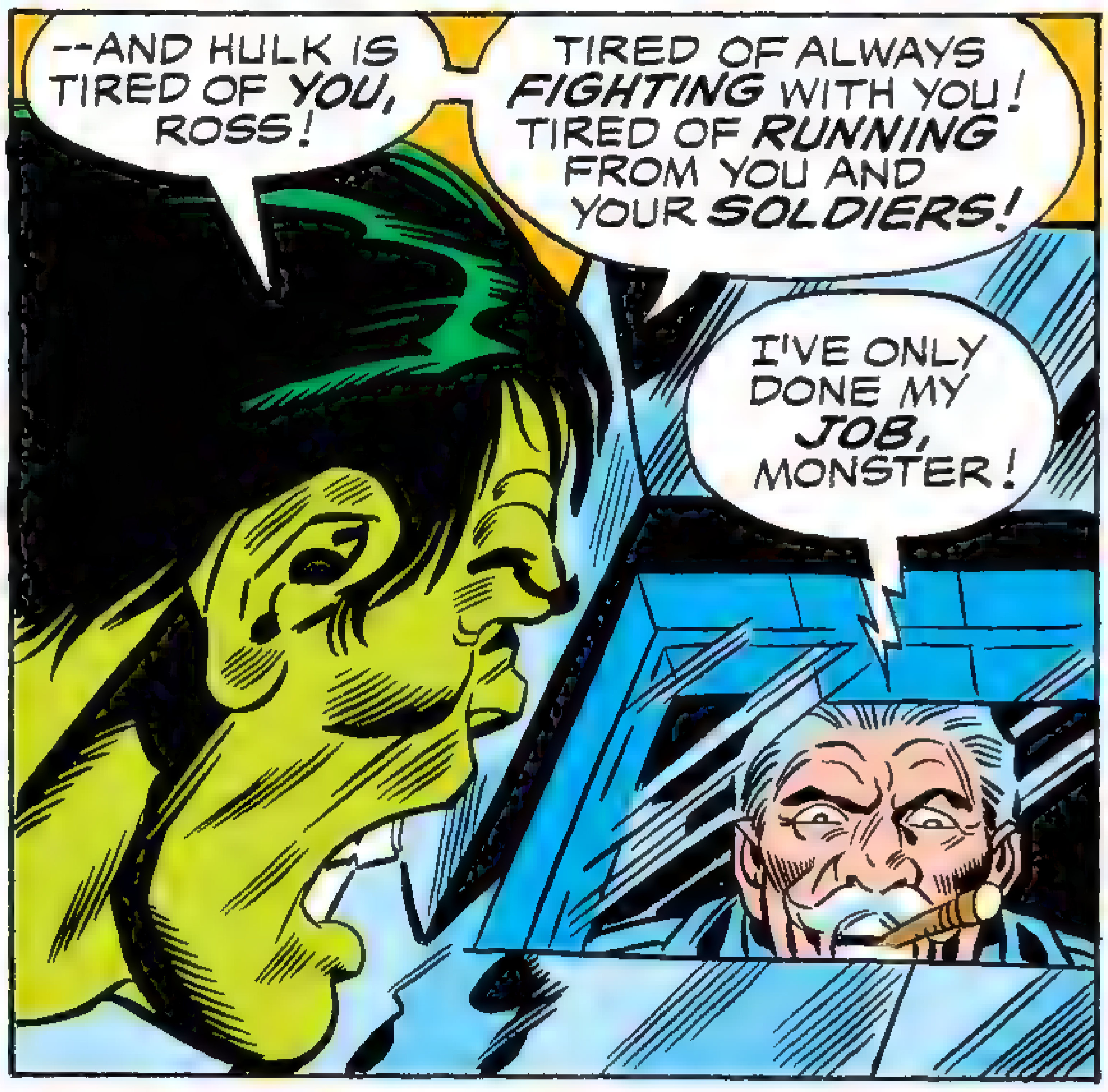

OR WAVE UPON WAVE OF ULTRA-SONIC **SOUND?**
HS-1000

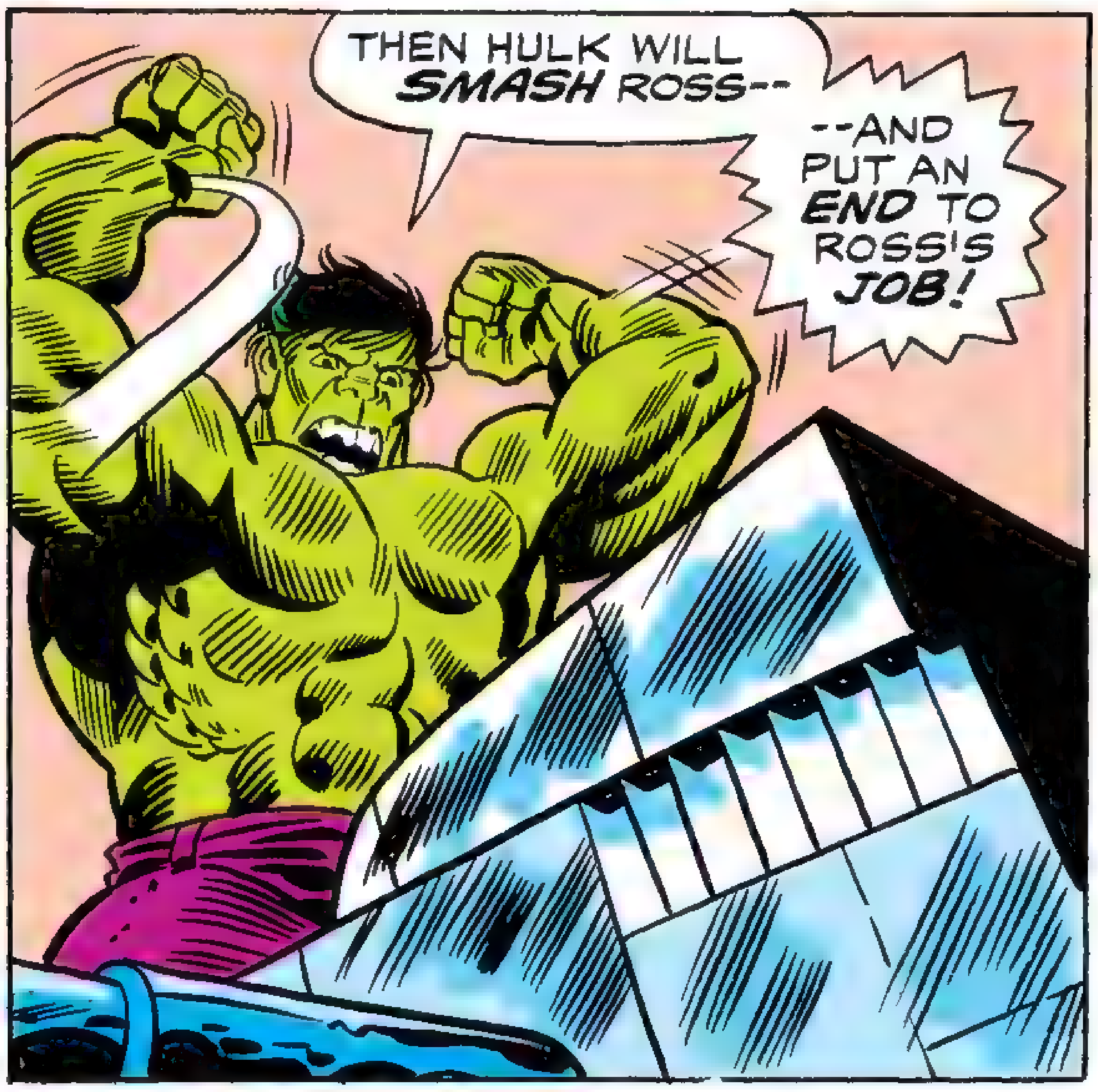

YOU'RE WRONG MONSTER! MAYBE THERE WAS NOTHING THAT COULD DEFEAT YOU BEFORE--
BUT I'M IN YOUR LEAGUE AS OF NOW!
SPANGG!
AND I OWE YOU, MONSTER-- FOR ALL THE HAVOC YOU'VE WROUGHT WITH MY LIFE--
FOR ALL THE PAIN YOU'VE CAUSED BETTY-- MY BETTY--!
SKRUMP!
YOUR BETTY? NO! ROSS CANNOT TAKE BETTY!
BETTY IS HULK'S FRIEND--MAYBE HULK'S ONLY FRIEND--
--AND HULK WILL FIGHT TO KEEP HER!
METAL CLAW GRABBED HULK BEFORE--HURT HULK--
--BUT METAL CLAW WILL NOT HURT HULK AGAIN!
KRAKT!
I DON'T NEED ARMS TO FINISH YOU, MONSTER!
TRANQUIL-GAS WILL DO THE JOB JUST AS WELL!
GAS-- MAKING HULK'S HEAD HURT--!

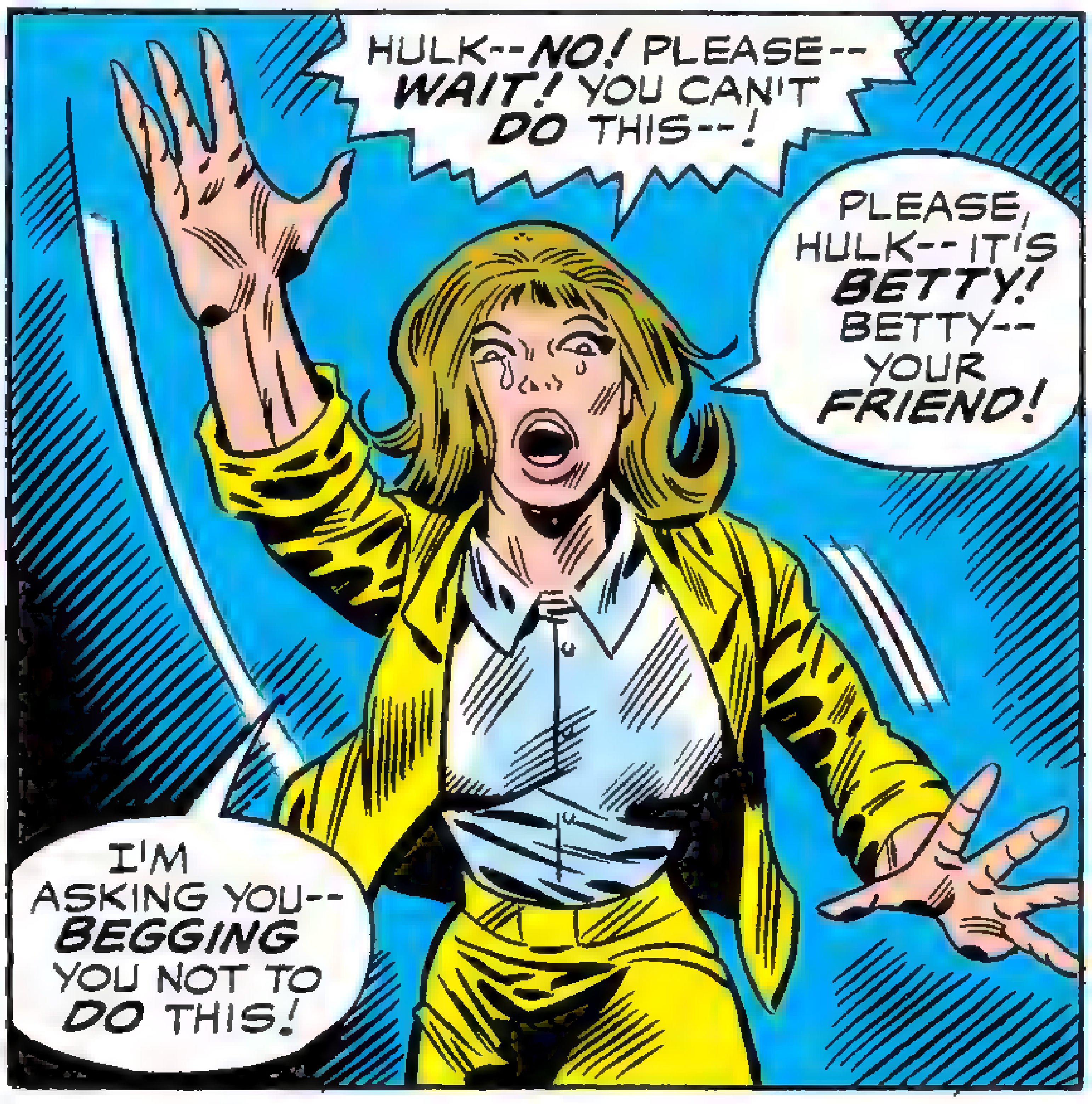

HULK-- CANNOT FIGHT-- GAS--
BUT HULK CAN SMASH BIG MACHINE!
THWUDD!

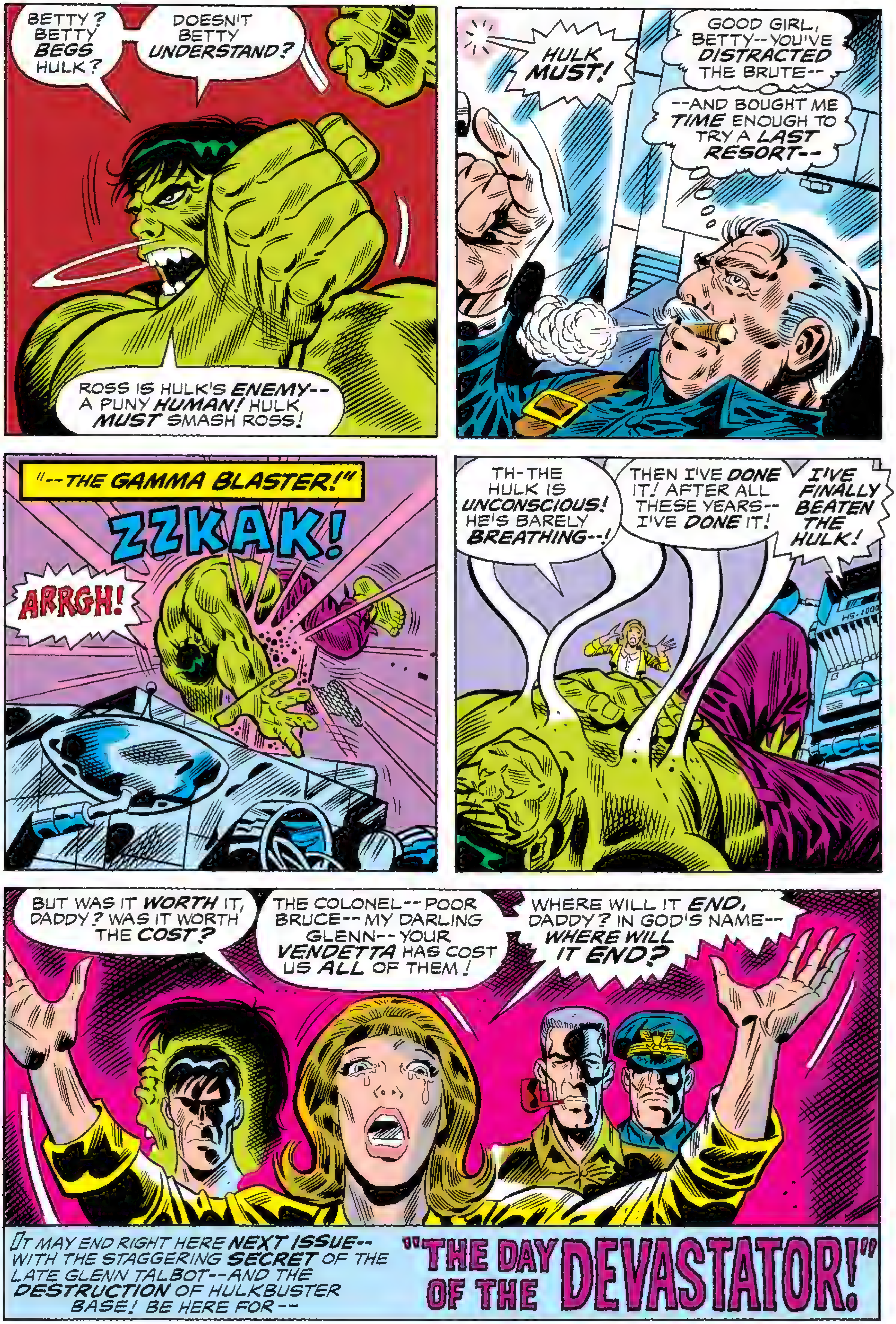

HAH! HULK KNOCKED BIG MACHINE ON ITS BACK! NOW HULK WILL--
YOU'LL DO NOTHING, MONSTER--

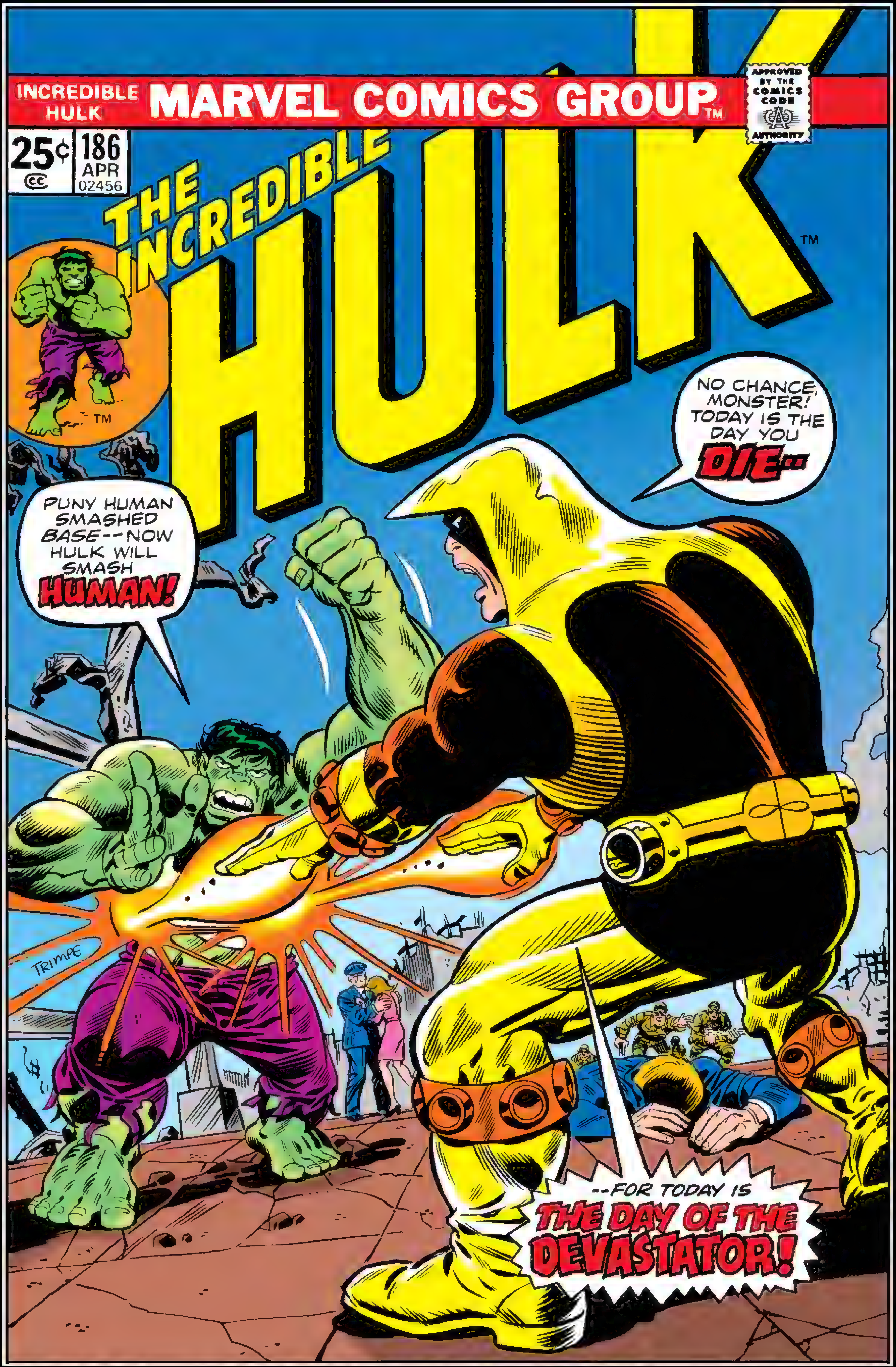

--NOTHING EXCEPT--
WHA--?!?
CROOM!
BAH! HULK IS TIRED OF STUPID METAL FISTS--


--AND HULK IS TIRED OF YOU, ROSS!
TIRED OF ALWAYS FIGHTING WITH YOU! TIRED OF RUNNING FROM YOU AND YOUR SOLDIERS!
I'VE ONLY DONE MY JOB, MONSTER!


THEN HULK WILL SMASH ROSS--
--AND PUT AN END TO ROSS'S JOB!


HULK--NO! PLEASE-- WAIT! YOU CAN'T DO THIS--!
PLEASE, HULK-- IT'S BETTY! BETTY-- YOUR FRIEND!
I'M ASKING YOU-- BEGGING YOU NOT TO DO THIS!


BETTY? BETTY BEGS HULK?
DOESN'T BETTY UNDERSTAND?
ROSS IS HULK'S ENEMY-- A PUNY HUMAN! HULK MUST SMASH ROSS!
HULK MUST!
GOOD GIRL, BETTY--YOU'VE DISTRACTED THE BRUTE--
--AND BOUGHT ME TIME ENOUGH TO TRY A LAST RESORT--
"--THE GAMMA BLASTER!"
ZZKAK!
ARRGH!
TH-THE HULK IS UNCONSCIOUS! HE'S BARELY BREATHING--!
THEN I'VE DONE IT! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS-- I'VE DONE IT!
I'VE FINALLY BEATEN THE HULK!
BUT WAS IT WORTH IT, DADDY? WAS IT WORTH THE COST?
THE COLONEL--POOR BRUCE--MY DARLING GLENN--YOUR VENDETTA HAS COST US ALL OF THEM!
WHERE WILL IT END, DADDY? IN GOD'S NAME-- WHERE WILL IT END?
IT MAY END RIGHT HERE NEXT ISSUE-- WITH THE STAGGERING SECRET OF THE LATE GLENN TALBOT--AND THE DESTRUCTION OF HULKBUSTER BASE! BE HERE FOR--
"THE DAY OF THE DEVASTATOR!"


INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
CC
186
APR
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
™
NO CHANCE, MONSTER! TODAY IS THE DAY YOU DIE..
PUNY HUMAN SMASHED BASE--NOW HULK WILL SMASH HUMAN!
TRIMPE
--FOR TODAY IS THE DAY OF THE DEVASTATOR!

Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

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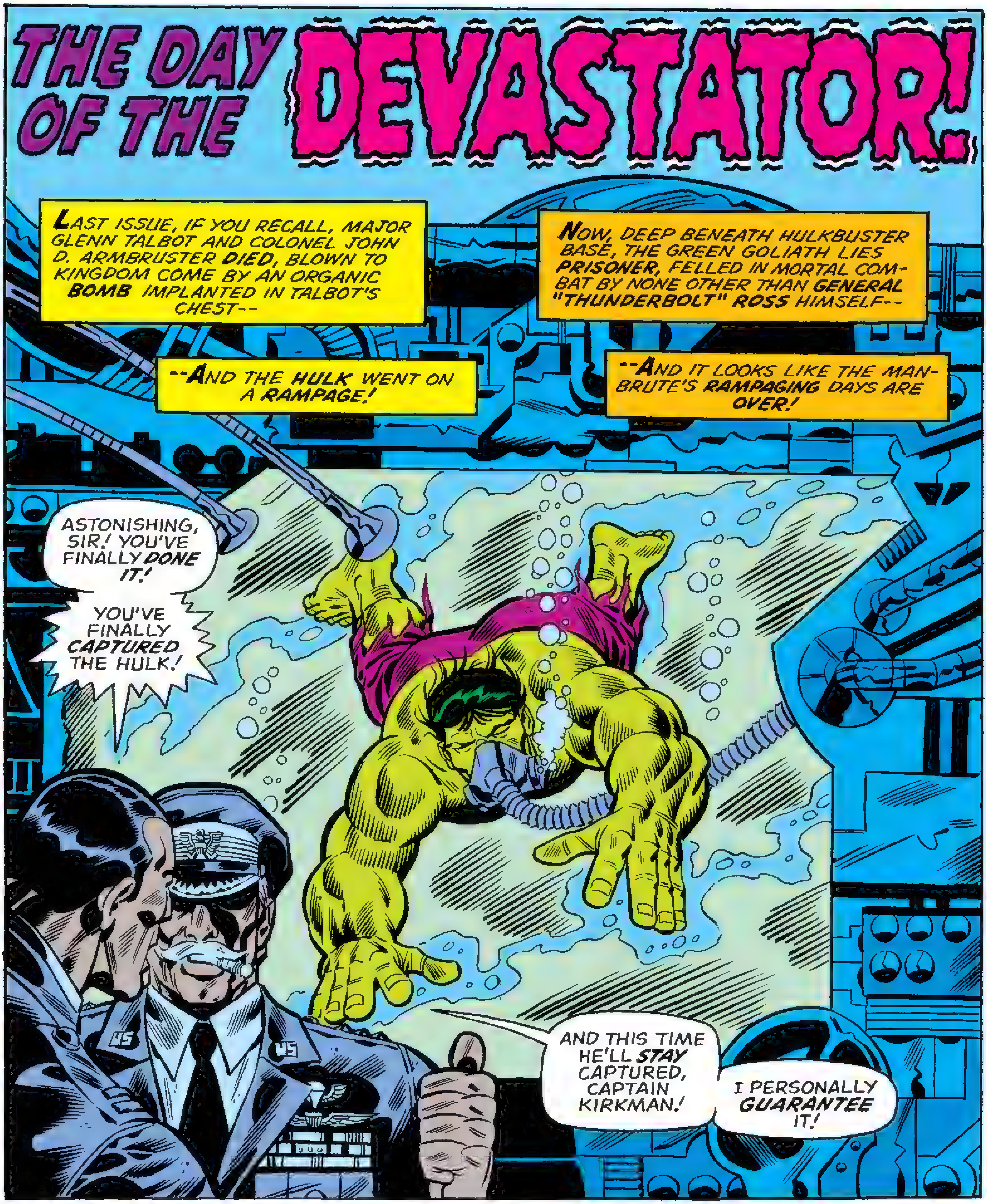
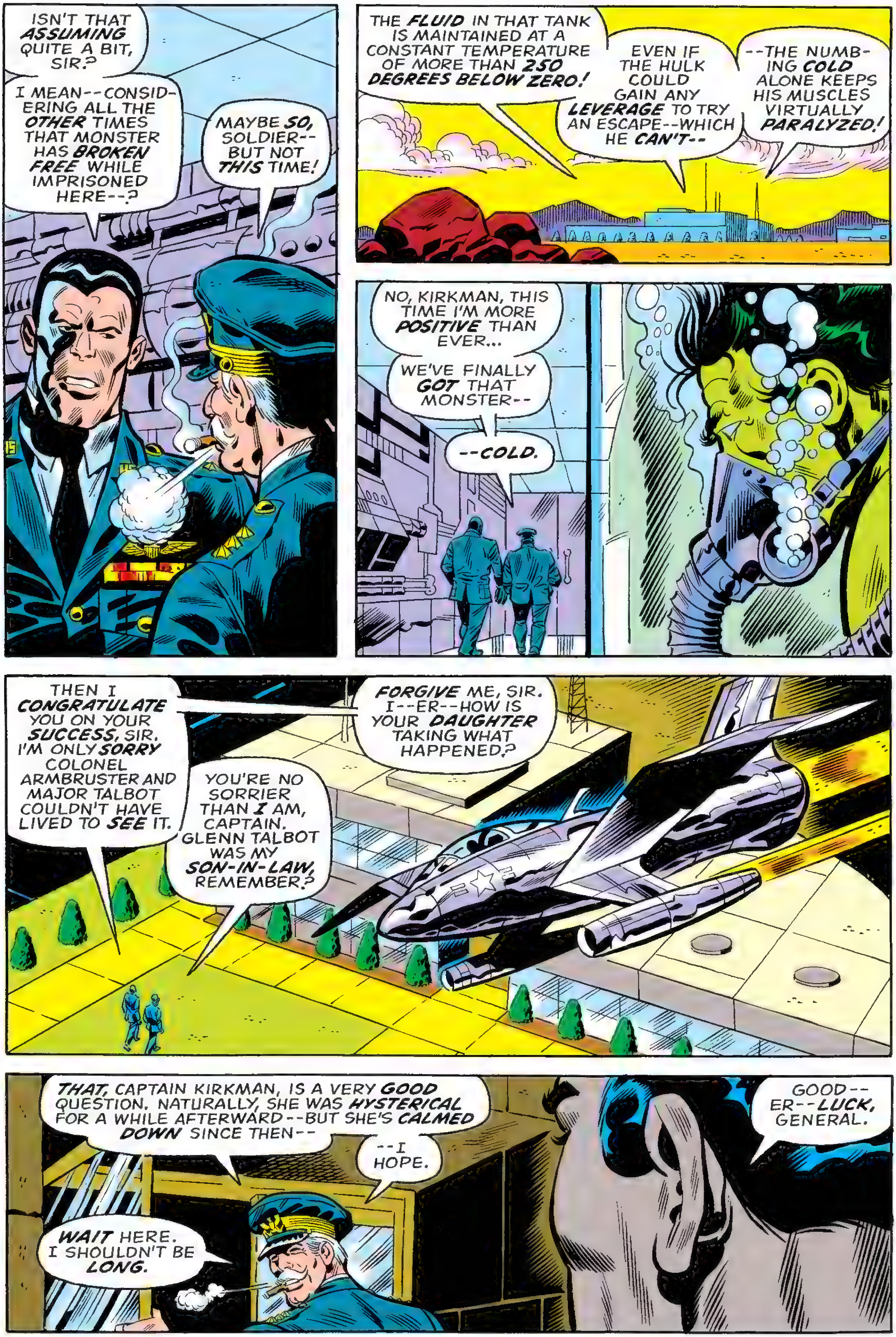
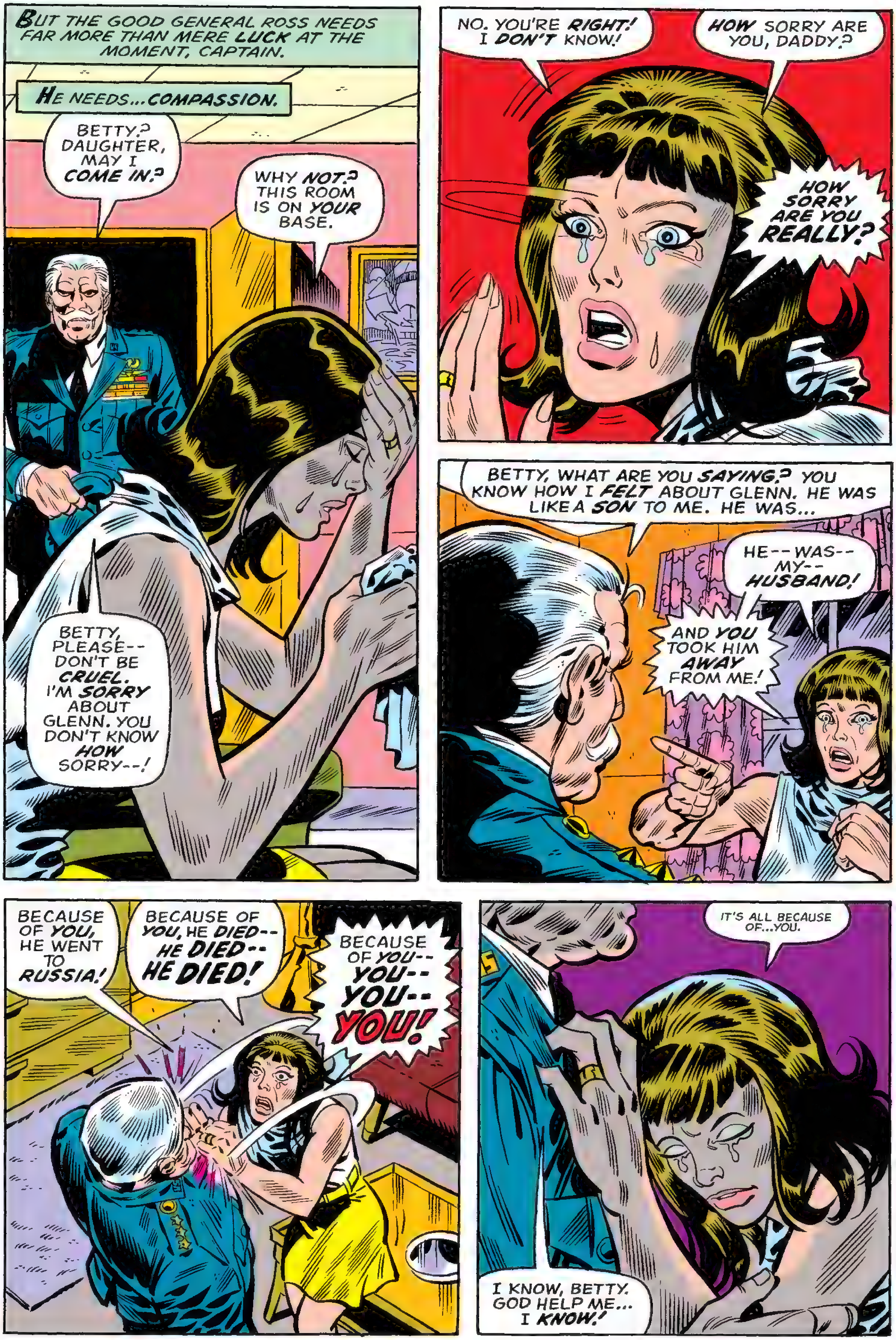
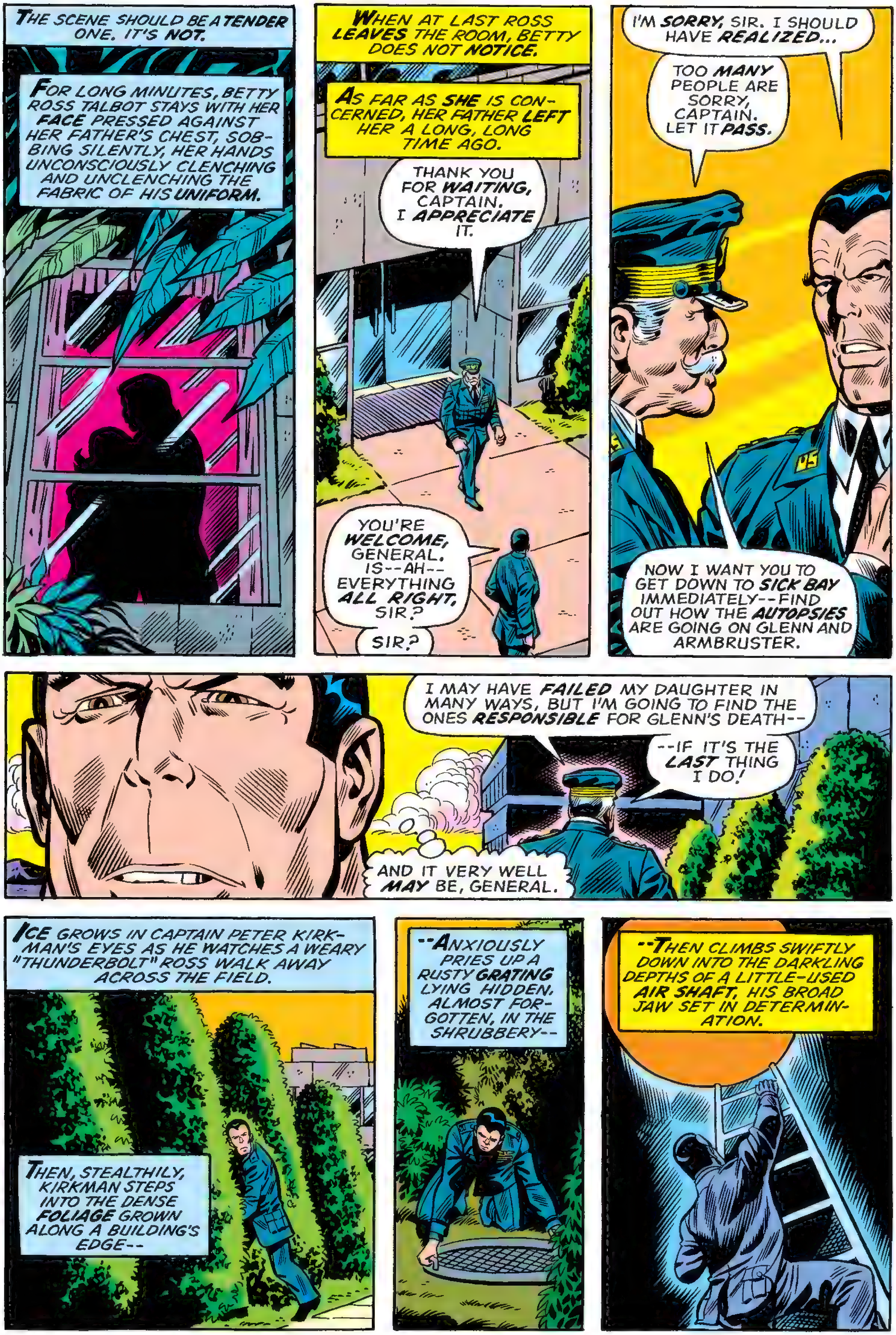
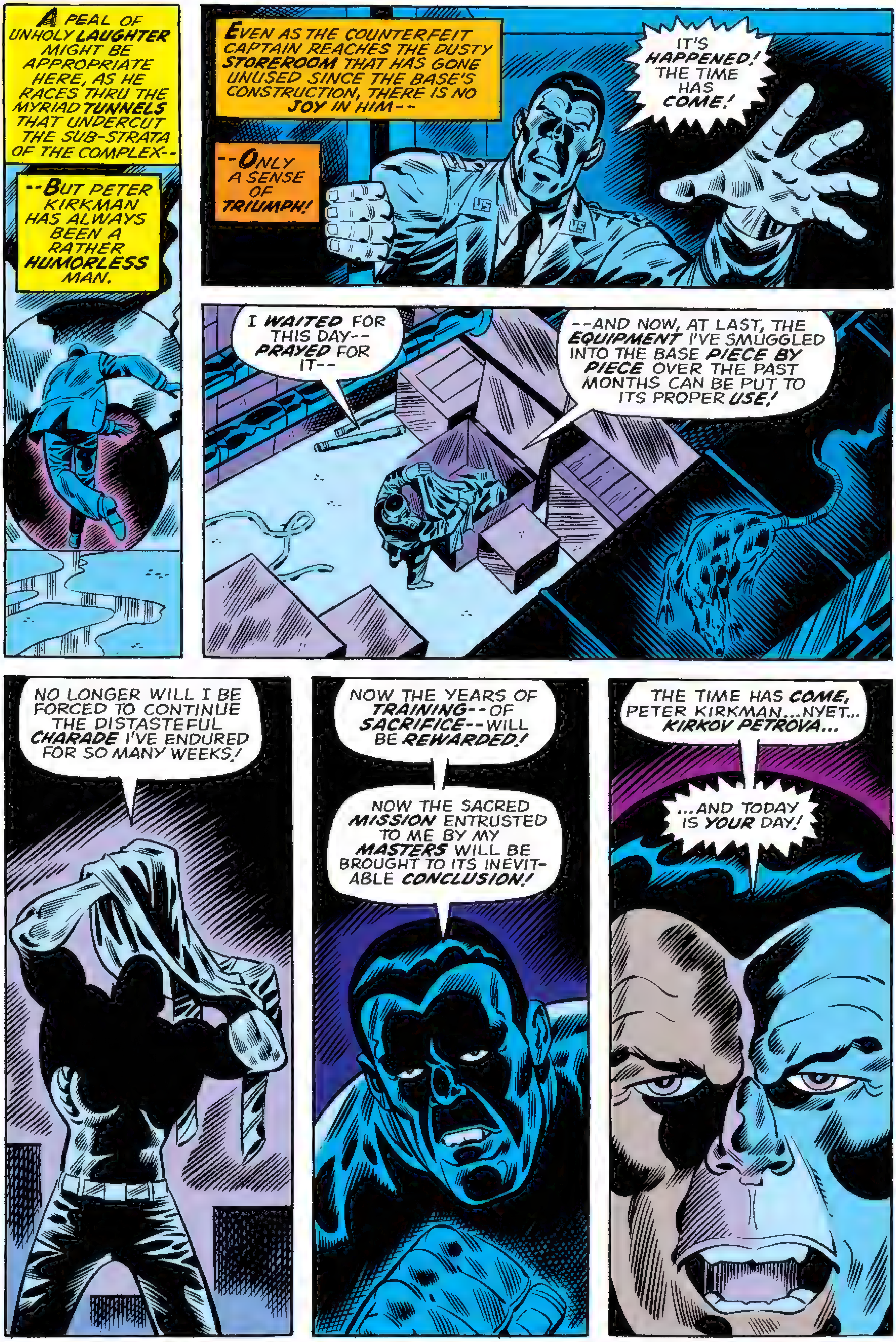
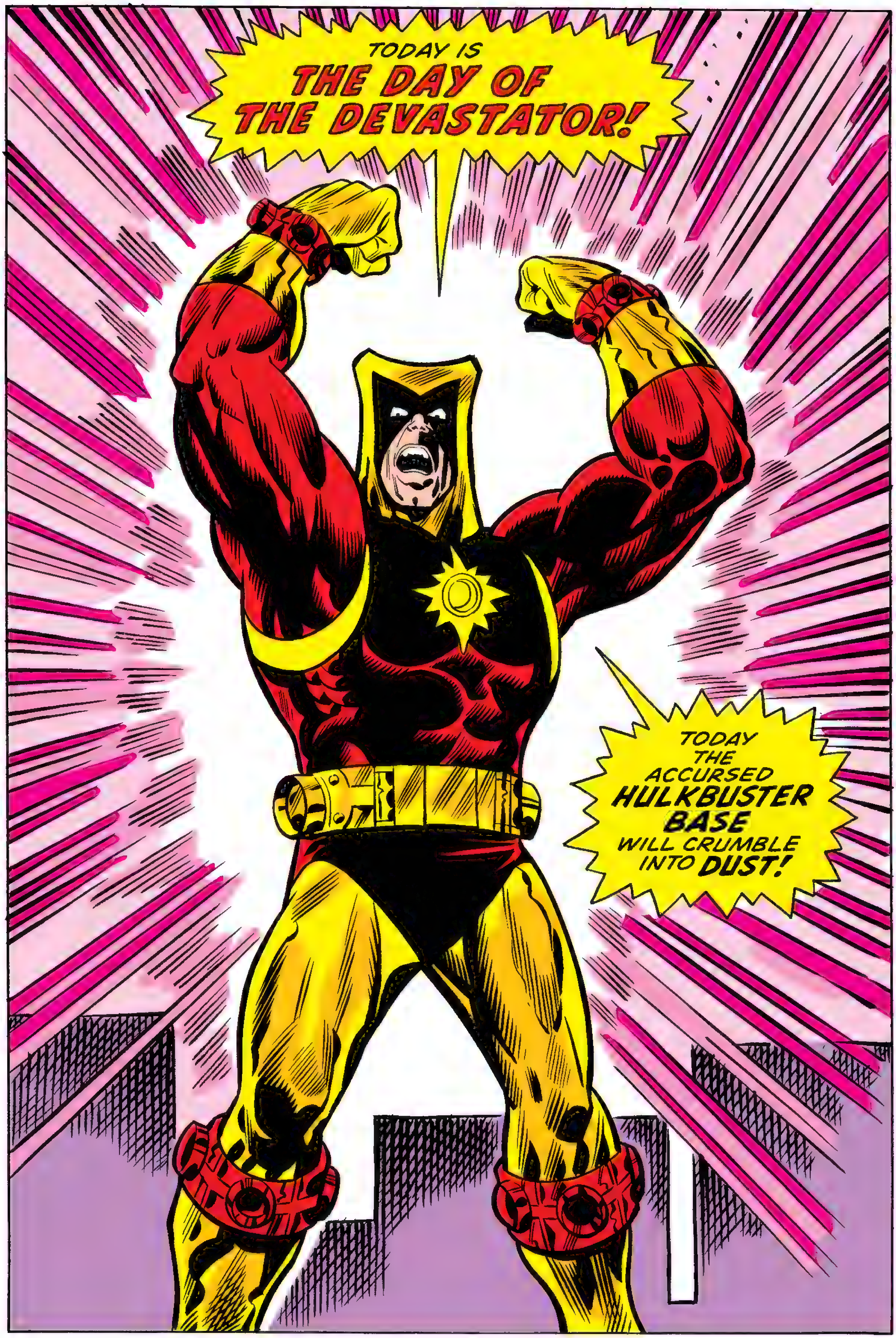

THE DAY OF THE DEVASTATOR!
LAST ISSUE, IF YOU RECALL, MAJOR GLENN TALBOT AND COLONEL JOHN D. ARMBRUSTER DIED, BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME BY AN ORGANIC BOMB IMPLANTED IN TALBOT'S CHEST--
--AND THE HULK WENT ON A RAMPAGE!
NOW, DEEP BENEATH HULKBUSTER BASE, THE GREEN GOLIATH LIES PRISONER, FELLED IN MORTAL COMBAT BY NONE OTHER THAN GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS HIMSELF--
--AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE MAN-BRUTE'S RAMPAGING DAYS ARE OVER!
ASTONISHING, SIR! YOU'VE FINALLY DONE IT!
YOU'VE FINALLY CAPTURED THE HULK!
AND THIS TIME HE'LL STAY CAPTURED, CAPTAIN KIRKMAN!
I PERSONALLY GUARANTEE IT!

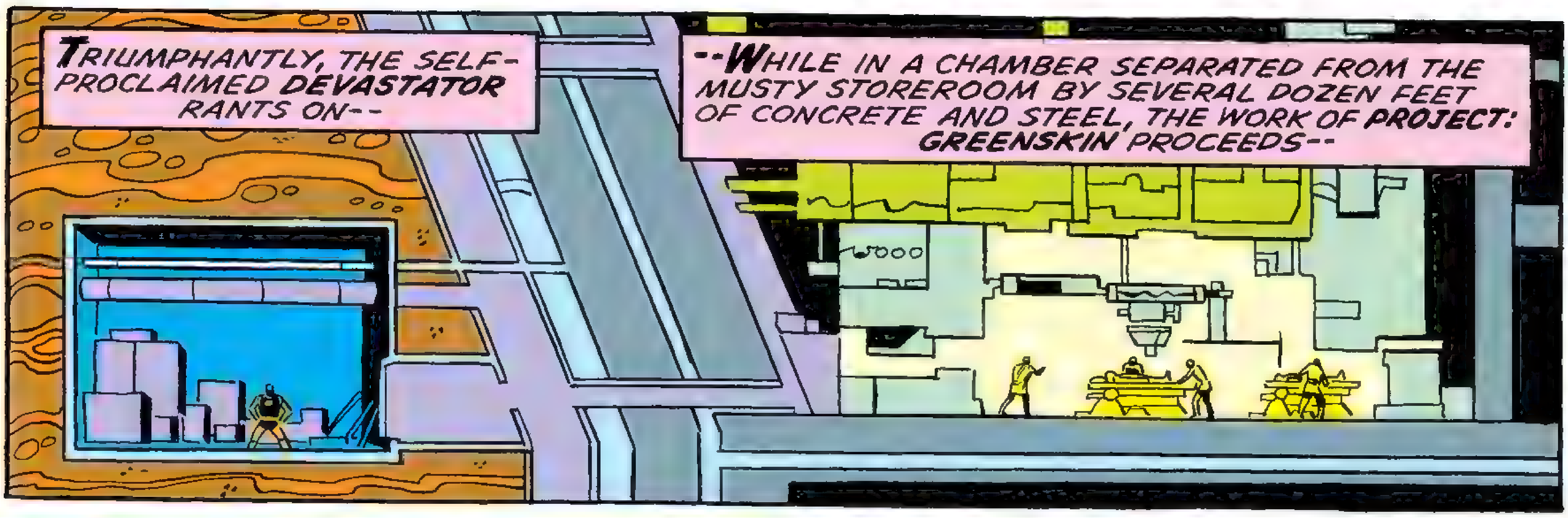

ISN'T THAT *ASSUMING* QUITE A BIT, SIR?
I MEAN--CONSIDERING ALL THE *OTHER* TIMES THAT MONSTER HAS *BROKEN FREE* WHILE IMPRISONED HERE--?
MAYBE *SO,* SOLDIER--BUT NOT *THIS* TIME!
THE *FLUID* IN THAT TANK IS MAINTAINED AT A CONSTANT TEMPERATURE OF MORE THAN *250 DEGREES BELOW ZERO!*
EVEN IF THE HULK COULD GAIN ANY *LEVERAGE* TO TRY AN ESCAPE--WHICH HE *CAN'T*--
--THE NUMBING *COLD* ALONE KEEPS HIS MUSCLES VIRTUALLY *PARALYZED!*
NO, KIRKMAN, THIS TIME I'M MORE *POSITIVE* THAN EVER...
WE'VE FINALLY *GOT* THAT MONSTER--
--*COLD.*
THEN I *CONGRATULATE* YOU ON YOUR *SUCCESS,* SIR. I'M ONLY *SORRY* COLONEL ARMBRUSTER AND MAJOR TALBOT COULDN'T HAVE LIVED TO *SEE* IT.
FORGIVE ME, SIR. I--ER--HOW IS YOUR *DAUGHTER* TAKING WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU'RE NO SORRIER THAN *I* AM, CAPTAIN. GLENN TALBOT WAS MY *SON-IN-LAW,* REMEMBER?
THAT, CAPTAIN KIRKMAN, IS A VERY *GOOD* QUESTION. NATURALLY, SHE WAS *HYSTERICAL* FOR A WHILE AFTERWARD--BUT SHE'S *CALMED DOWN* SINCE THEN--
--I HOPE.
WAIT HERE. I SHOULDN'T BE *LONG.*
GOOD--ER--*LUCK,* GENERAL.

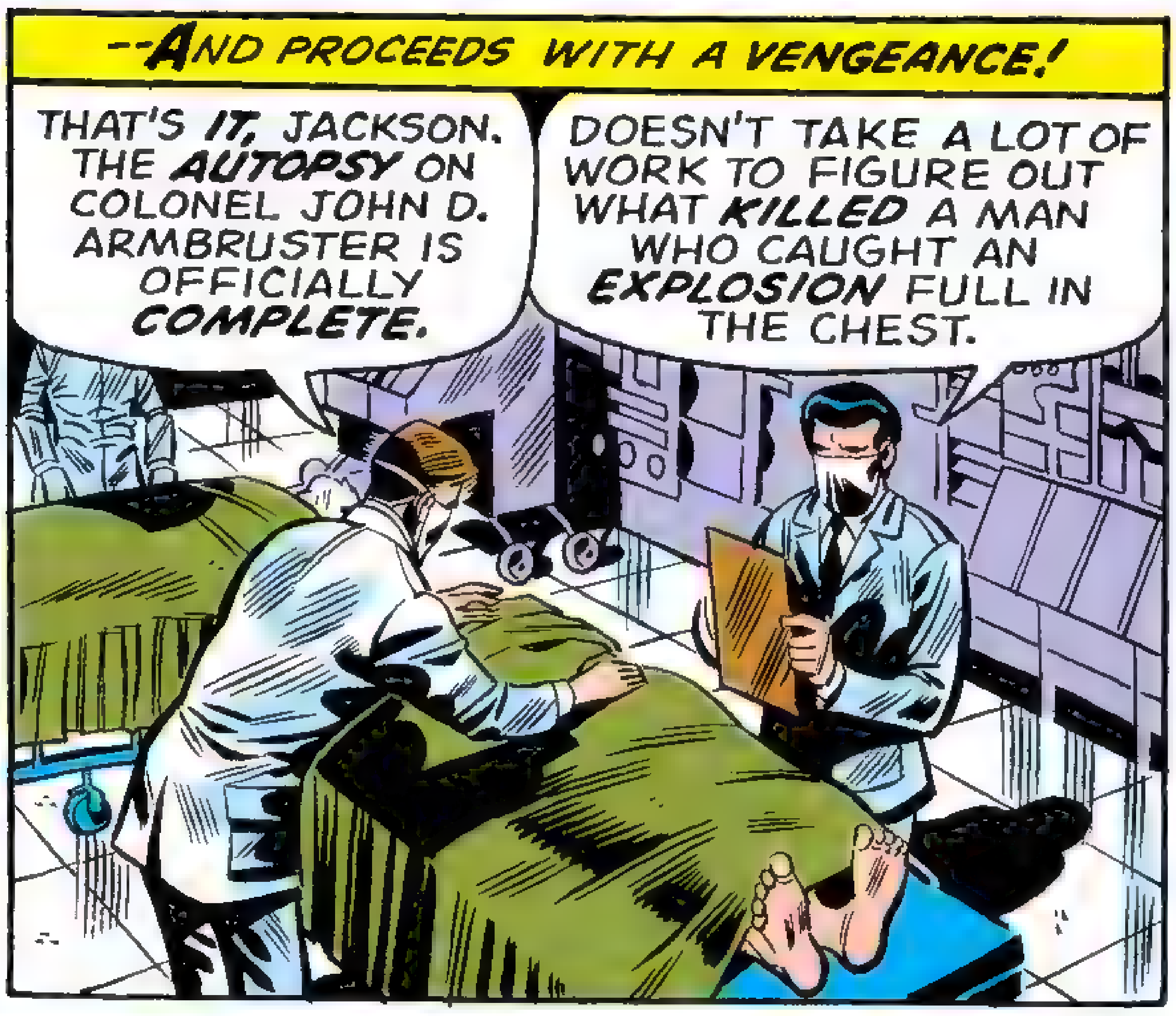

BUT THE GOOD GENERAL ROSS NEEDS FAR MORE THAN MERE *LUCK* AT THE MOMENT, CAPTAIN.
HE NEEDS...*COMPASSION.*
BETTY? DAUGHTER, MAY I *COME IN?*
WHY *NOT?* THIS ROOM IS ON *YOUR* BASE.
BETTY, PLEASE-- DON'T BE *CRUEL.* I'M *SORRY* ABOUT GLENN. YOU DON'T KNOW *HOW* SORRY--!
NO. YOU'RE *RIGHT!* I *DON'T* KNOW!
HOW SORRY ARE YOU, DADDY?
HOW SORRY ARE YOU REALLY?
BETTY, WHAT ARE YOU *SAYING?* YOU KNOW HOW I *FELT* ABOUT GLENN. HE WAS LIKE A *SON* TO ME. HE WAS...
HE--WAS--MY--*HUSBAND!*
AND *YOU* TOOK HIM *AWAY* FROM ME!
BECAUSE OF *YOU,* HE WENT TO *RUSSIA!*
BECAUSE OF *YOU,* HE *DIED*-- *HE DIED-- HE DIED!*
BECAUSE OF *YOU-- YOU-- YOU-- YOU!*
IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF...YOU.
I KNOW, BETTY. GOD HELP ME... I *KNOW!*

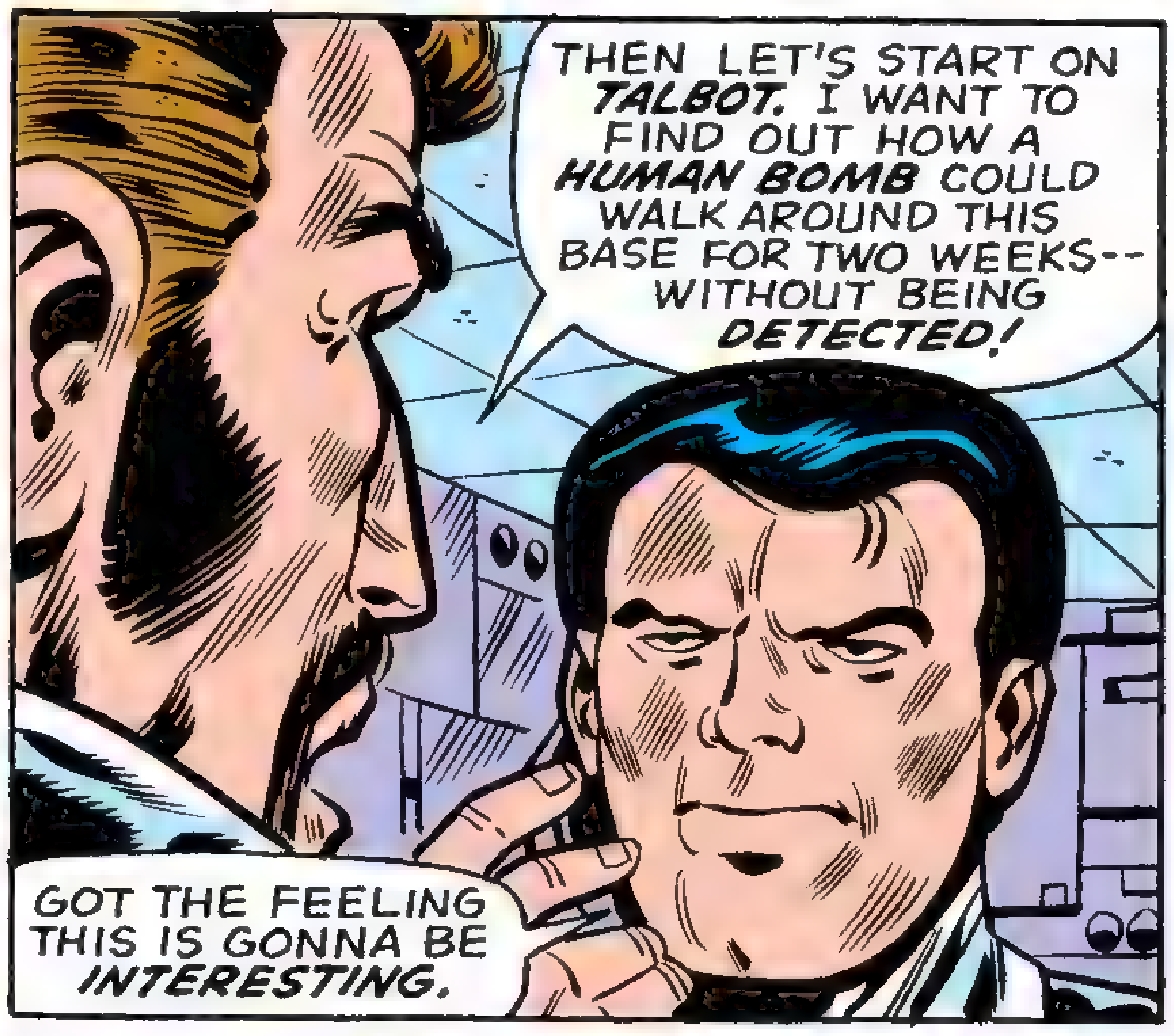

THE SCENE SHOULD BE A TENDER ONE. IT'S NOT.
FOR LONG MINUTES, BETTY ROSS TALBOT STAYS WITH HER FACE PRESSED AGAINST HER FATHER'S CHEST, SOBBING SILENTLY, HER HANDS UNCONSCIOUSLY CLENCHING AND UNCLENCHING THE FABRIC OF HIS UNIFORM.
WHEN AT LAST ROSS LEAVES THE ROOM, BETTY DOES NOT NOTICE.
AS FAR AS SHE IS CONCERNED, HER FATHER LEFT HER A LONG, LONG TIME AGO.
THANK YOU FOR WAITING, CAPTAIN. I APPRECIATE IT.
YOU'RE WELCOME, GENERAL. IS--AH--EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, SIR?
SIR?
I'M SORRY, SIR. I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED...
TOO MANY PEOPLE ARE SORRY, CAPTAIN. LET IT PASS.
NOW I WANT YOU TO GET DOWN TO SICK BAY IMMEDIATELY--FIND OUT HOW THE AUTOPSIES ARE GOING ON GLENN AND ARMBRUSTER.
I MAY HAVE FAILED MY DAUGHTER IN MANY WAYS, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND THE ONES RESPONSIBLE FOR GLENN'S DEATH--
--IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
AND IT VERY WELL MAY BE, GENERAL.
ICE GROWS IN CAPTAIN PETER KIRKMAN'S EYES AS HE WATCHES A WEARY "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS WALK AWAY ACROSS THE FIELD.
THEN, STEALTHILY, KIRKMAN STEPS INTO THE DENSE FOLIAGE GROWN ALONG A BUILDING'S EDGE--
--ANXIOUSLY PRIES UP A RUSTY GRATING LYING HIDDEN, ALMOST FORGOTTEN, IN THE SHRUBBERY--
--THEN CLIMBS SWIFTLY DOWN INTO THE DARKLING DEPTHS OF A LITTLE-USED AIR SHAFT, HIS BROAD JAW SET IN DETERMINATION.

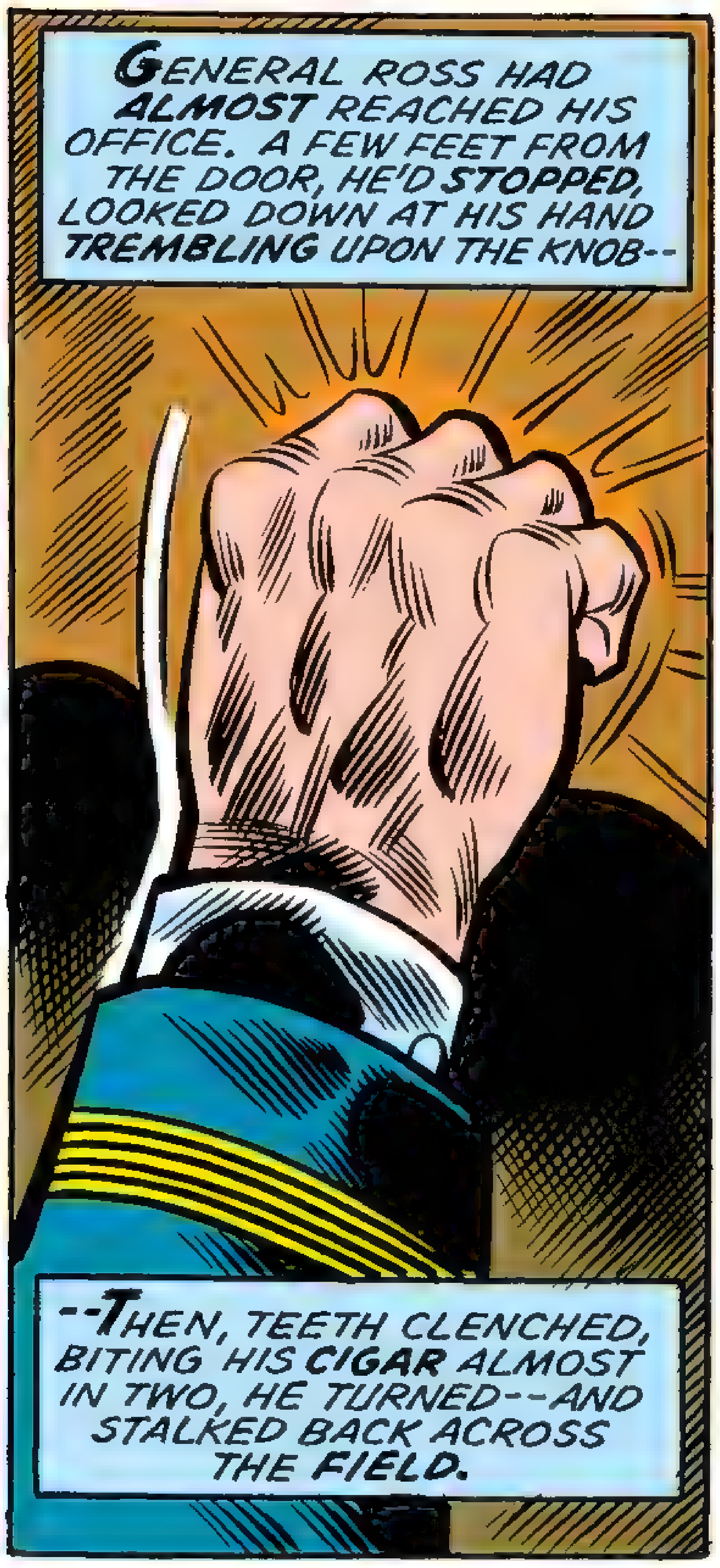

A PEAL OF UNHOLY LAUGHTER MIGHT BE APPROPRIATE HERE, AS HE RACES THRU THE MYRIAD TUNNELS THAT UNDERCUT THE SUB-STRATA OF THE COMPLEX--
--BUT PETER KIRKMAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN A RATHER HUMORLESS MAN.
EVEN AS THE COUNTERFEIT CAPTAIN REACHES THE DUSTY STOREROOM THAT HAS GONE UNUSED SINCE THE BASE'S CONSTRUCTION, THERE IS NO JOY IN HIM--
--ONLY A SENSE OF TRIUMPH!
IT'S HAPPENED! THE TIME HAS COME!
US
US
I WAITED FOR THIS DAY-- PRAYED FOR IT--
--AND NOW, AT LAST, THE EQUIPMENT I'VE SMUGGLED INTO THE BASE PIECE BY PIECE OVER THE PAST MONTHS CAN BE PUT TO ITS PROPER USE!
NO LONGER WILL I BE FORCED TO CONTINUE THE DISTASTEFUL CHARADE I'VE ENDURED FOR SO MANY WEEKS!
NOW THE YEARS OF TRAINING--OF SACRIFICE--WILL BE REWARDED!
NOW THE SACRED MISSION ENTRUSTED TO ME BY MY MASTERS WILL BE BROUGHT TO ITS INEVITABLE CONCLUSION!
THE TIME HAS COME, PETER KIRKMAN...NYET... KIRKOV PETROVA...
...AND TODAY IS YOUR DAY!

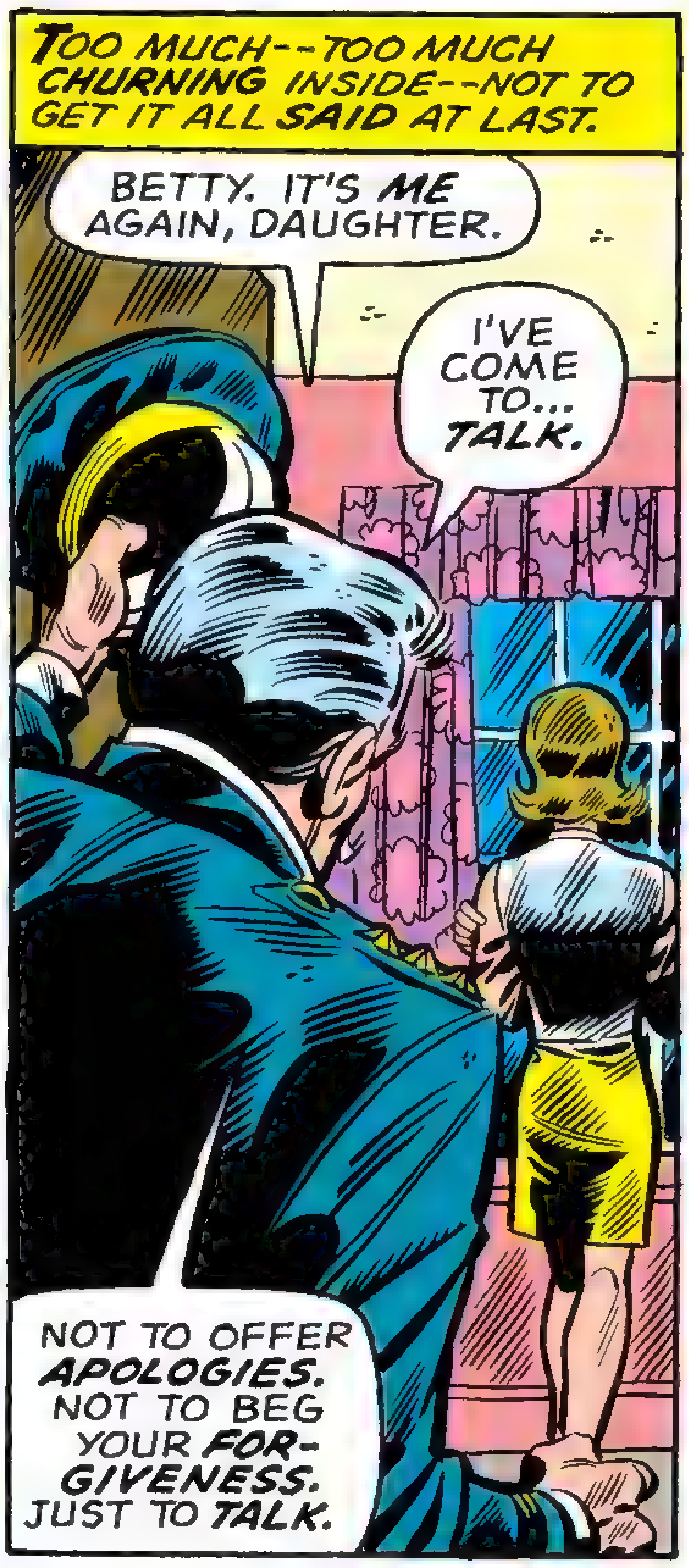

TODAY IS THE DAY OF THE DEVASTATOR!
TODAY THE ACCURSED HULKBUSTER BASE WILL CRUMBLE INTO DUST!

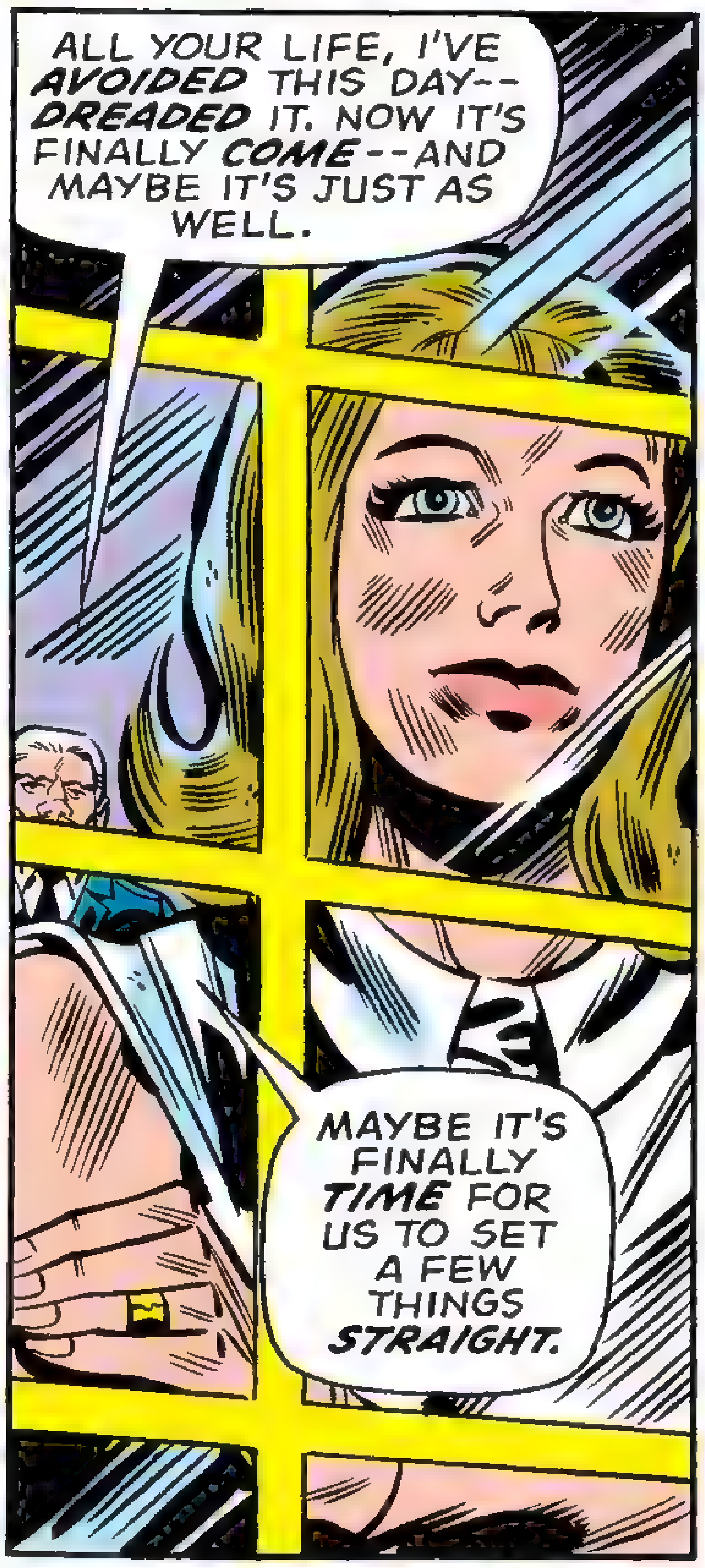

TRIUMPHANTLY, THE SELF-PROCLAIMED **DEVASTATOR** RANTS ON--
--WHILE IN A CHAMBER SEPARATED FROM THE MUSTY STOREROOM BY SEVERAL DOZEN FEET OF CONCRETE AND STEEL, THE WORK OF **PROJECT: GREENSKIN** PROCEEDS--

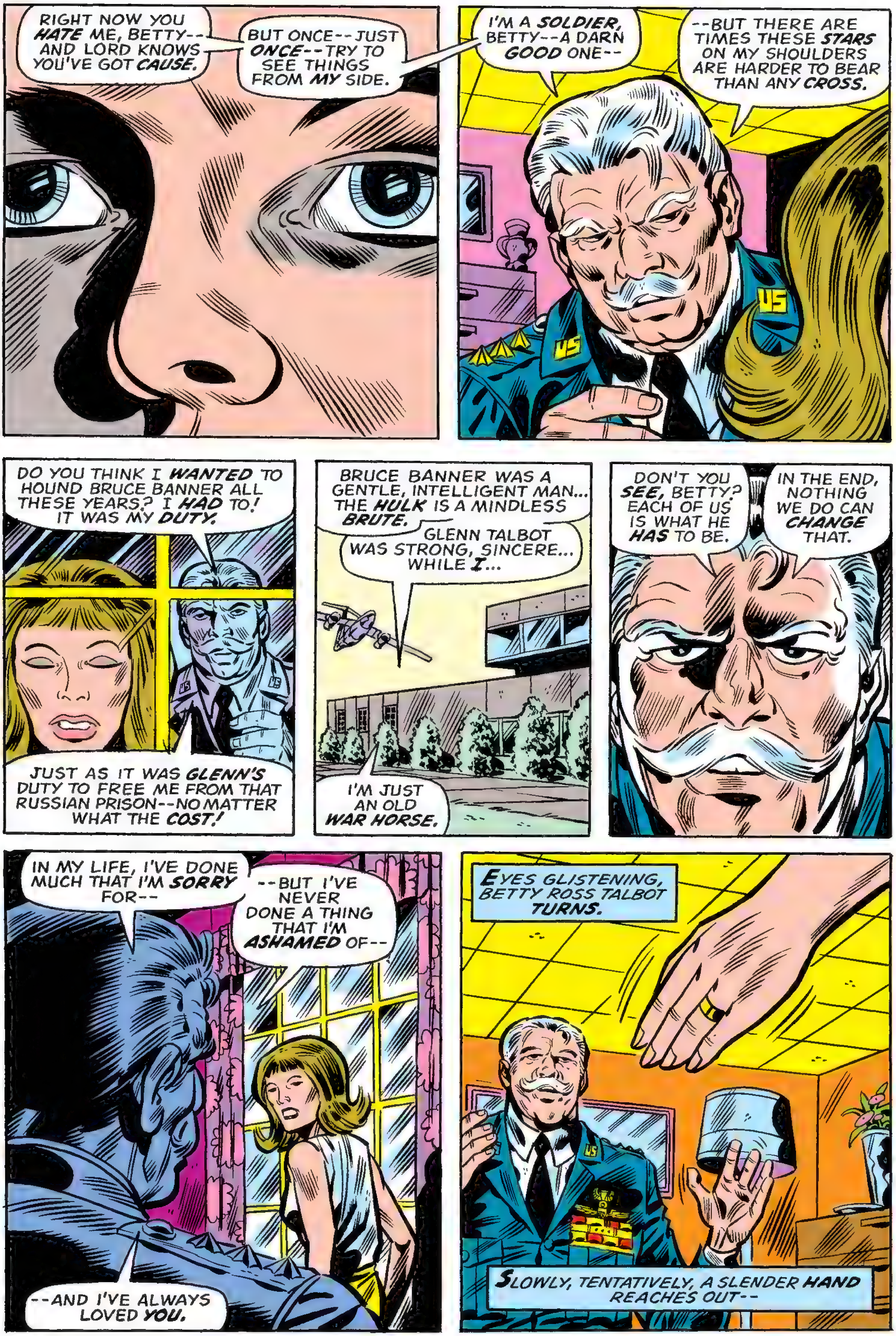

--AND PROCEEDS WITH A VENGEANCE!
THAT'S ***IT,*** JACKSON. THE ***AUTOPSY*** ON COLONEL JOHN D. ARMBRUSTER IS OFFICIALLY ***COMPLETE.***
DOESN'T TAKE A LOT OF WORK TO FIGURE OUT WHAT ***KILLED*** A MAN WHO CAUGHT AN ***EXPLOSION*** FULL IN THE CHEST.

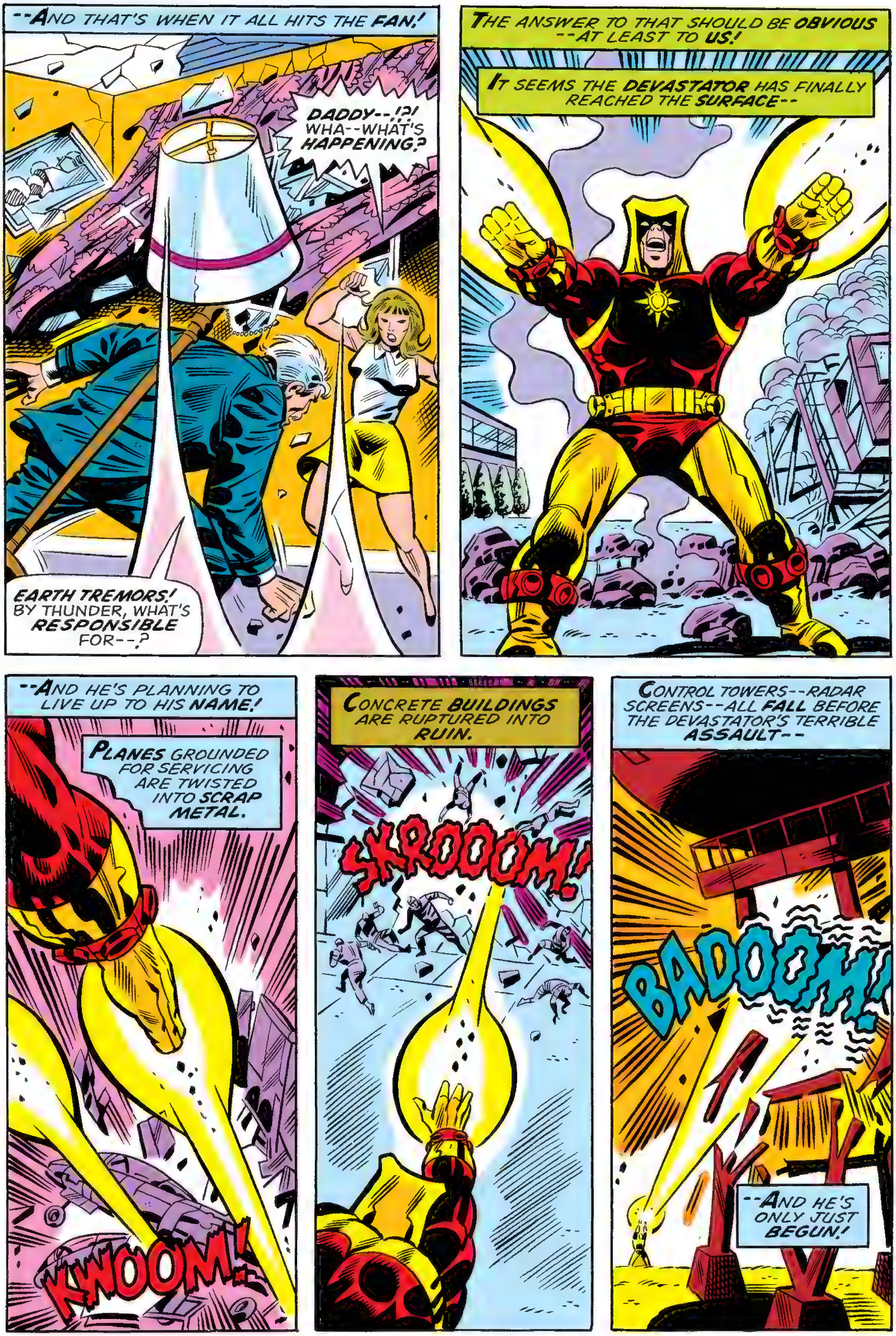

THEN LET'S START ON ***TALBOT.*** I WANT TO FIND OUT HOW A ***HUMAN BOMB*** COULD WALK AROUND THIS BASE FOR TWO WEEKS--WITHOUT BEING ***DETECTED!***
GOT THE FEELING THIS IS GONNA BE ***INTERESTING.***

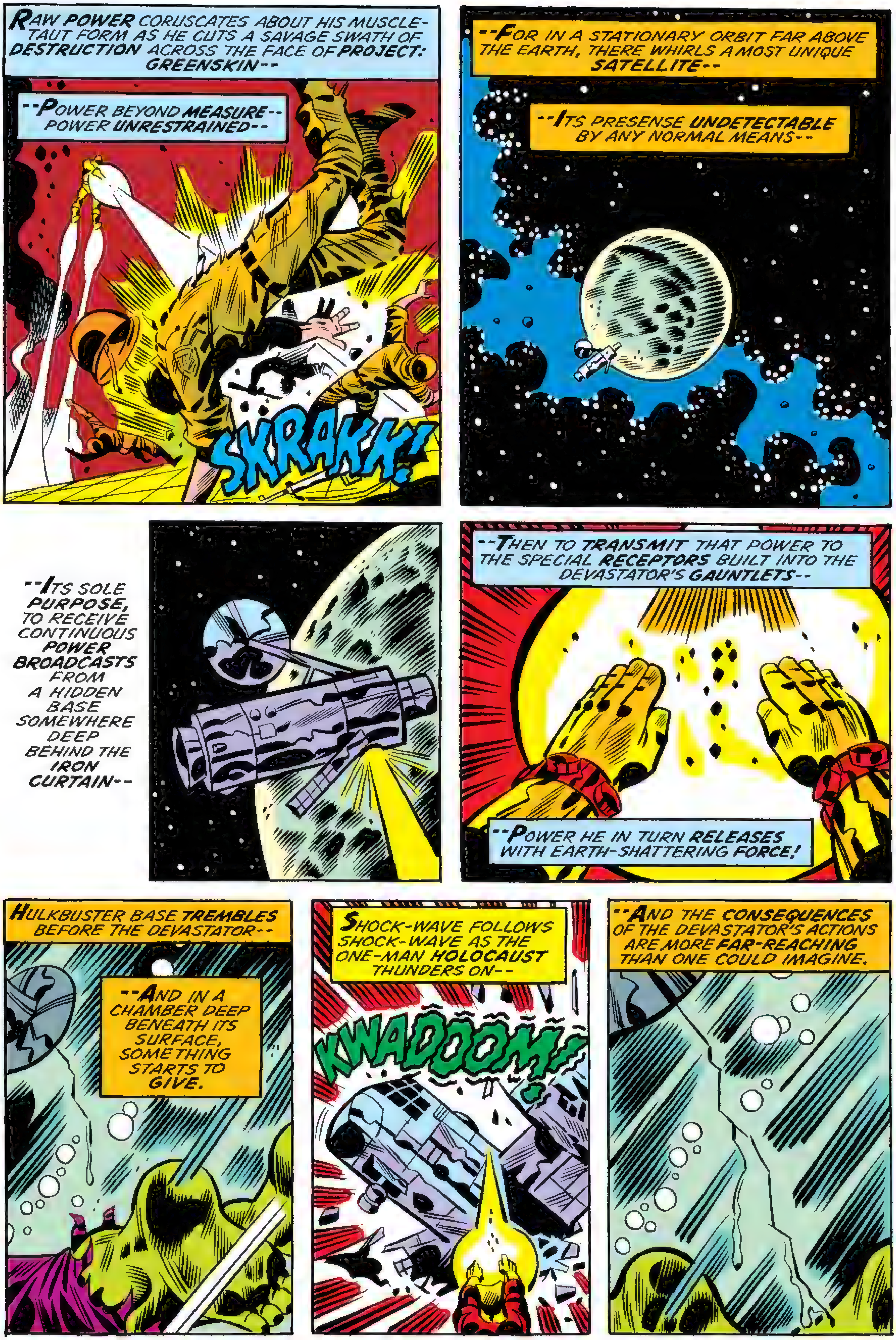

GENERAL ROSS HAD ***ALMOST*** REACHED HIS OFFICE. A FEW FEET FROM THE DOOR, HE'D ***STOPPED,*** LOOKED DOWN AT HIS HAND ***TREMBLING*** UPON THE KNOB--
--THEN, TEETH CLENCHED, BITING HIS ***CIGAR*** ALMOST IN TWO, HE TURNED--AND STALKED BACK ACROSS THE ***FIELD.***

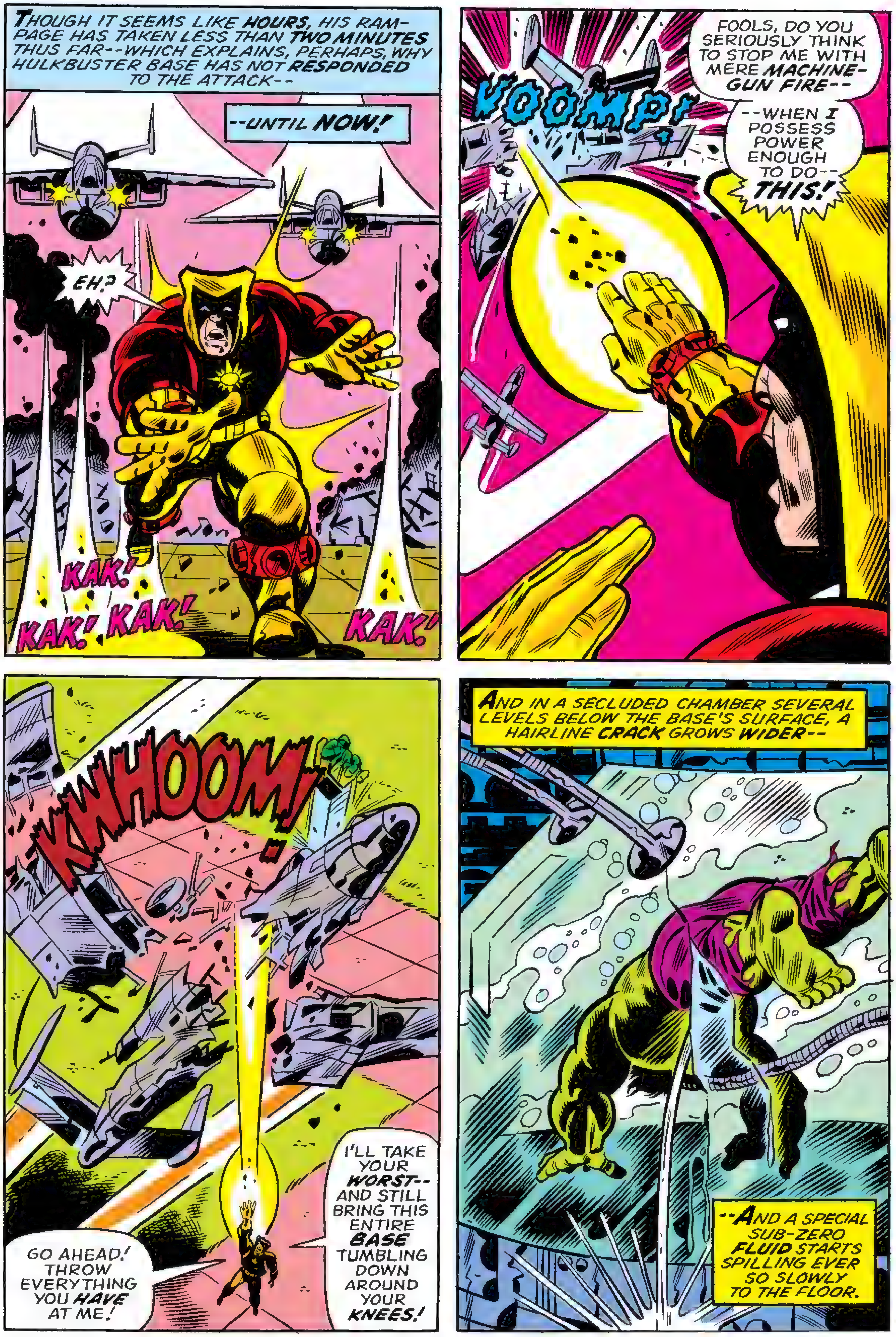

TOO MUCH--TOO MUCH ***CHURNING*** INSIDE--NOT TO GET IT ALL ***SAID*** AT LAST.
BETTY. IT'S ***ME*** AGAIN, DAUGHTER.
I'VE COME TO... ***TALK.***
NOT TO OFFER ***APOLOGIES.*** NOT TO BEG YOUR ***FORGIVENESS.*** JUST TO ***TALK.***

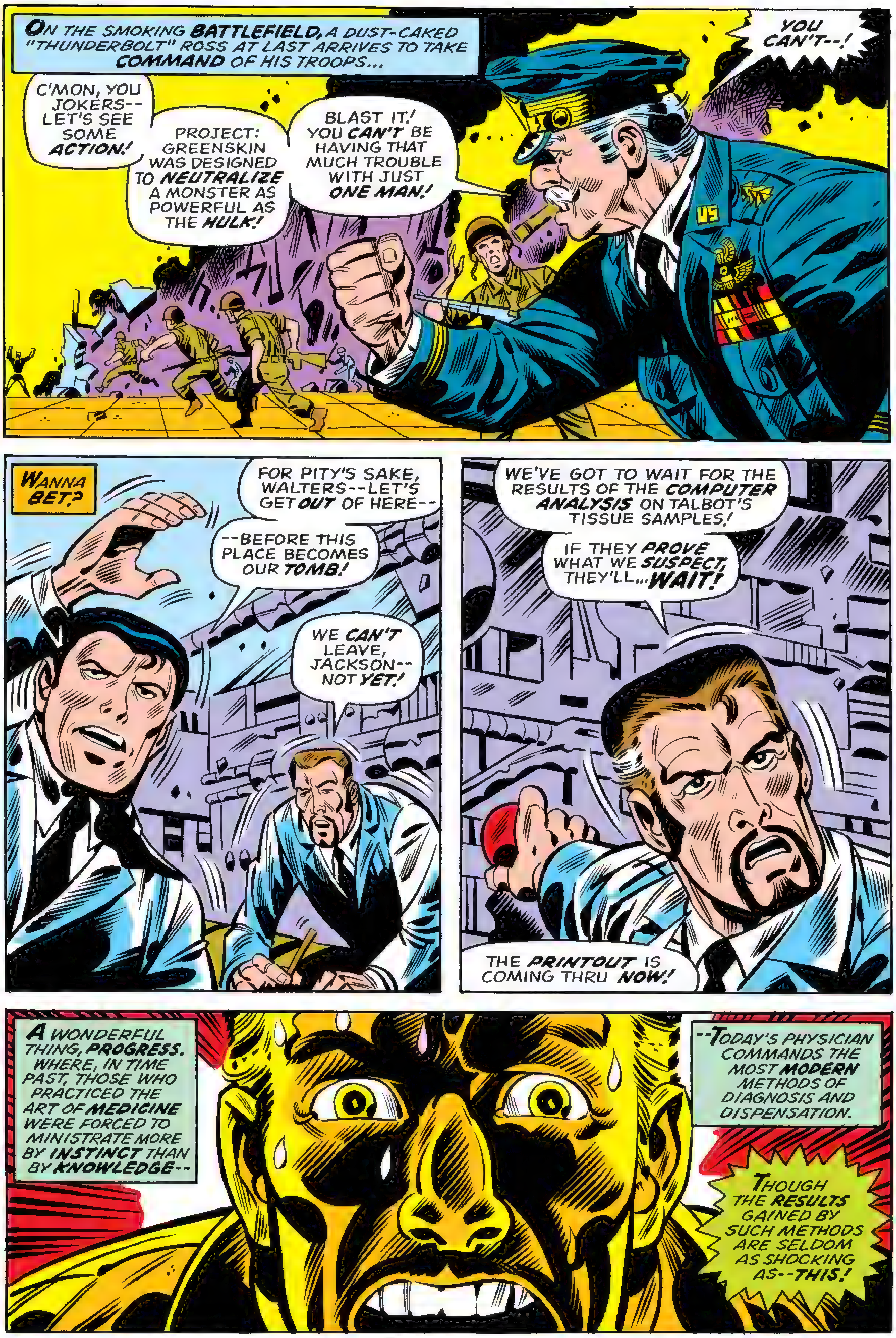

ALL YOUR LIFE, I'VE ***AVOIDED*** THIS DAY--***DREADED*** IT. NOW IT'S FINALLY ***COME***--AND MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL.
MAYBE IT'S FINALLY ***TIME*** FOR US TO SET A FEW THINGS ***STRAIGHT.***

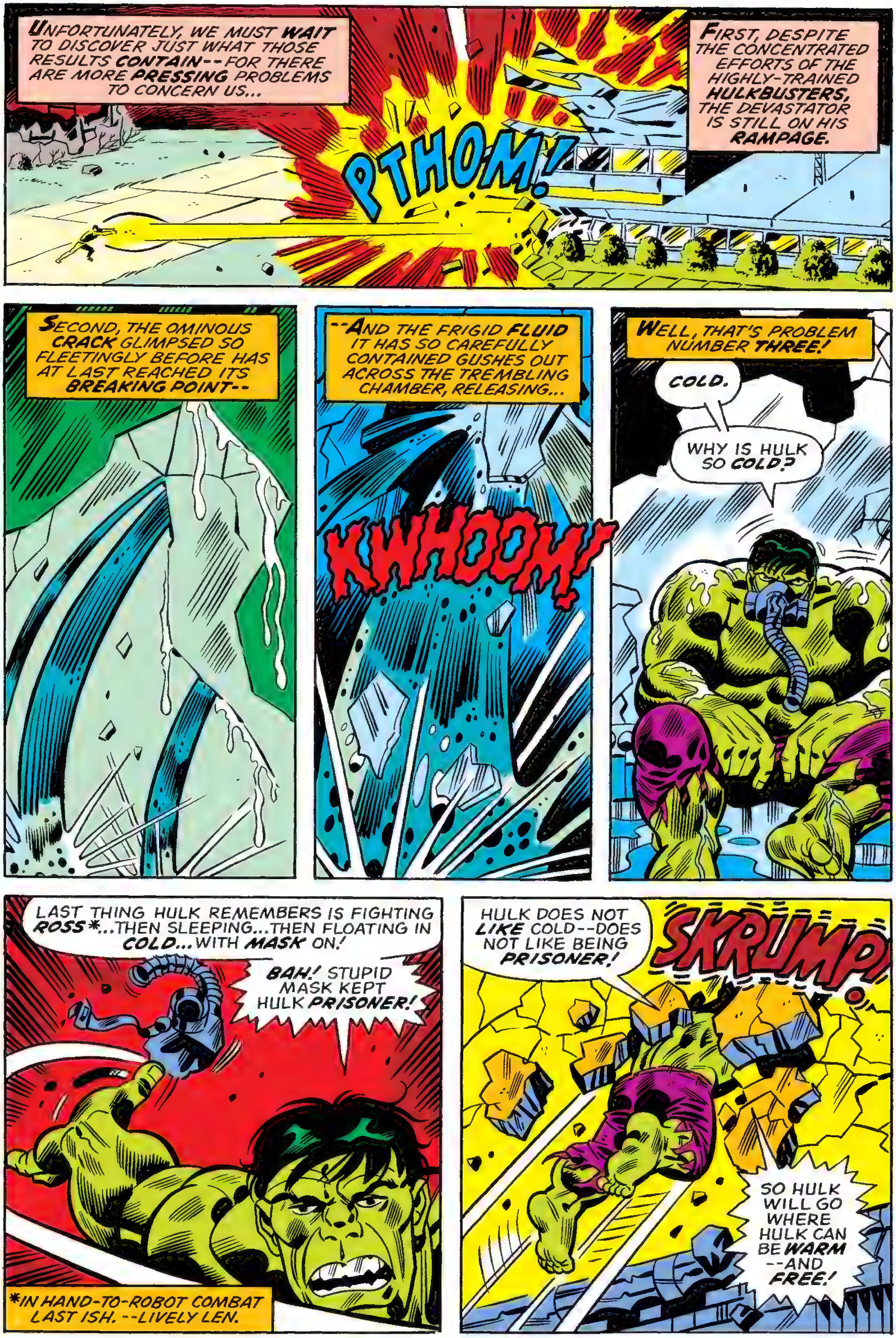

RIGHT NOW YOU **HATE** ME, BETTY--AND LORD KNOWS YOU'VE GOT **CAUSE.**
BUT ONCE--JUST **ONCE**--TRY TO SEE THINGS FROM **MY** SIDE.
I'M A **SOLDIER,** BETTY--A DARN **GOOD** ONE--
--BUT THERE ARE TIMES THESE **STARS** ON MY SHOULDERS ARE HARDER TO BEAR THAN ANY **CROSS.**
US
US
DO YOU THINK I **WANTED** TO HOUND BRUCE BANNER ALL THESE YEARS? I **HAD** TO! IT WAS MY **DUTY.**
JUST AS IT WAS **GLENN'S** DUTY TO FREE ME FROM THAT RUSSIAN PRISON--NO MATTER WHAT THE **COST!**
BRUCE BANNER WAS A GENTLE, INTELLIGENT MAN... THE **HULK** IS A MINDLESS **BRUTE.**
GLENN TALBOT WAS STRONG, SINCERE... WHILE **I**...
I'M JUST AN OLD **WAR HORSE.**
DON'T YOU **SEE,** BETTY? EACH OF US IS WHAT HE **HAS** TO BE.
IN THE END, NOTHING WE DO CAN **CHANGE** THAT.
IN MY LIFE, I'VE DONE MUCH THAT I'M **SORRY** FOR--
--BUT I'VE NEVER DONE A THING THAT I'M **ASHAMED** OF--
--AND I'VE ALWAYS LOVED **YOU.**
EYES GLISTENING, BETTY ROSS TALBOT **TURNS.**
US
SLOWLY, TENTATIVELY, A SLENDER **HAND** REACHES OUT--

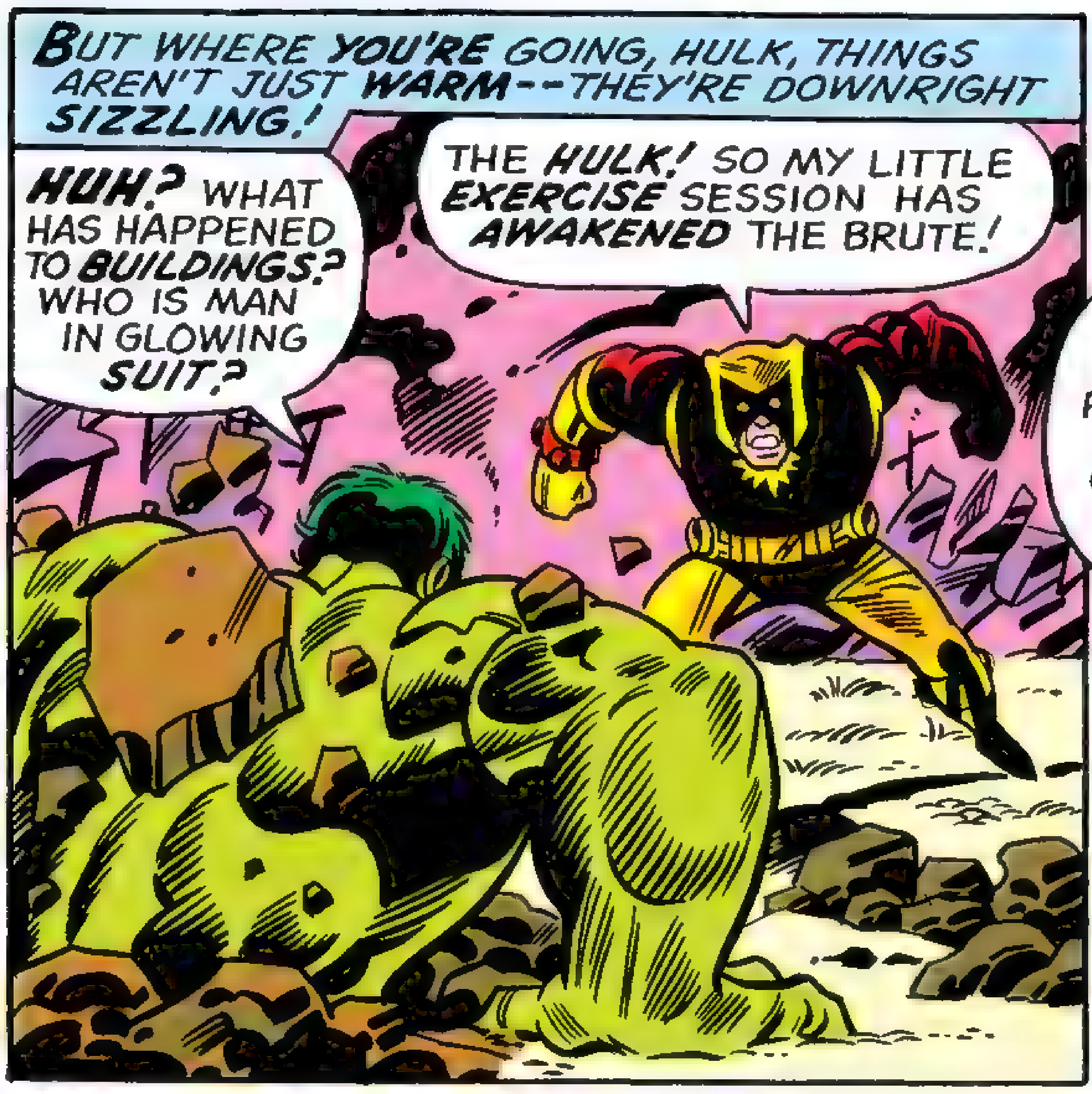

--AND THAT'S WHEN IT ALL HITS THE FAN!
DADDY--!?! WHA--WHAT'S HAPPENING?
EARTH TREMORS! BY THUNDER, WHAT'S RESPONSIBLE FOR--?
THE ANSWER TO THAT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS --AT LEAST TO US!
IT SEEMS THE DEVASTATOR HAS FINALLY REACHED THE SURFACE--
--AND HE'S PLANNING TO LIVE UP TO HIS NAME!
PLANES GROUNDED FOR SERVICING ARE TWISTED INTO SCRAP METAL.
KWOOM!
CONCRETE BUILDINGS ARE RUPTURED INTO RUIN.
SKROOOOM!
CONTROL TOWERS--RADAR SCREENS--ALL FALL BEFORE THE DEVASTATOR'S TERRIBLE ASSAULT--
BADOOOM!
--AND HE'S ONLY JUST BEGUN!

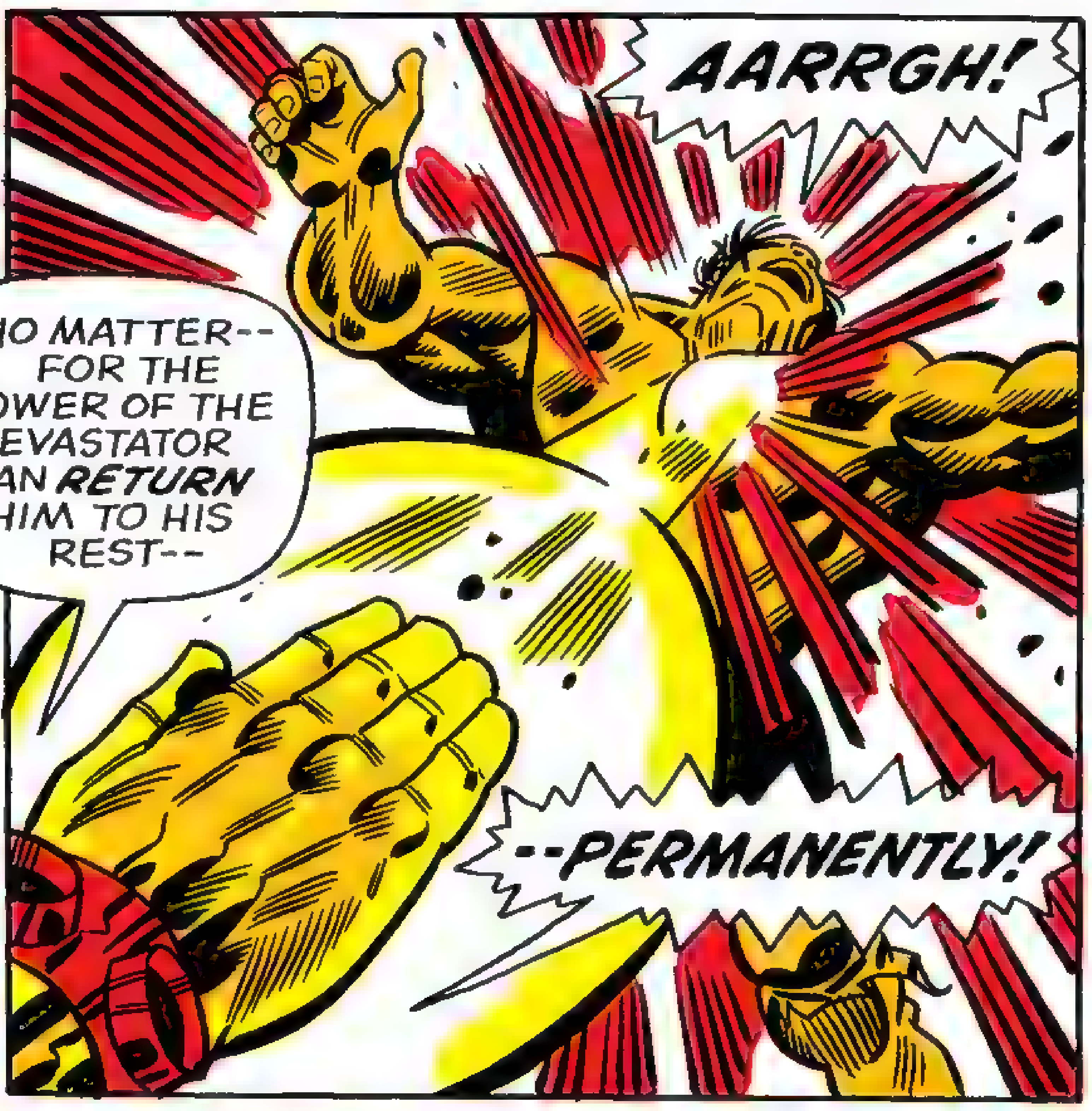

RAW POWER CORUSCATES ABOUT HIS MUSCLE-TAUT FORM AS HE CUTS A SAVAGE SWATH OF DESTRUCTION ACROSS THE FACE OF PROJECT: GREENSKIN--
--POWER BEYOND MEASURE-- POWER UNRESTRAINED--
SKRAKK!
--FOR IN A STATIONARY ORBIT FAR ABOVE THE EARTH, THERE WHIRLS A MOST UNIQUE SATELLITE--
--ITS PRESENSE UNDETECTABLE BY ANY NORMAL MEANS--
--ITS SOLE PURPOSE, TO RECEIVE CONTINUOUS POWER BROADCASTS FROM A HIDDEN BASE SOMEWHERE DEEP BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN--
--THEN TO TRANSMIT THAT POWER TO THE SPECIAL RECEPTORS BUILT INTO THE DEVASTATOR'S GAUNTLETS--
--POWER HE IN TURN RELEASES WITH EARTH-SHATTERING FORCE!
HULKBUSTER BASE TREMBLES BEFORE THE DEVASTATOR--
--AND IN A CHAMBER DEEP BENEATH ITS SURFACE, SOMETHING STARTS TO GIVE.
SHOCK-WAVE FOLLOWS SHOCK-WAVE AS THE ONE-MAN HOLOCAUST THUNDERS ON--
KWADOOM!
--AND THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE DEVASTATOR'S ACTIONS ARE MORE FAR-REACHING THAN ONE COULD IMAGINE.

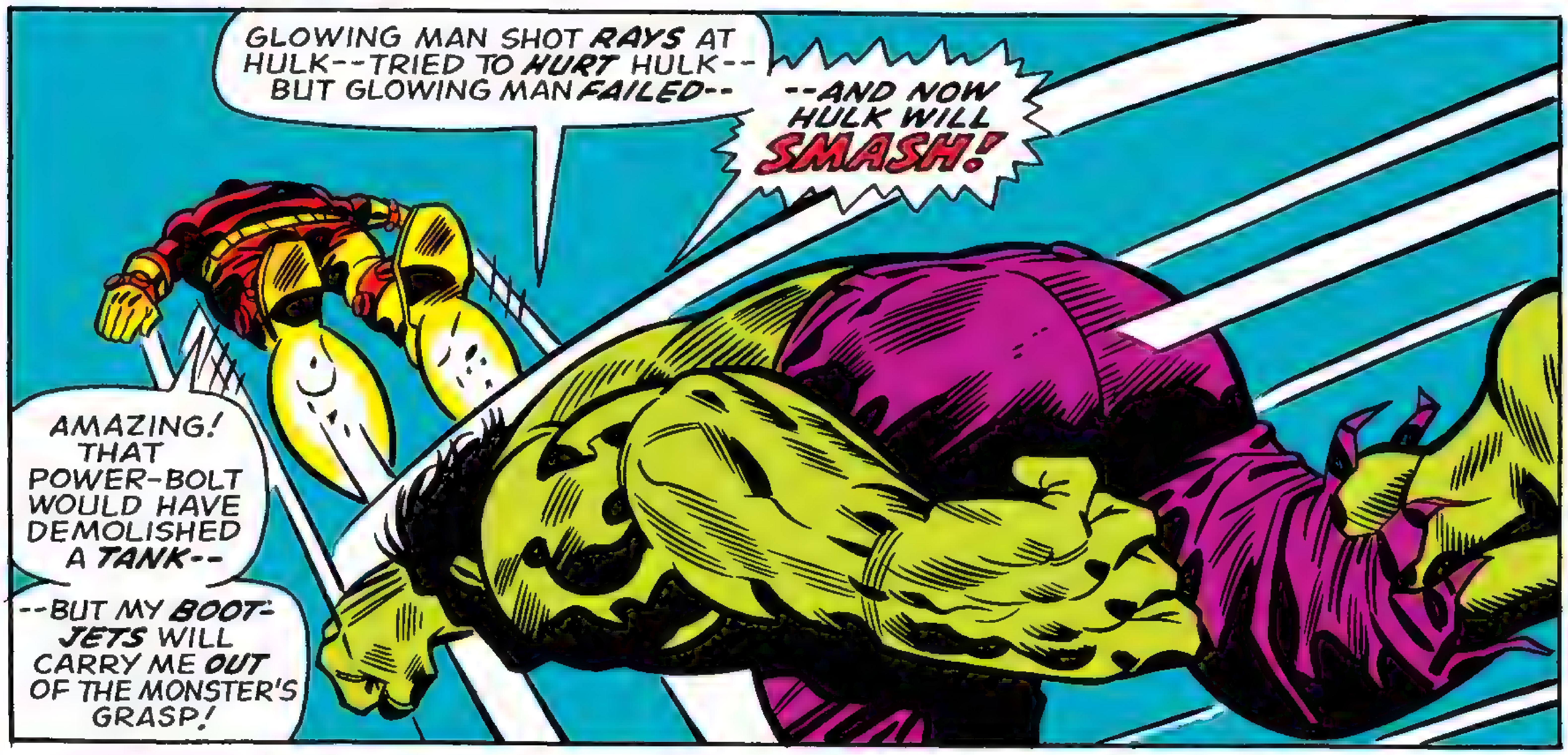

THOUGH IT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, HIS RAMPAGE HAS TAKEN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES THUS FAR--WHICH EXPLAINS, PERHAPS, WHY HULKBUSTER BASE HAS NOT RESPONDED TO THE ATTACK--
--UNTIL NOW!
EH?
KAK!
KAK! KAK!
KAK!
FOOLS, DO YOU SERIOUSLY THINK TO STOP ME WITH MERE MACHINE-GUN FIRE--
--WHEN I POSSESS POWER ENOUGH TO DO--THIS!
VOOMP!
KWHOOM!
I'LL TAKE YOUR WORST--AND STILL BRING THIS ENTIRE BASE TUMBLING DOWN AROUND YOUR KNEES!
GO AHEAD! THROW EVERYTHING YOU HAVE AT ME!
AND IN A SECLUDED CHAMBER SEVERAL LEVELS BELOW THE BASE'S SURFACE, A HAIRLINE CRACK GROWS WIDER--
--AND A SPECIAL SUB-ZERO FLUID STARTS SPILLING EVER SO SLOWLY TO THE FLOOR.

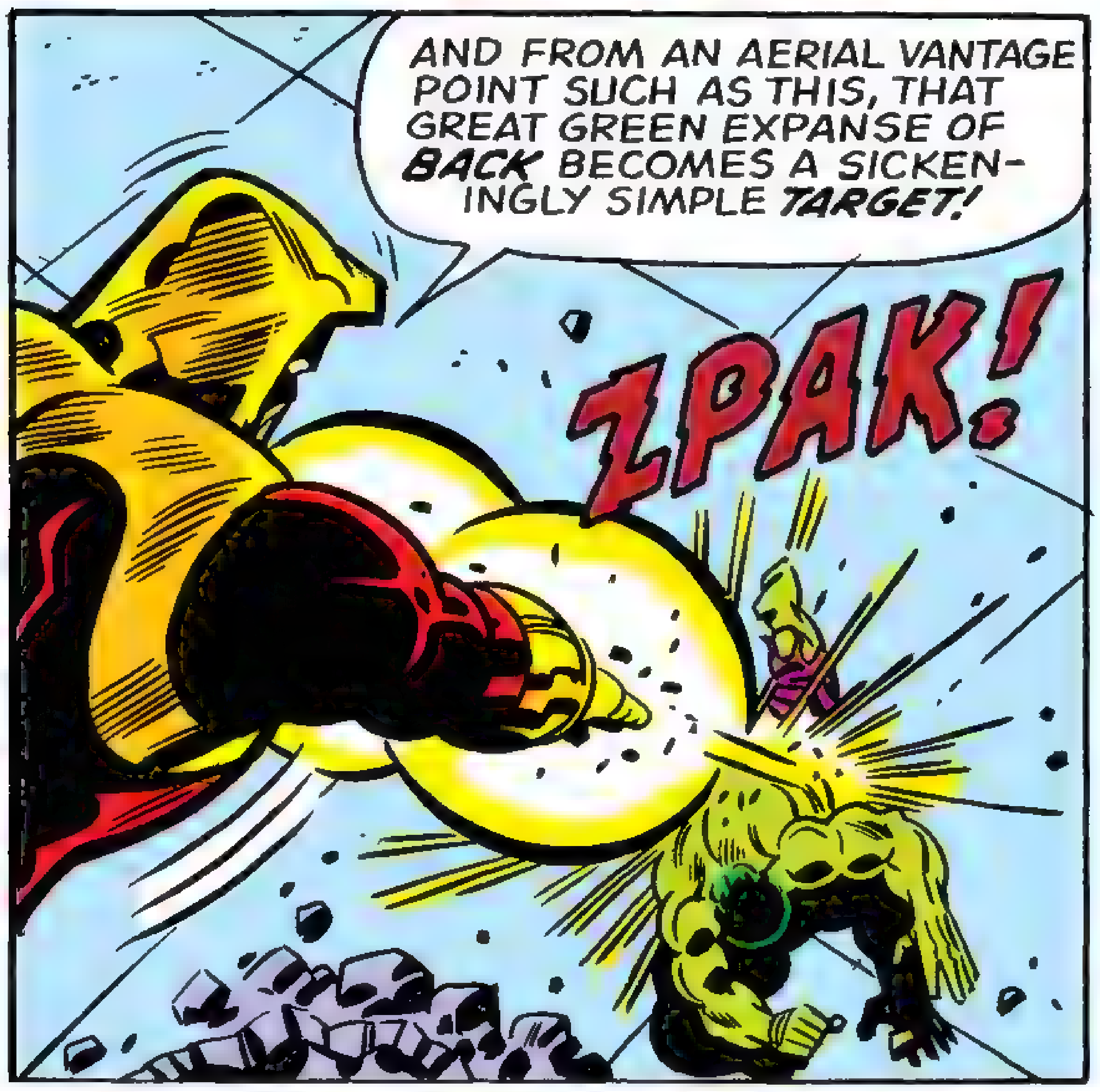

ON THE SMOKING BATTLEFIELD, A DUST-CAKED "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS AT LAST ARRIVES TO TAKE COMMAND OF HIS TROOPS...
YOU CAN'T--!
C'MON, YOU JOKERS-- LET'S SEE SOME ACTION!
PROJECT: GREENSKIN WAS DESIGNED TO NEUTRALIZE A MONSTER AS POWERFUL AS THE HULK!
BLAST IT! YOU CAN'T BE HAVING THAT MUCH TROUBLE WITH JUST ONE MAN!
US
WANNA BET?
FOR PITY'S SAKE, WALTERS--LET'S GET OUT OF HERE--
--BEFORE THIS PLACE BECOMES OUR TOMB!
WE CAN'T LEAVE, JACKSON-- NOT YET!
WE'VE GOT TO WAIT FOR THE RESULTS OF THE COMPUTER ANALYSIS ON TALBOT'S TISSUE SAMPLES!
IF THEY PROVE WHAT WE SUSPECT, THEY'LL...WAIT!
THE PRINTOUT IS COMING THRU NOW!
A WONDERFUL THING, PROGRESS. WHERE, IN TIME PAST, THOSE WHO PRACTICED THE ART OF MEDICINE WERE FORCED TO MINISTRATE MORE BY INSTINCT THAN BY KNOWLEDGE--
--TODAY'S PHYSICIAN COMMANDS THE MOST MODERN METHODS OF DIAGNOSIS AND DISPENSATION.
THOUGH THE RESULTS GAINED BY SUCH METHODS ARE SELDOM AS SHOCKING AS--THIS!

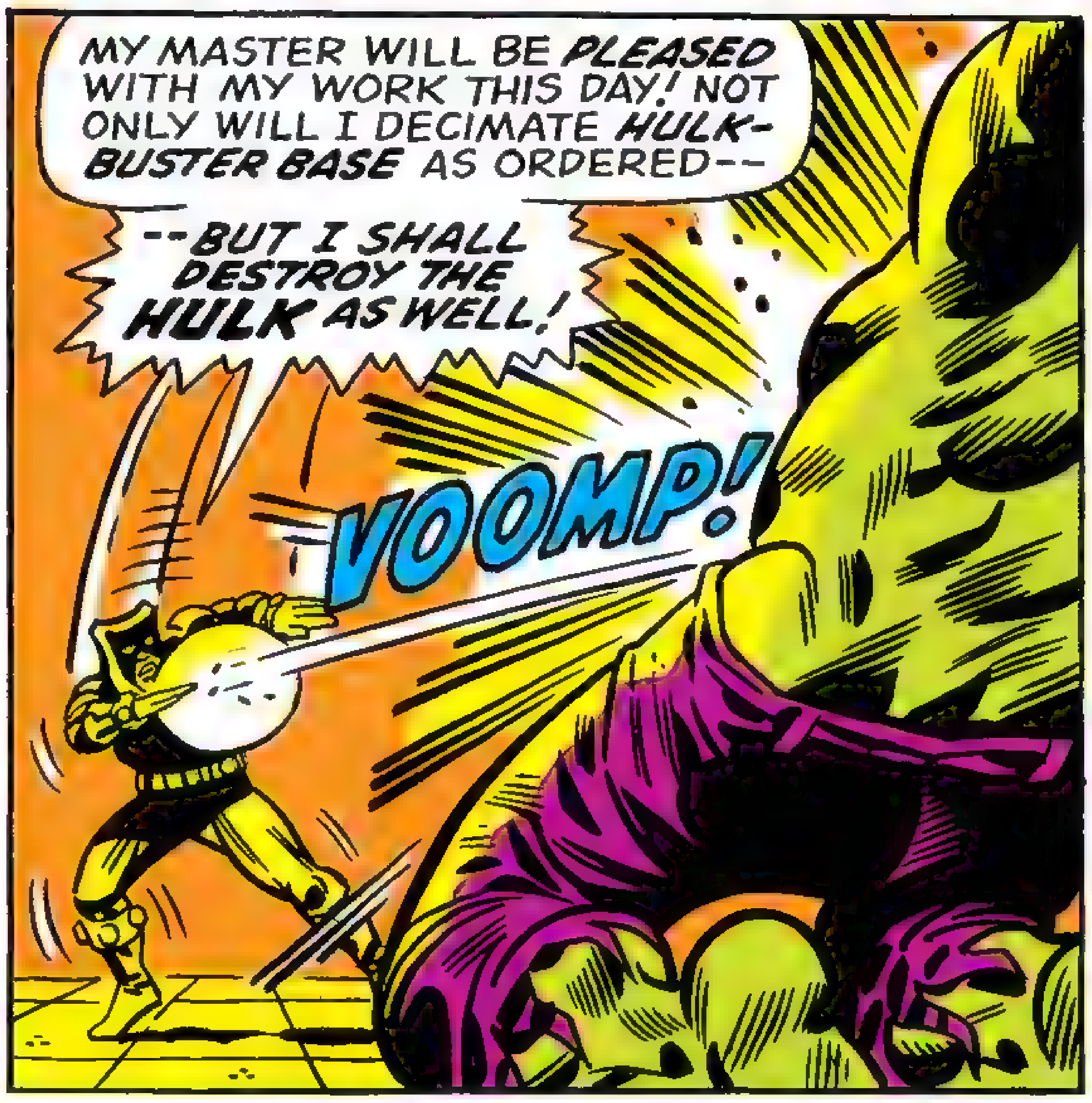

UNFORTUNATELY, WE MUST WAIT TO DISCOVER JUST WHAT THOSE RESULTS CONTAIN--FOR THERE ARE MORE PRESSING PROBLEMS TO CONCERN US...
PTHOM!
FIRST, DESPITE THE CONCENTRATED EFFORTS OF THE HIGHLY-TRAINED HULKBUSTERS, THE DEVASTATOR IS STILL ON HIS RAMPAGE.
SECOND, THE OMINOUS CRACK GLIMPSED SO FLEETINGLY BEFORE HAS AT LAST REACHED ITS BREAKING POINT--
--AND THE FRIGID FLUID IT HAS SO CAREFULLY CONTAINED GUSHES OUT ACROSS THE TREMBLING CHAMBER, RELEASING...
KWHOOM!
WELL, THAT'S PROBLEM NUMBER THREE!
COLD.
WHY IS HULK SO COLD?
LAST THING HULK REMEMBERS IS FIGHTING ROSS*...THEN SLEEPING...THEN FLOATING IN COLD...WITH MASK ON!
BAH! STUPID MASK KEPT HULK PRISONER!
*IN HAND-TO-ROBOT COMBAT LAST ISH.--LIVELY LEN.
HULK DOES NOT LIKE COLD--DOES NOT LIKE BEING PRISONER!
SKRUMP!
SO HULK WILL GO WHERE HULK CAN BE WARM--AND FREE!

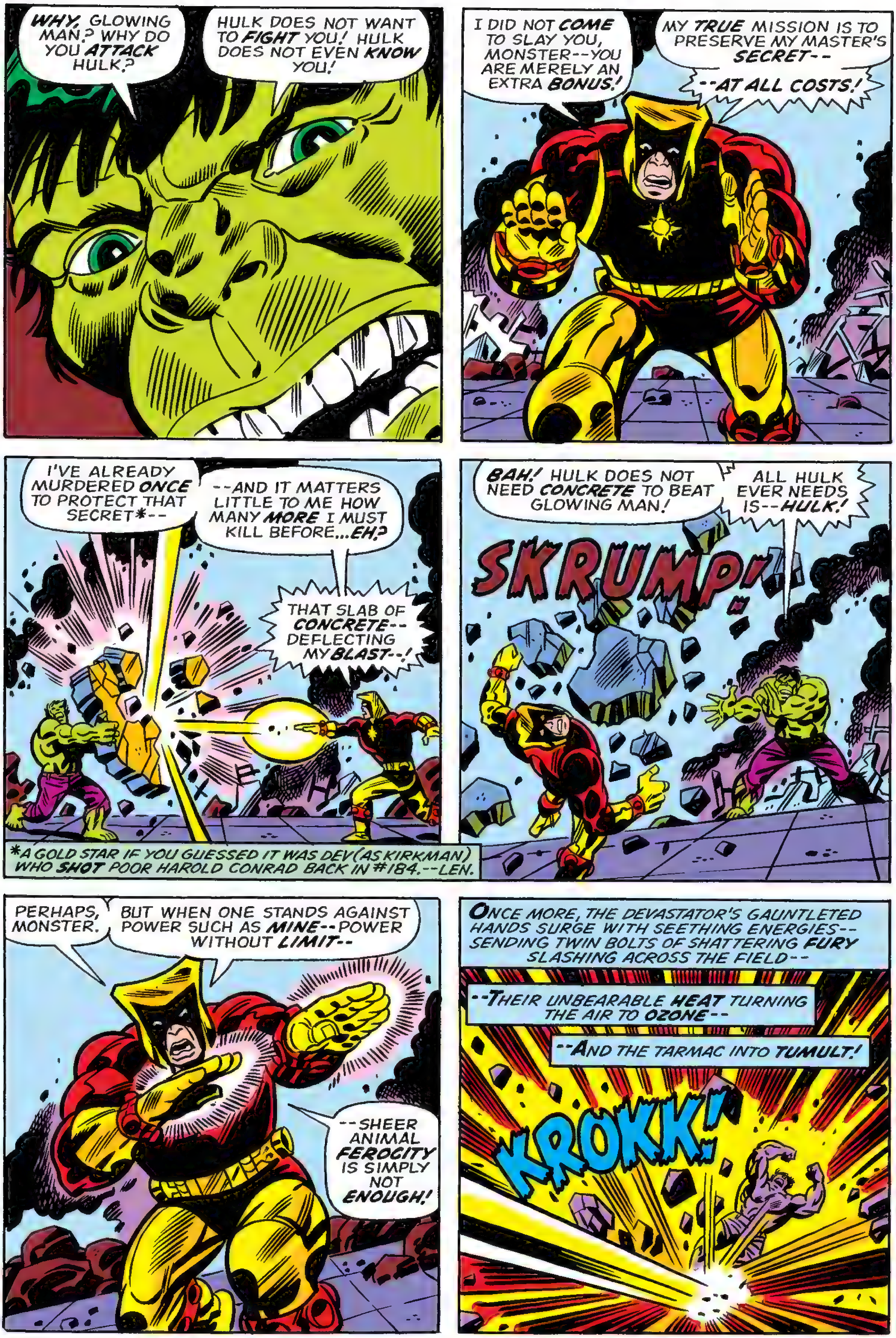

BUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING, HULK, THINGS AREN'T JUST WARM--THEY'RE DOWNRIGHT SIZZLING!
HUH? WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO BUILDINGS? WHO IS MAN IN GLOWING SUIT?
THE HULK! SO MY LITTLE EXERCISE SESSION HAS AWAKENED THE BRUTE!

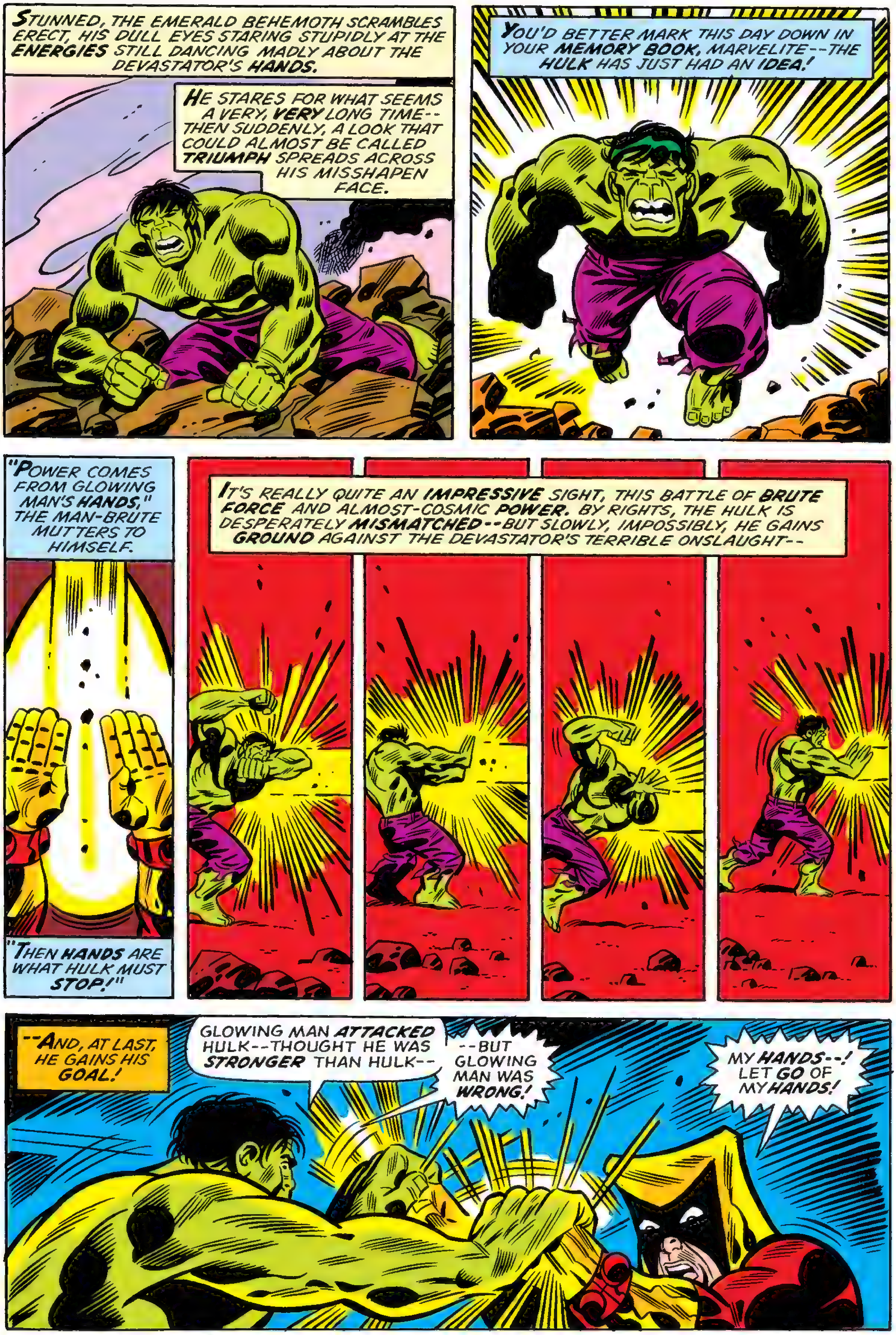

AARRGH!
NO MATTER-- FOR THE POWER OF THE DEVASTATOR CAN RETURN HIM TO HIS REST--
--PERMANENTLY!

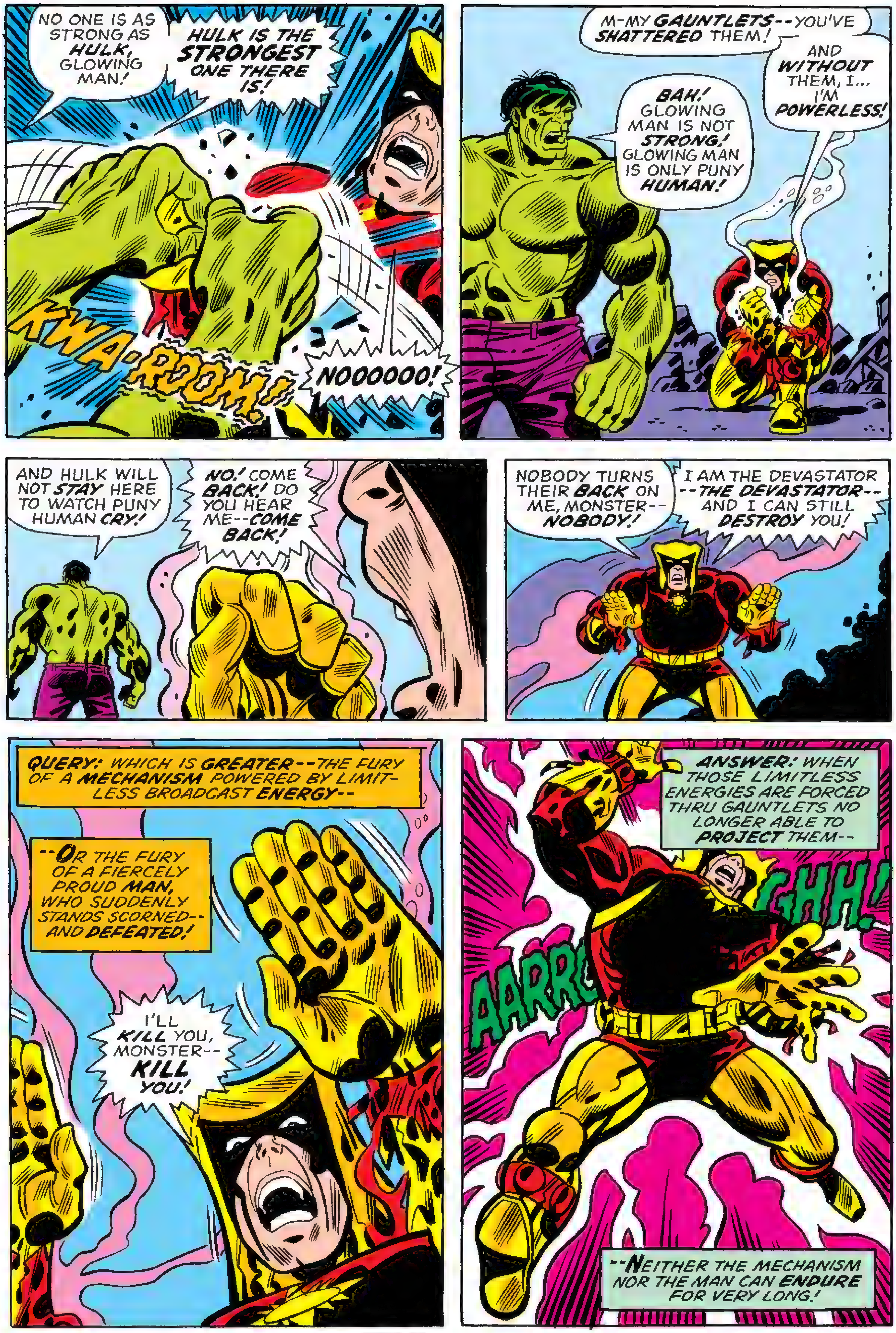

GLOWING MAN SHOT RAYS AT HULK--TRIED TO HURT HULK--BUT GLOWING MAN FAILED--
--AND NOW HULK WILL SMASH!
AMAZING! THAT POWER-BOLT WOULD HAVE DEMOLISHED A TANK--
--BUT MY BOOT-JETS WILL CARRY ME OUT OF THE MONSTER'S GRASP!

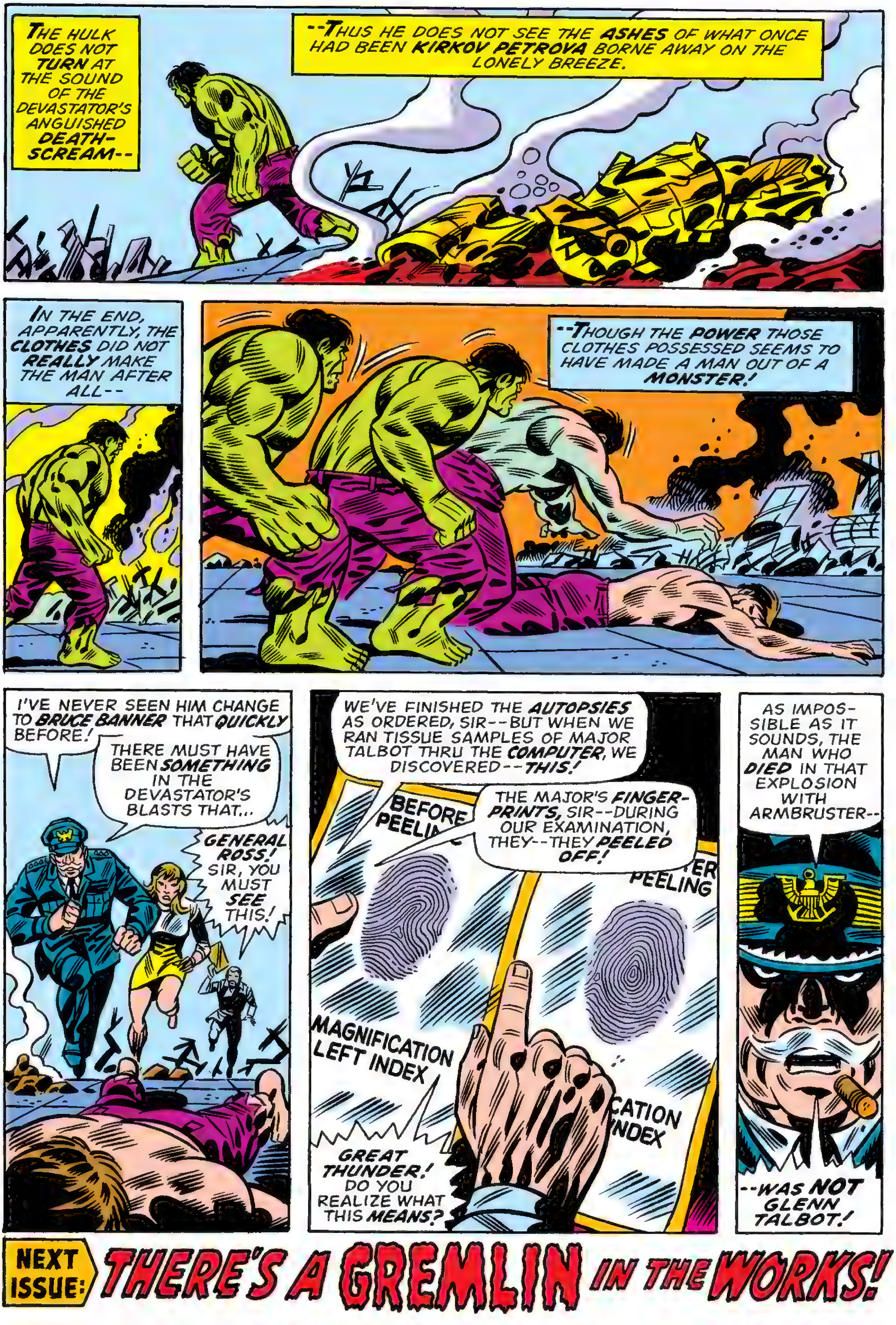

AND FROM AN AERIAL VANTAGE POINT SUCH AS THIS, THAT GREAT GREEN EXPANSE OF BACK BECOMES A SICKENINGLY SIMPLE TARGET!
ZPAK!

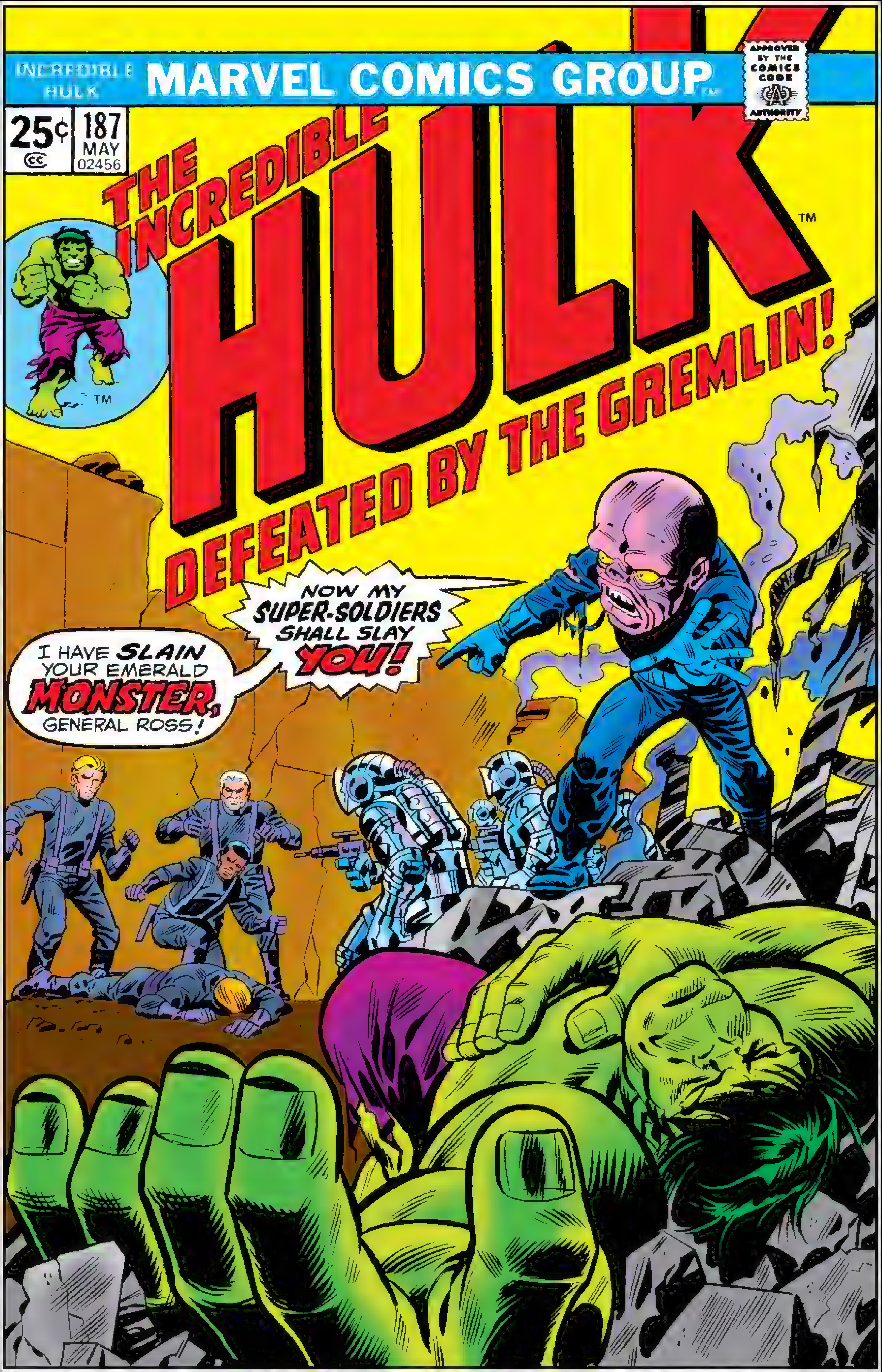

MY MASTER WILL BE PLEASED WITH MY WORK THIS DAY! NOT ONLY WILL I DECIMATE HULK-BUSTER BASE AS ORDERED--
--BUT I SHALL DESTROY THE HULK AS WELL!
VOOMP!


WHY, GLOWING MAN? WHY DO YOU ATTACK HULK?
HULK DOES NOT WANT TO FIGHT YOU! HULK DOES NOT EVEN KNOW YOU!
I DID NOT COME TO SLAY YOU, MONSTER--YOU ARE MERELY AN EXTRA BONUS!
MY TRUE MISSION IS TO PRESERVE MY MASTER'S SECRET--
--AT ALL COSTS!
I'VE ALREADY MURDERED ONCE TO PROTECT THAT SECRET*--
--AND IT MATTERS LITTLE TO ME HOW MANY MORE I MUST KILL BEFORE...EH?
THAT SLAB OF CONCRETE--DEFLECTING MY BLAST--!
*A GOLD STAR IF YOU GUESSED IT WAS DEV (AS KIRKMAN) WHO SHOT POOR HAROLD CONRAD BACK IN #184.--LEN.
BAH! HULK DOES NOT NEED CONCRETE TO BEAT GLOWING MAN!
ALL HULK EVER NEEDS IS--HULK!
SKRUMP!
PERHAPS, MONSTER.
BUT WHEN ONE STANDS AGAINST POWER SUCH AS MINE--POWER WITHOUT LIMIT--
--SHEER ANIMAL FEROCITY IS SIMPLY NOT ENOUGH!
ONCE MORE, THE DEVASTATOR'S GAUNTLETED HANDS SURGE WITH SEETHING ENERGIES--SENDING TWIN BOLTS OF SHATTERING FURY SLASHING ACROSS THE FIELD--
--THEIR UNBEARABLE HEAT TURNING THE AIR TO OZONE--
--AND THE TARMAC INTO TUMULT!
KROKK!


STUNNED, THE EMERALD BEHEMOTH SCRAMBLES ERECT, HIS DULL EYES STARING STUPIDLY AT THE ENERGIES STILL DANCING MADLY ABOUT THE DEVASTATOR'S HANDS.
HE STARES FOR WHAT SEEMS A VERY, VERY LONG TIME--THEN SUDDENLY, A LOOK THAT COULD ALMOST BE CALLED TRIUMPH SPREADS ACROSS HIS MISSHAPEN FACE.
YOU'D BETTER MARK THIS DAY DOWN IN YOUR MEMORY BOOK, MARVELITE--THE HULK HAS JUST HAD AN IDEA!
"POWER COMES FROM GLOWING MAN'S HANDS," THE MAN-BRUTE MUTTERS TO HIMSELF.
"THEN HANDS ARE WHAT HULK MUST STOP!"
IT'S REALLY QUITE AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT, THIS BATTLE OF BRUTE FORCE AND ALMOST-COSMIC POWER. BY RIGHTS, THE HULK IS DESPERATELY MISMATCHED--BUT SLOWLY, IMPOSSIBLY, HE GAINS GROUND AGAINST THE DEVASTATOR'S TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT--
--AND, AT LAST, HE GAINS HIS GOAL!
GLOWING MAN ATTACKED HULK--THOUGHT HE WAS STRONGER THAN HULK--
--BUT GLOWING MAN WAS WRONG!
MY HANDS--! LET GO OF MY HANDS!


NO ONE IS AS STRONG AS HULK, GLOWING MAN!
HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!
KWA-ROOM!
NOOOOOO!
M-MY GAUNTLETS--YOU'VE SHATTERED THEM!
AND WITHOUT THEM, I... I'M POWERLESS!
BAH! GLOWING MAN IS NOT STRONG! GLOWING MAN IS ONLY PUNY HUMAN!
AND HULK WILL NOT STAY HERE TO WATCH PUNY HUMAN CRY!
NO! COME BACK! DO YOU HEAR ME--COME BACK!
NOBODY TURNS THEIR BACK ON ME, MONSTER--NOBODY!
I AM THE DEVASTATOR--THE DEVASTATOR--AND I CAN STILL DESTROY YOU!
QUERY: WHICH IS GREATER--THE FURY OF A MECHANISM POWERED BY LIMITLESS BROADCAST ENERGY--
--OR THE FURY OF A FIERCELY PROUD MAN, WHO SUDDENLY STANDS SCORNED--AND DEFEATED!
I'LL KILL YOU, MONSTER--KILL YOU!
ANSWER: WHEN THOSE LIMITLESS ENERGIES ARE FORCED THRU GAUNTLETS NO LONGER ABLE TO PROJECT THEM--
AARRG GHH!
--NEITHER THE MECHANISM NOR THE MAN CAN ENDURE FOR VERY LONG!


THE HULK DOES NOT TURN AT THE SOUND OF THE DEVASTATOR'S ANGUISHED DEATH-SCREAM--
--THUS HE DOES NOT SEE THE ASHES OF WHAT ONCE HAD BEEN KIRKOV PETROVA BORNE AWAY ON THE LONELY BREEZE.
IN THE END, APPARENTLY, THE CLOTHES DID NOT REALLY MAKE THE MAN AFTER ALL--
--THOUGH THE POWER THOSE CLOTHES POSSESSED SEEMS TO HAVE MADE A MAN OUT OF A MONSTER!
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM CHANGE TO BRUCE BANNER THAT QUICKLY BEFORE!
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING IN THE DEVASTATOR'S BLASTS THAT...
GENERAL ROSS! SIR, YOU MUST SEE THIS!
WE'VE FINISHED THE AUTOPSIES AS ORDERED, SIR--BUT WHEN WE RAN TISSUE SAMPLES OF MAJOR TALBOT THRU THE COMPUTER, WE DISCOVERED--THIS!
THE MAJOR'S FINGER-PRINTS, SIR--DURING OUR EXAMINATION, THEY--THEY PEELED OFF!
BEFORE PEELIN
TER PEELING
MAGNIFICATION LEFT INDEX
CATION INDEX
GREAT THUNDER! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS?
AS IMPOSSIBLE AS IT SOUNDS, THE MAN WHO DIED IN THAT EXPLOSION WITH ARMBRUSTER--
--WAS NOT GLENN TALBOT!
NEXT ISSUE: THERE'S A GREMLIN IN THE WORKS!


INCREDIBLE HULK
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MAY
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
™
DEFEATED BY THE GREMLIN!
NOW MY SUPER-SOLDIERS SHALL SLAY YOU!
I HAVE SLAIN YOUR EMERALD MONSTER, GENERAL ROSS!

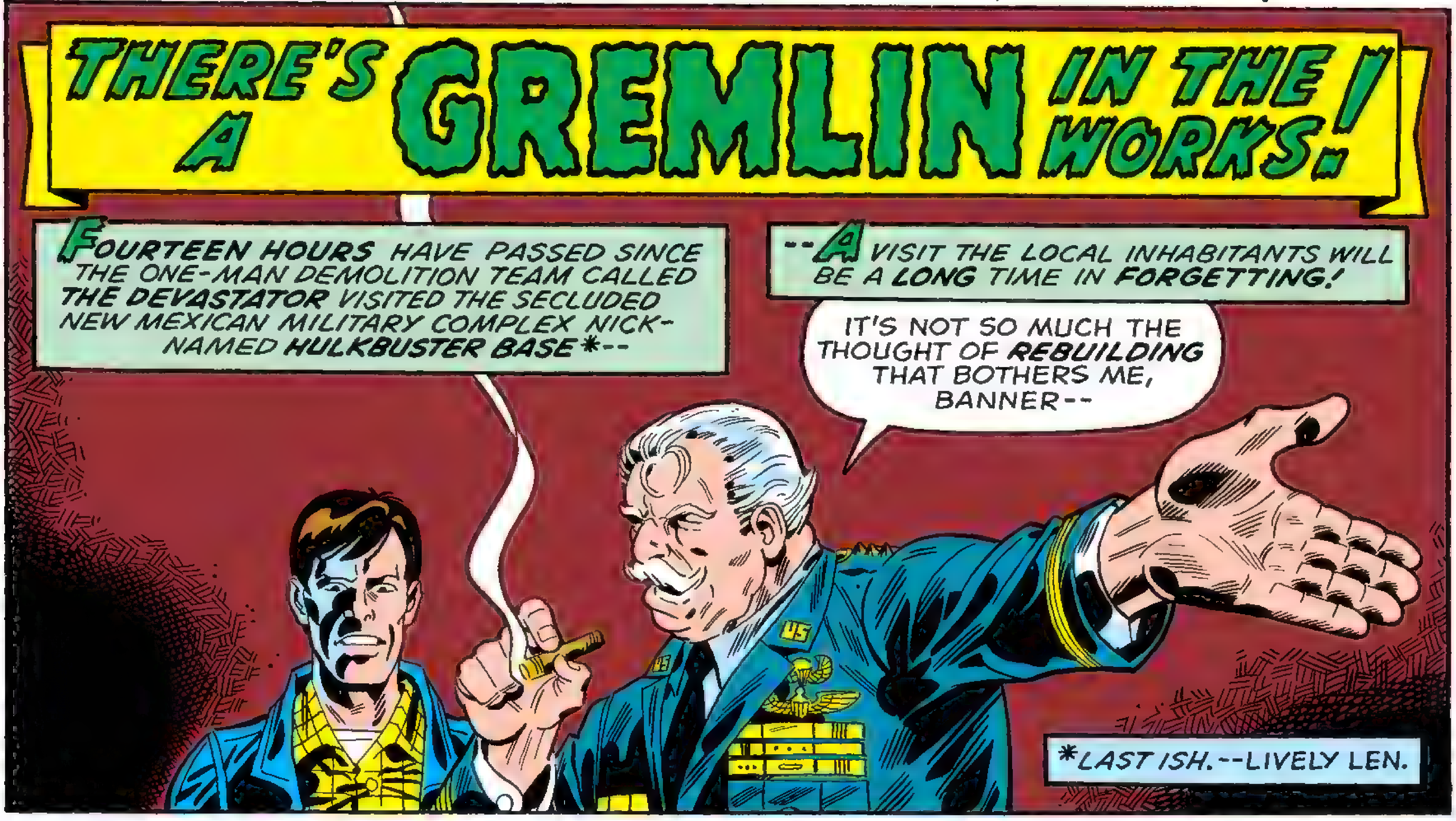
Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

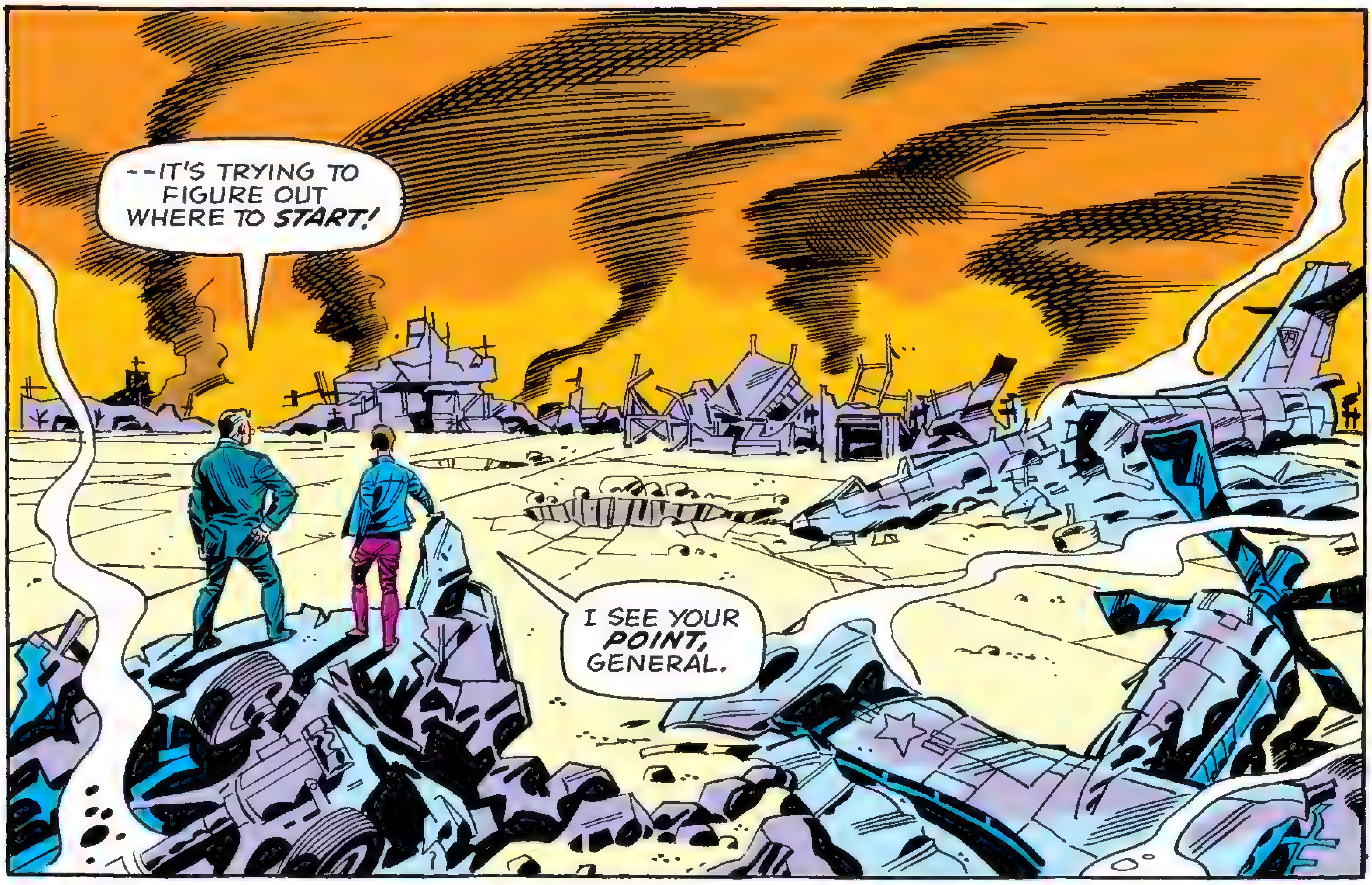
Stan Lee PRESENTS:

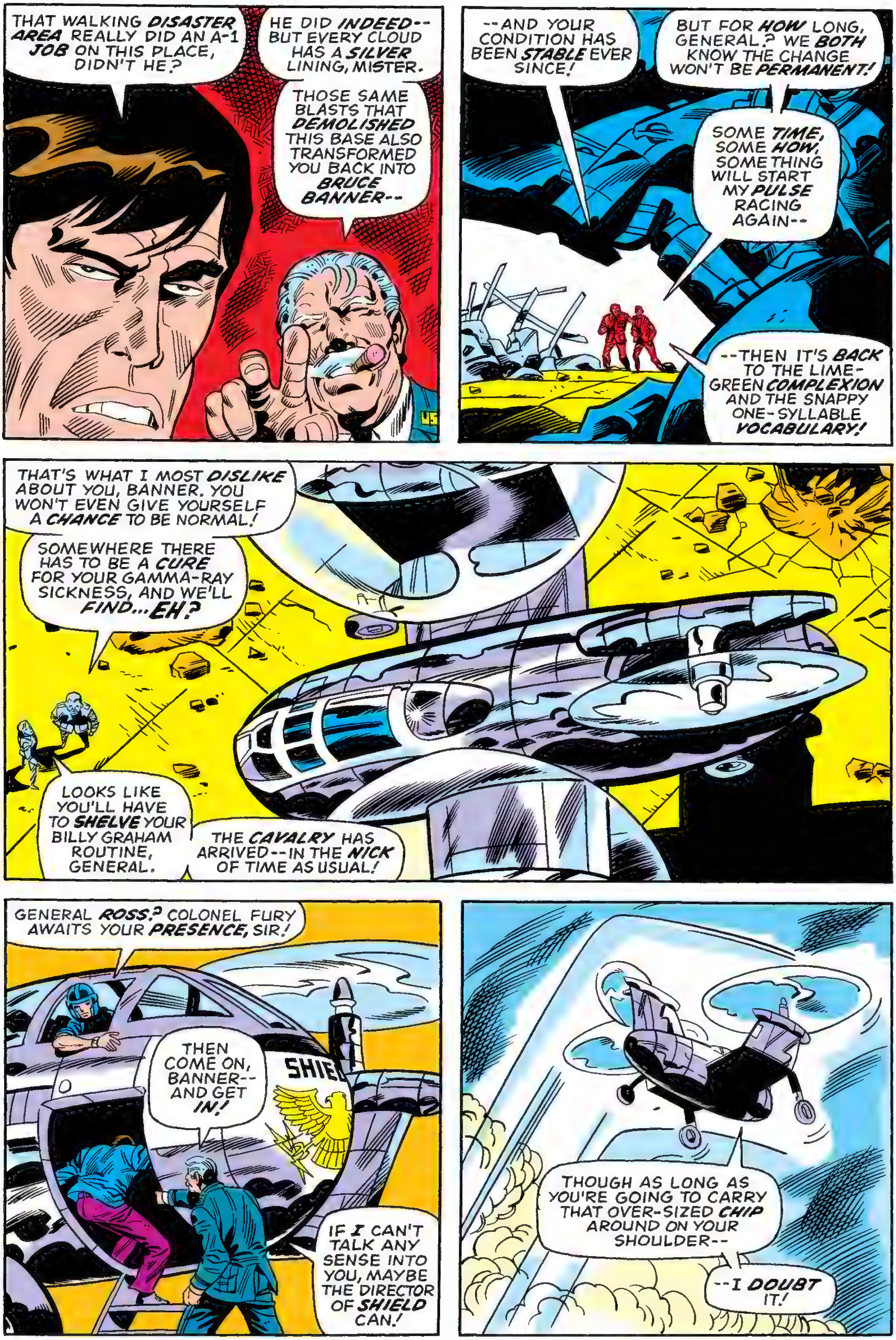
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

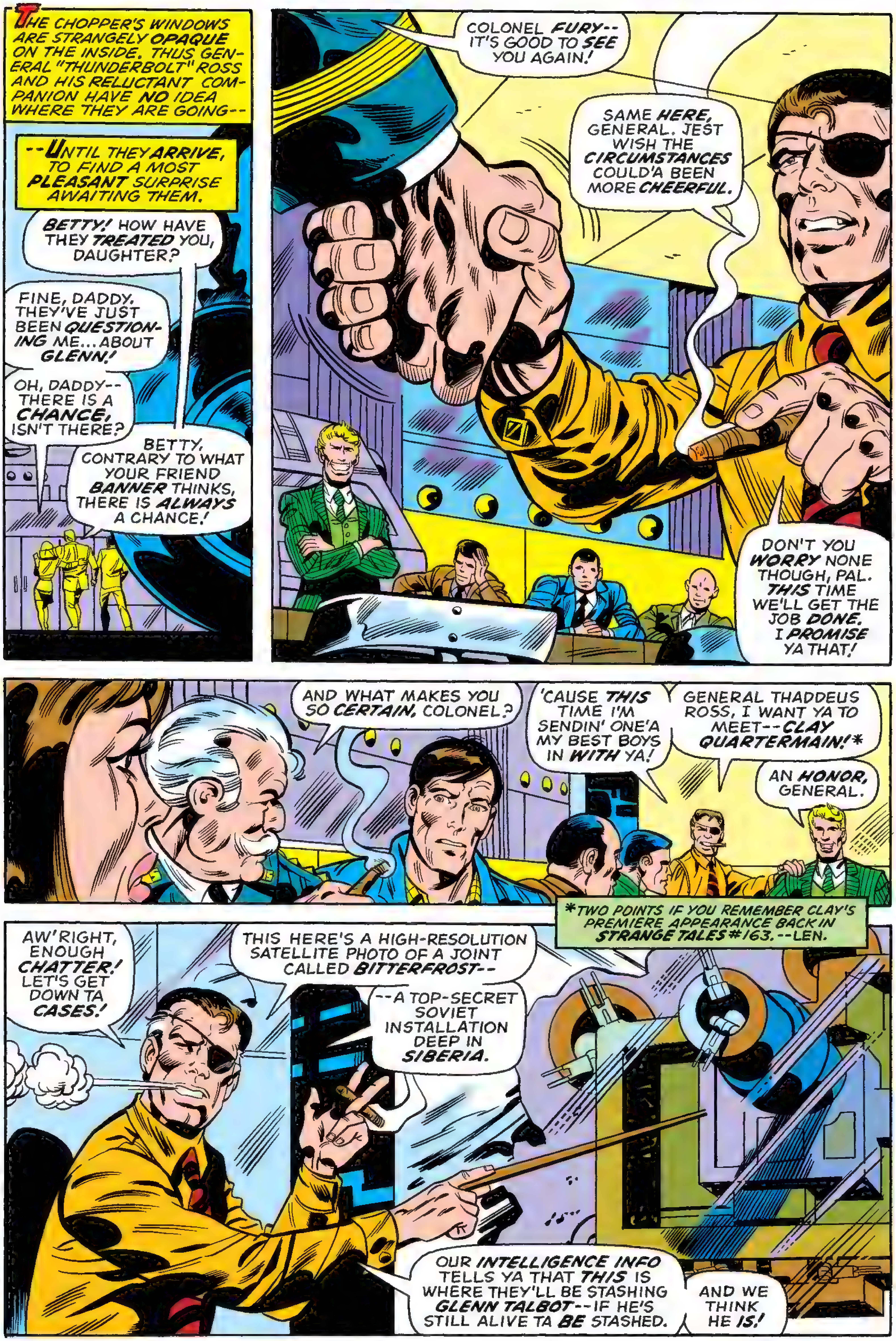
LEN WEIN WRITER/EDITOR / **HERB TRIMPE** & **JOE STATON** ILLUSTRATORS / **GLYNIS WEIN**, COLORIST **ARTIE SIMEK**, LETTERER

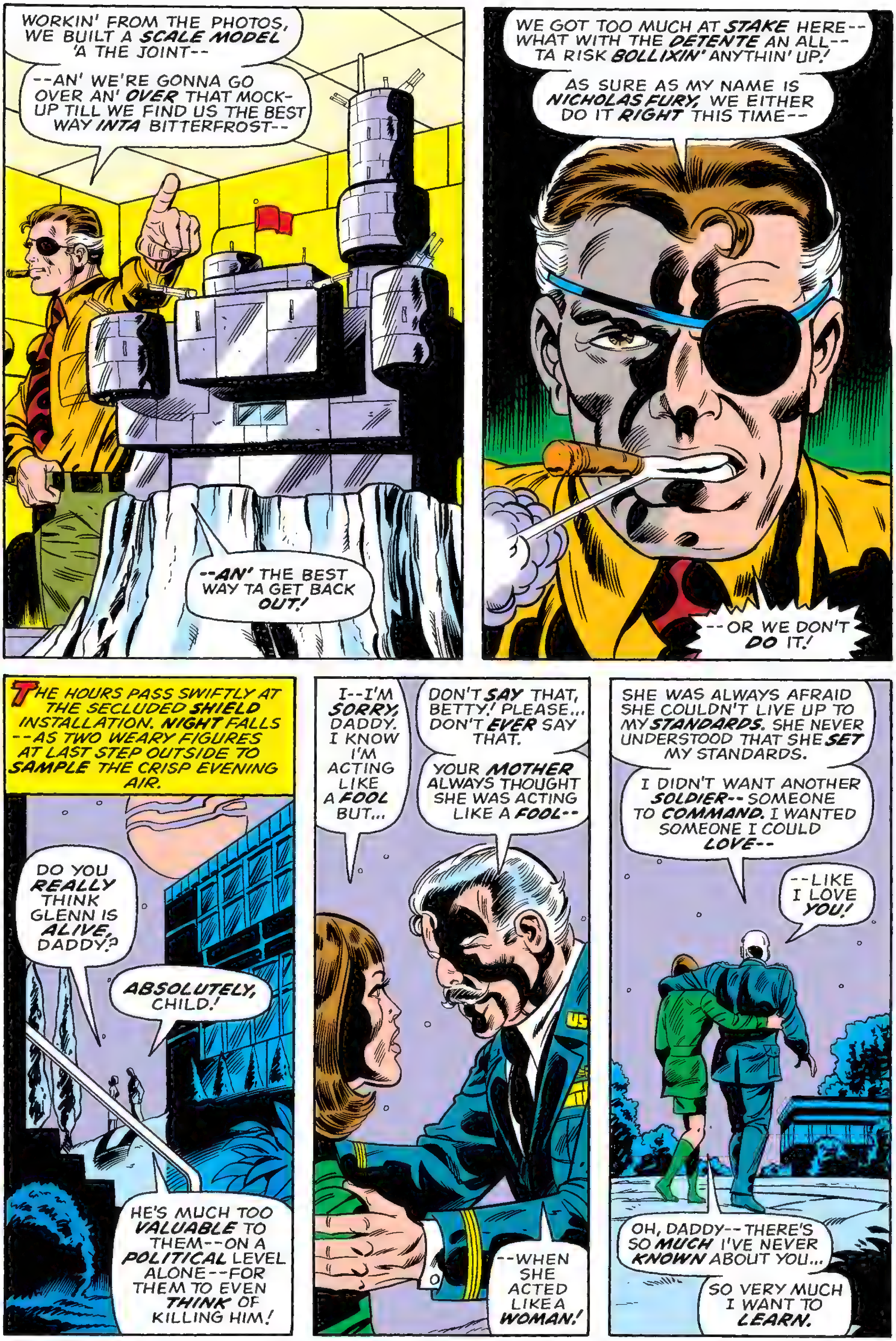
THERE'S A GREMLIN IN THE WORKS!

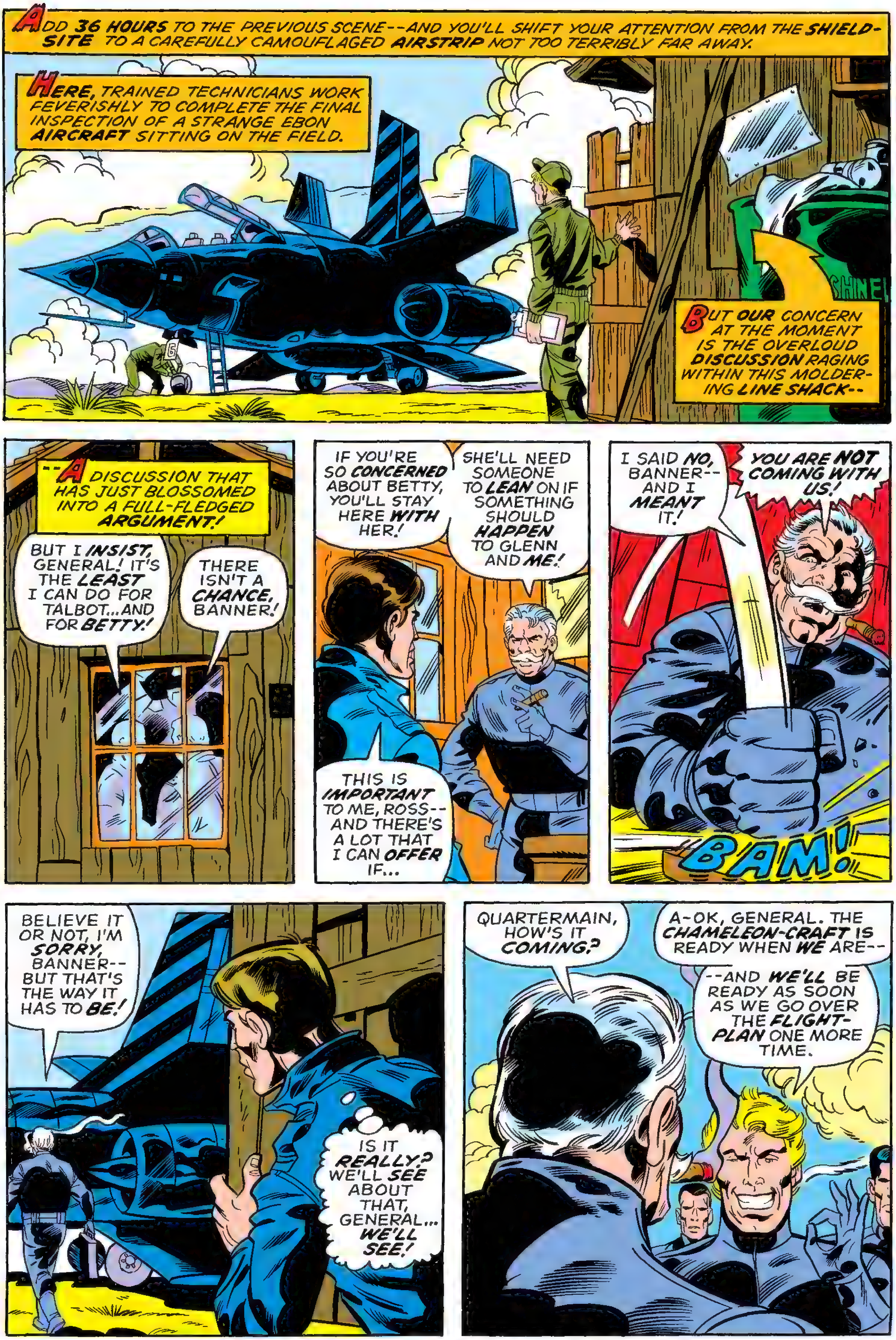

FOURTEEN HOURS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE ONE-MAN DEMOLITION TEAM CALLED THE DEVASTATOR VISITED THE SECLUDED NEW MEXICAN MILITARY COMPLEX NICKNAMED HULKBUSTER BASE*--
--A VISIT THE LOCAL INHABITANTS WILL BE A LONG TIME IN FORGETTING!
IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE THOUGHT OF REBUILDING THAT BOTHERS ME, BANNER--
*LAST ISH.--LIVELY LEN.

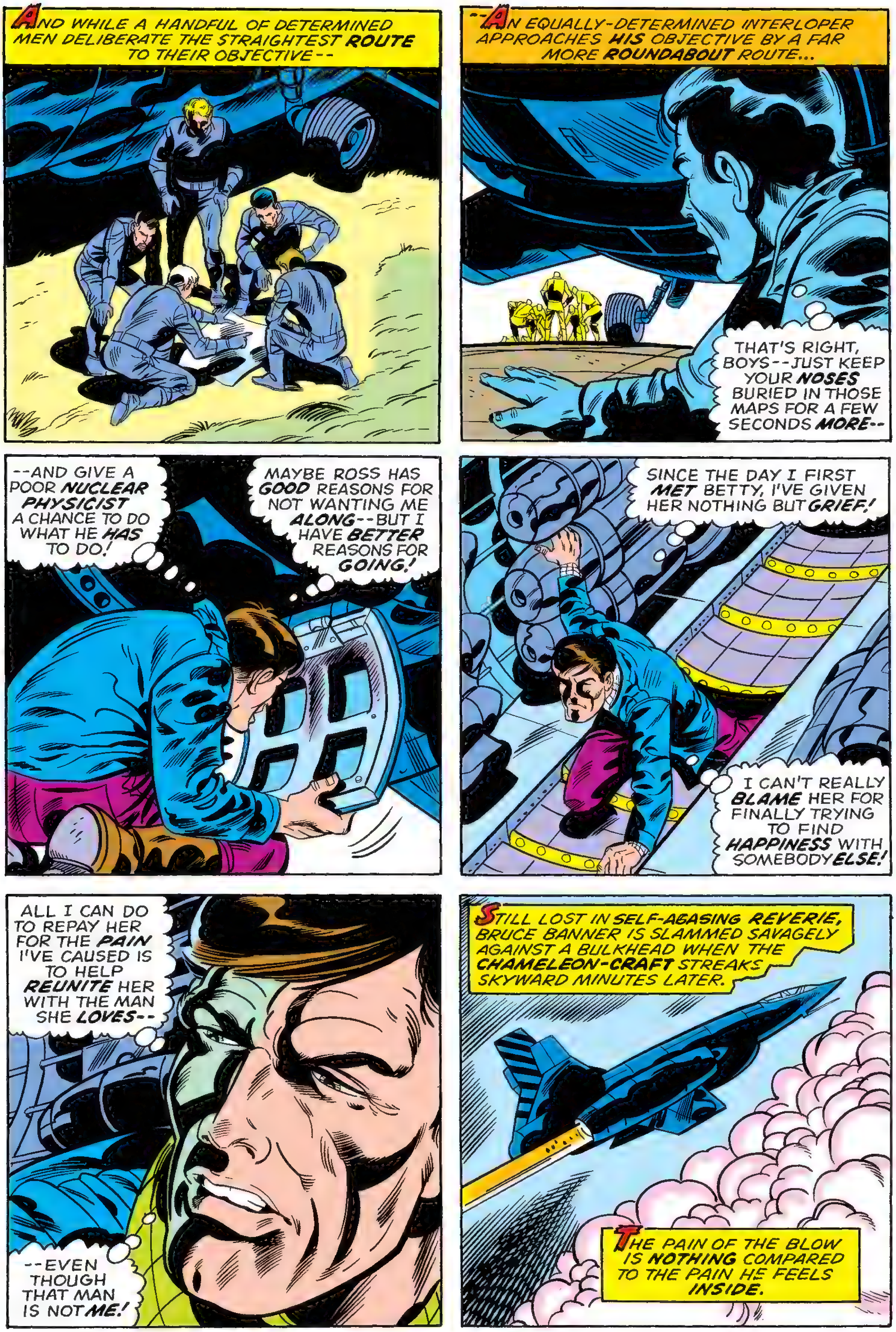

--IT'S TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHERE TO START!
I SEE YOUR POINT, GENERAL.

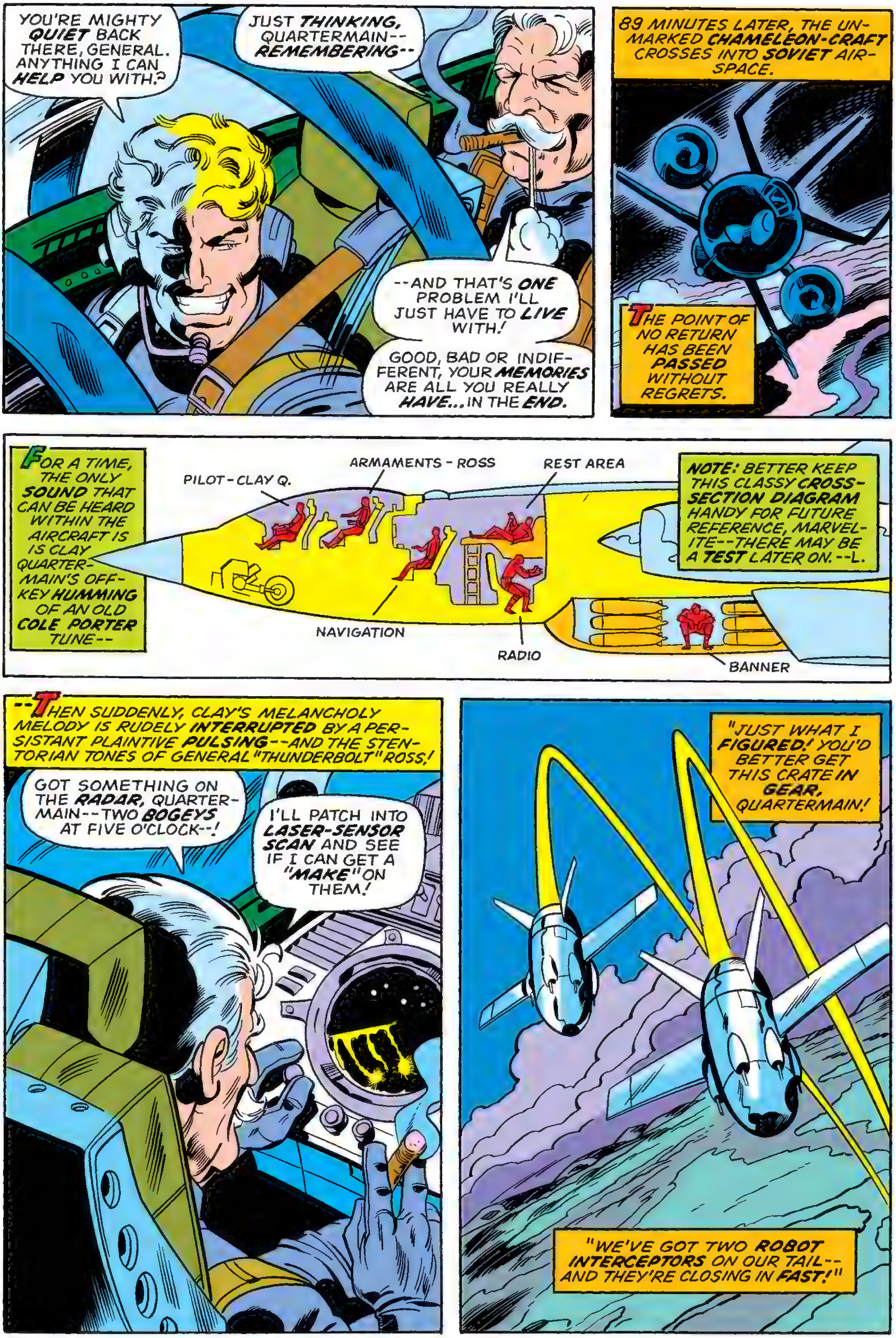

THAT WALKING *DISASTER AREA* REALLY DID AN A-1 *JOB* ON THIS PLACE, DIDN'T HE?
HE DID *INDEED*-- BUT EVERY CLOUD HAS A *SILVER* LINING, MISTER.
THOSE SAME BLASTS THAT *DEMOLISHED* THIS BASE ALSO TRANSFORMED YOU BACK INTO *BRUCE BANNER*--
US
--AND YOUR CONDITION HAS BEEN *STABLE* EVER SINCE!
BUT FOR *HOW* LONG, GENERAL? WE *BOTH* KNOW THE CHANGE WON'T BE *PERMANENT!*
SOME *TIME*, SOME *HOW*, SOMETHING WILL START MY *PULSE* RACING AGAIN--
--THEN IT'S *BACK* TO THE LIME-GREEN *COMPLEXION* AND THE SNAPPY ONE-SYLLABLE *VOCABULARY!*
THAT'S WHAT I MOST *DISLIKE* ABOUT YOU, BANNER. YOU WON'T EVEN GIVE YOURSELF A *CHANCE* TO BE NORMAL!
SOMEWHERE THERE HAS TO BE A *CURE* FOR YOUR GAMMA-RAY SICKNESS, AND WE'LL *FIND*... *EH?*
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO *SHELVE* YOUR BILLY GRAHAM ROUTINE, GENERAL.
THE *CAVALRY* HAS ARRIVED--IN THE *NICK* OF TIME AS USUAL!
GENERAL *ROSS?* COLONEL FURY AWAITS YOUR *PRESENCE*, SIR!
THEN COME ON, BANNER-- AND GET *IN!*
SHIE
IF *I* CAN'T TALK ANY SENSE INTO YOU, MAYBE THE DIRECTOR OF *SHIELD* CAN!
THOUGH AS LONG AS YOU'RE GOING TO CARRY THAT OVER-SIZED *CHIP* AROUND ON YOUR SHOULDER--
--I *DOUBT* IT!

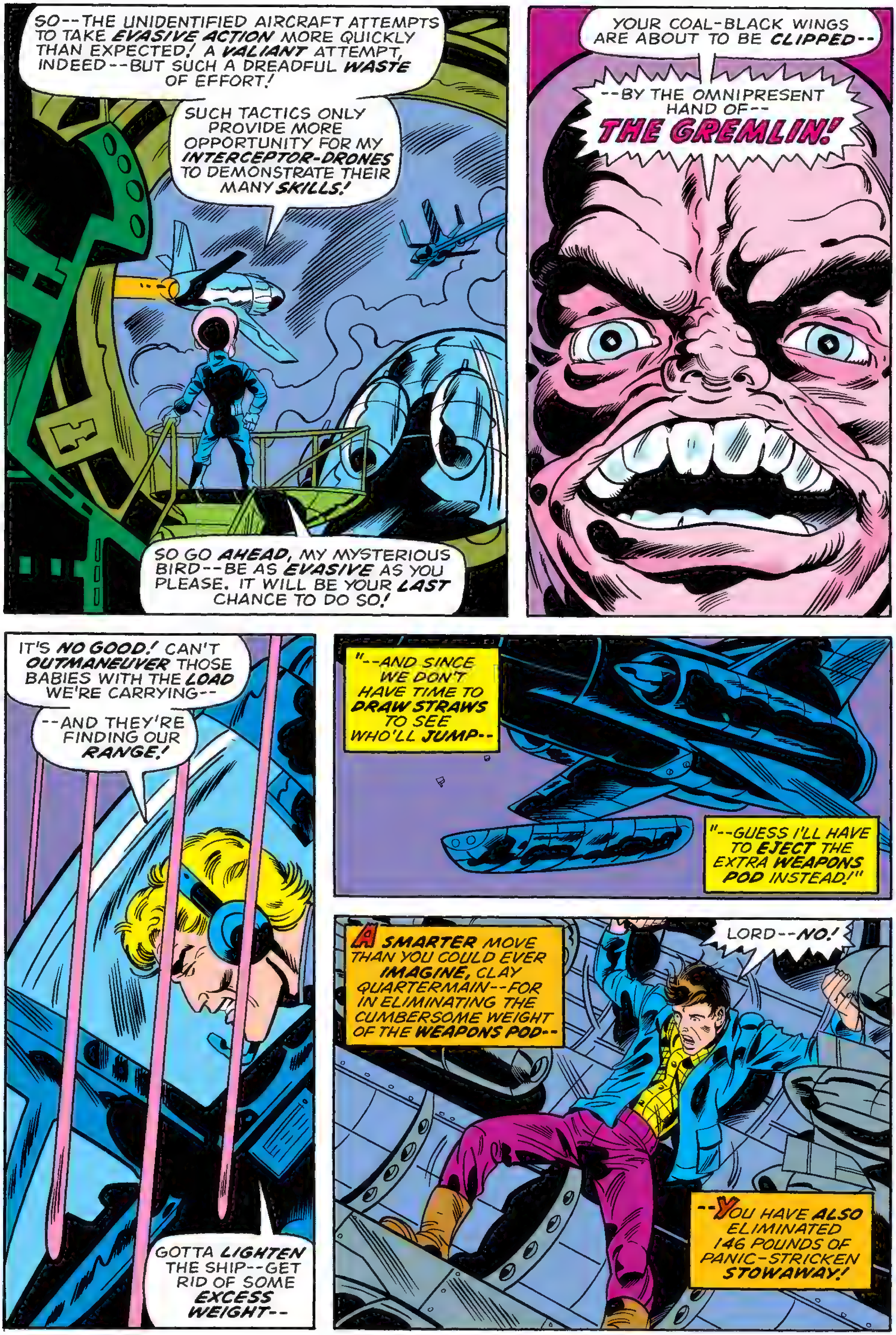

THE CHOPPER'S WINDOWS ARE STRANGELY OPAQUE ON THE INSIDE. THUS GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS AND HIS RELUCTANT COMPANION HAVE NO IDEA WHERE THEY ARE GOING--
--UNTIL THEY ARRIVE, TO FIND A MOST PLEASANT SURPRISE AWAITING THEM.
BETTY! HOW HAVE THEY TREATED YOU, DAUGHTER?
FINE, DADDY. THEY'VE JUST BEEN QUESTIONING ME...ABOUT GLENN!
OH, DADDY--THERE IS A CHANCE, ISN'T THERE?
BETTY, CONTRARY TO WHAT YOUR FRIEND BANNER THINKS, THERE IS ALWAYS A CHANCE!
COLONEL FURY--IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
SAME HERE, GENERAL. JEST WISH THE CIRCUMSTANCES COULD'A BEEN MORE CHEERFUL.
DON'T YOU WORRY NONE THOUGH, PAL. THIS TIME WE'LL GET THE JOB DONE. I PROMISE YA THAT!
AND WHAT MAKES YOU SO CERTAIN, COLONEL?
'CAUSE THIS TIME I'M SENDIN' ONE'A MY BEST BOYS IN WITH YA!
GENERAL THADDEUS ROSS, I WANT YA TO MEET--CLAY QUARTERMAIN!*
AN HONOR, GENERAL.
*TWO POINTS IF YOU REMEMBER CLAY'S PREMIERE APPEARANCE BACK IN STRANGE TALES #163.--LEN.
AW'RIGHT, ENOUGH CHATTER! LET'S GET DOWN TA CASES!
THIS HERE'S A HIGH-RESOLUTION SATELLITE PHOTO OF A JOINT CALLED BITTERFROST--
--A TOP-SECRET SOVIET INSTALLATION DEEP IN SIBERIA.
OUR INTELLIGENCE INFO TELLS YA THAT THIS IS WHERE THEY'LL BE STASHING GLENN TALBOT--IF HE'S STILL ALIVE TA BE STASHED.
AND WE THINK HE IS!

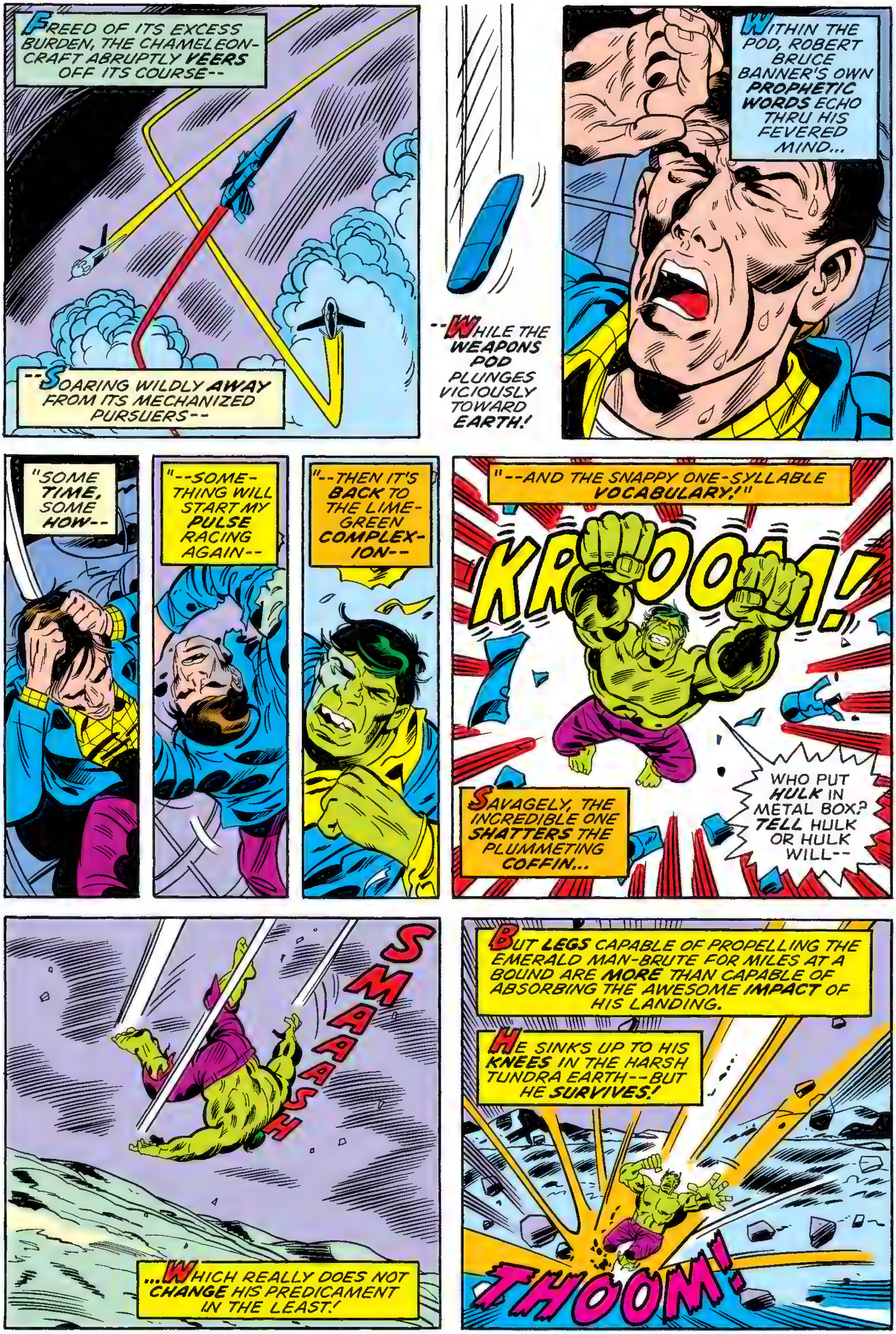

WORKIN' FROM THE PHOTOS, WE BUILT A **SCALE MODEL** 'A THE JOINT--
--AN' WE'RE GONNA GO OVER AN' **OVER** THAT MOCK-UP TILL WE FIND US THE BEST WAY **INTA** BITTERFROST--
--AN' THE BEST WAY TA GET BACK **OUT!**
WE GOT TOO MUCH AT **STAKE** HERE-- WHAT WITH THE **DETENTE** AN ALL--TA RISK **BOLLIXIN'** ANYTHIN' UP!
AS SURE AS MY NAME IS **NICHOLAS FURY,** WE EITHER DO IT **RIGHT** THIS TIME--
--OR WE DON'T **DO** IT!
*THE HOURS PASS SWIFTLY AT THE SECLUDED **SHIELD** INSTALLATION. **NIGHT** FALLS --AS TWO WEARY FIGURES AT LAST STEP OUTSIDE TO **SAMPLE** THE CRISP EVENING AIR.*
DO YOU **REALLY** THINK GLENN IS **ALIVE,** DADDY?
ABSOLUTELY, CHILD!
HE'S MUCH TOO **VALUABLE** TO THEM--ON A **POLITICAL** LEVEL ALONE--FOR THEM TO EVEN **THINK** OF KILLING HIM!
I--I'M **SORRY,** DADDY. I KNOW I'M ACTING LIKE A **FOOL** BUT...
DON'T **SAY** THAT, BETTY! PLEASE... DON'T **EVER** SAY THAT.
YOUR **MOTHER** ALWAYS THOUGHT SHE WAS ACTING LIKE A **FOOL--**
--WHEN SHE ACTED LIKE A **WOMAN!**
US
SHE WAS ALWAYS AFRAID SHE COULDN'T LIVE UP TO MY **STANDARDS.** SHE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT SHE **SET** MY STANDARDS.
I DIDN'T WANT ANOTHER **SOLDIER--** SOMEONE TO **COMMAND.** I WANTED SOMEONE I COULD **LOVE--**
--LIKE I LOVE **YOU!**
OH, DADDY--THERE'S SO **MUCH** I'VE NEVER **KNOWN** ABOUT YOU...
SO VERY MUCH I WANT TO **LEARN.**

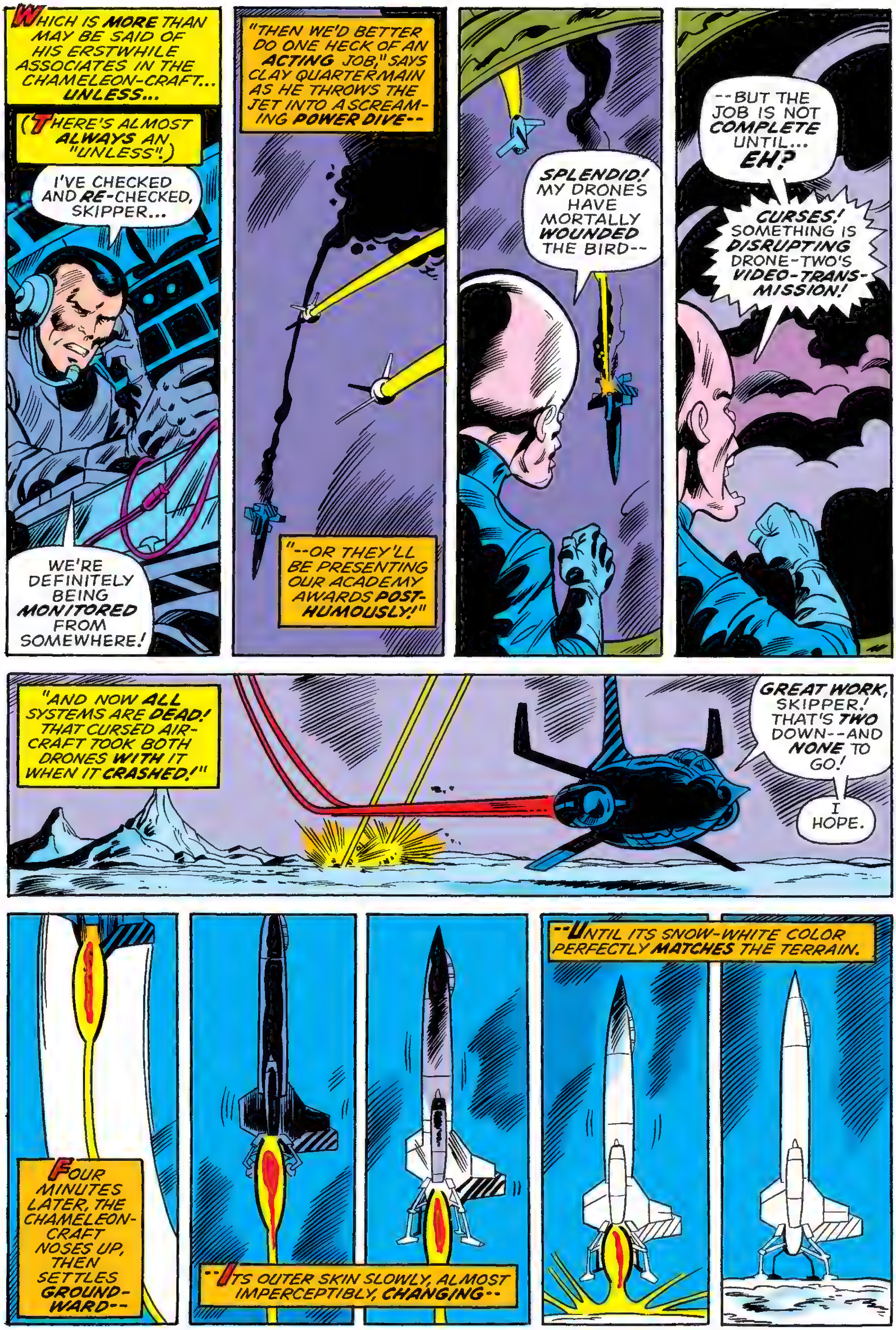

ADD 36 HOURS TO THE PREVIOUS SCENE--AND YOU'LL SHIFT YOUR ATTENTION FROM THE SHIELD-SITE TO A CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGED AIRSTRIP NOT TOO TERRIBLY FAR AWAY.
HERE, TRAINED TECHNICIANS WORK FEVERISHLY TO COMPLETE THE FINAL INSPECTION OF A STRANGE EBON AIRCRAFT SITTING ON THE FIELD.
6
SHNEL
BUT OUR CONCERN AT THE MOMENT IS THE OVERLOUD DISCUSSION RAGING WITHIN THIS MOLDERING LINE SHACK--
--A DISCUSSION THAT HAS JUST BLOSSOMED INTO A FULL-FLEDGED ARGUMENT!
BUT I INSIST, GENERAL! IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO FOR TALBOT...AND FOR BETTY!
THERE ISN'T A CHANCE, BANNER!
IF YOU'RE SO CONCERNED ABOUT BETTY, YOU'LL STAY HERE WITH HER!
SHE'LL NEED SOMEONE TO LEAN ON IF SOMETHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO GLENN AND ME!
THIS IS IMPORTANT TO ME, ROSS--AND THERE'S A LOT THAT I CAN OFFER IF...
I SAID NO, BANNER--AND I MEANT IT!
YOU ARE NOT COMING WITH US!
BAM!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I'M SORRY, BANNER--BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT HAS TO BE!
IS IT REALLY? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, GENERAL... WE'LL SEE!
QUARTERMAIN, HOW'S IT COMING?
A-OK, GENERAL. THE CHAMELEON-CRAFT IS READY WHEN WE ARE--
--AND WE'LL BE READY AS SOON AS WE GO OVER THE FLIGHT-PLAN ONE MORE TIME.

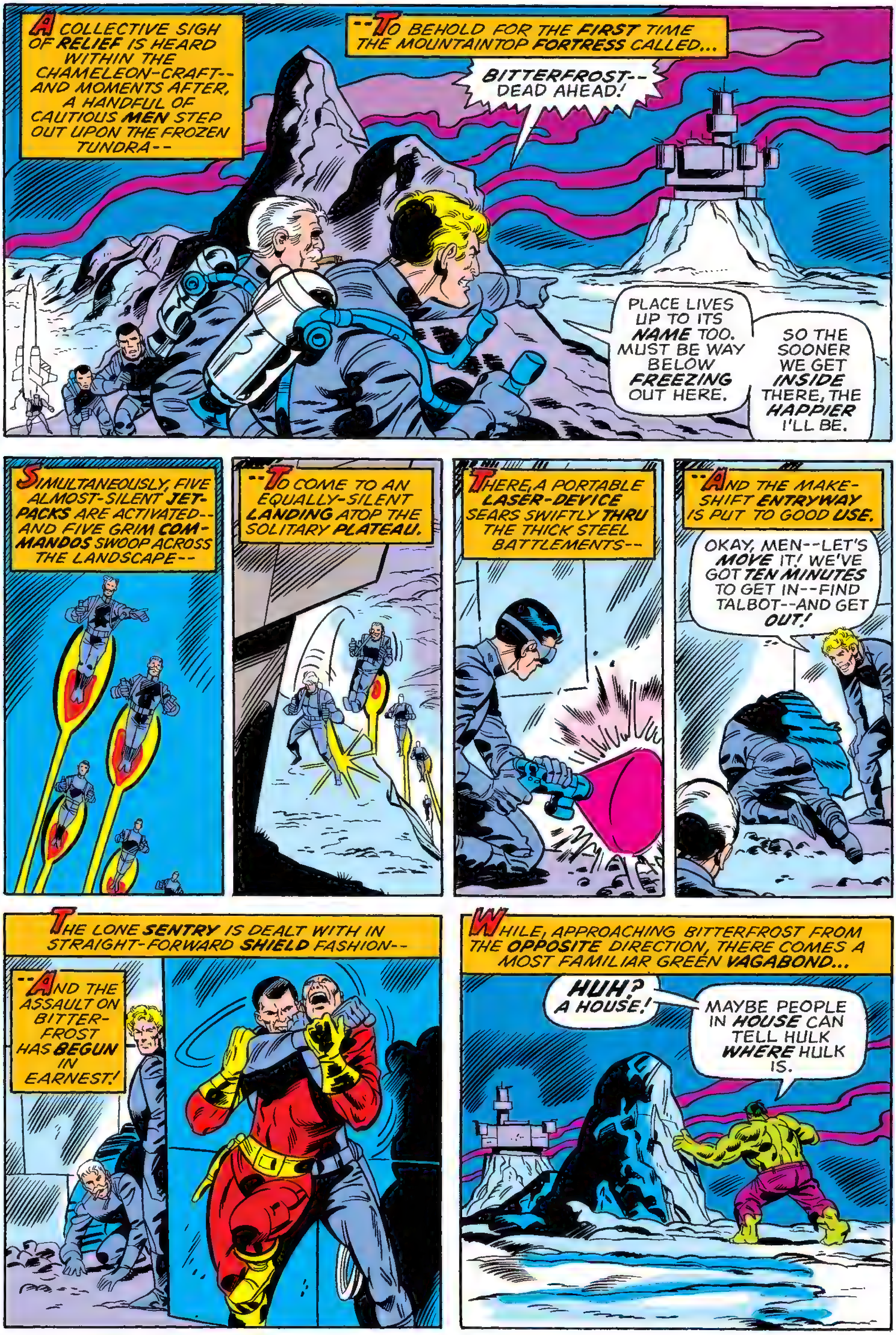

AND WHILE A HANDFUL OF DETERMINED MEN DELIBERATE THE STRAIGHTEST ROUTE TO THEIR OBJECTIVE--
--AN EQUALLY-DETERMINED INTERLOPER APPROACHES HIS OBJECTIVE BY A FAR MORE ROUNDABOUT ROUTE...
THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS--JUST KEEP YOUR NOSES BURIED IN THOSE MAPS FOR A FEW SECONDS MORE--
--AND GIVE A POOR NUCLEAR PHYSICIST A CHANCE TO DO WHAT HE HAS TO DO!
MAYBE ROSS HAS GOOD REASONS FOR NOT WANTING ME ALONG--BUT I HAVE BETTER REASONS FOR GOING!
SINCE THE DAY I FIRST MET BETTY, I'VE GIVEN HER NOTHING BUT GRIEF!
I CAN'T REALLY BLAME HER FOR FINALLY TRYING TO FIND HAPPINESS WITH SOMEBODY ELSE!
ALL I CAN DO TO REPAY HER FOR THE PAIN I'VE CAUSED IS TO HELP REUNITE HER WITH THE MAN SHE LOVES--
--EVEN THOUGH THAT MAN IS NOT ME!
STILL LOST IN SELF-ABASING REVERIE, BRUCE BANNER IS SLAMMED SAVAGELY AGAINST A BULKHEAD WHEN THE CHAMELEON-CRAFT STREAKS SKYWARD MINUTES LATER.
THE PAIN OF THE BLOW IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE PAIN HE FEELS INSIDE.

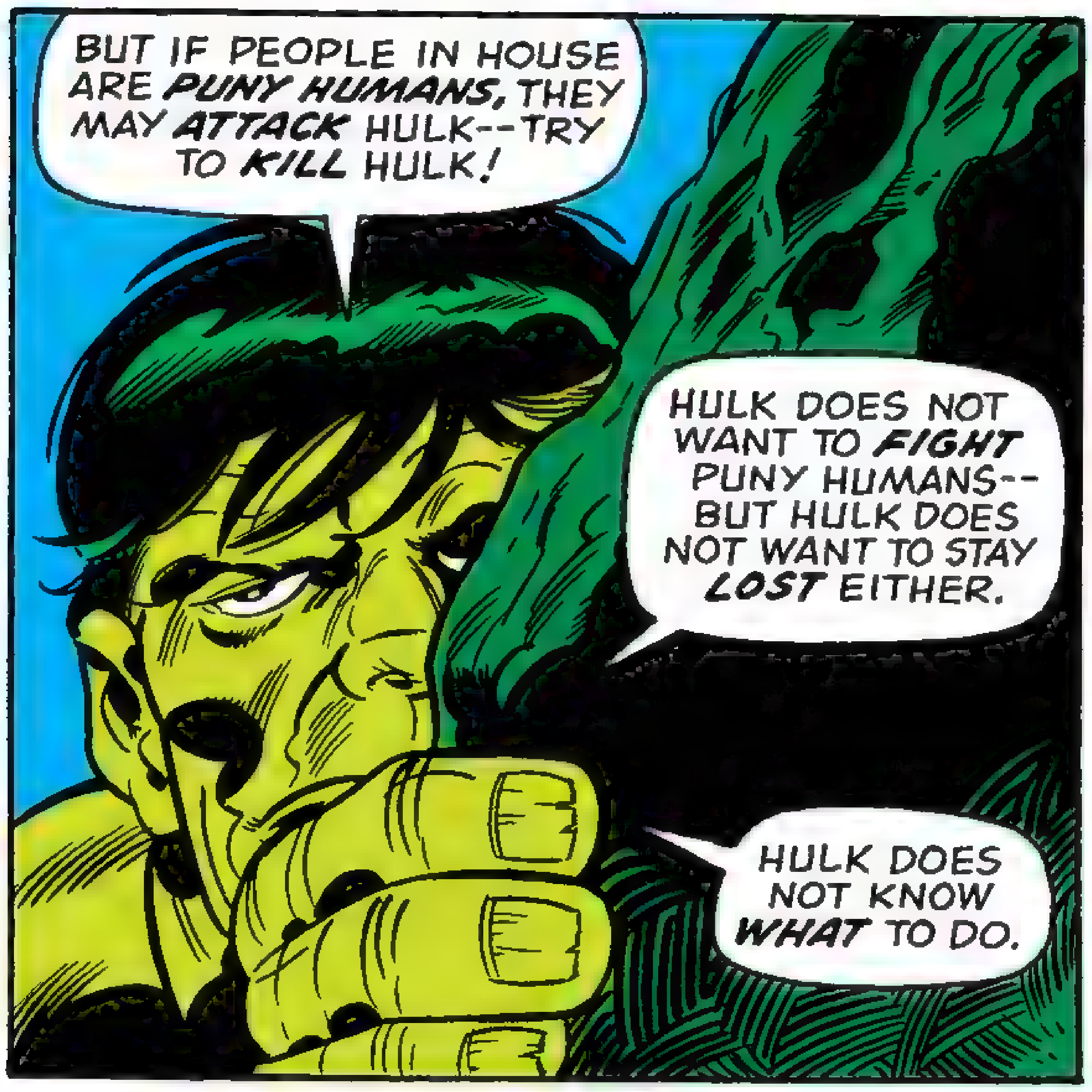

YOU'RE MIGHTY QUIET BACK THERE, GENERAL. ANYTHING I CAN HELP YOU WITH?
JUST THINKING, QUARTERMAIN-- REMEMBERING--
--AND THAT'S ONE PROBLEM I'LL JUST HAVE TO LIVE WITH!
GOOD, BAD OR INDIFFERENT, YOUR MEMORIES ARE ALL YOU REALLY HAVE... IN THE END.
89 MINUTES LATER, THE UNMARKED CHAMELEON-CRAFT CROSSES INTO SOVIET AIRSPACE.
THE POINT OF NO RETURN HAS BEEN PASSED WITHOUT REGRETS.
FOR A TIME, THE ONLY SOUND THAT CAN BE HEARD WITHIN THE AIRCRAFT IS IS CLAY QUARTERMAIN'S OFF-KEY HUMMING OF AN OLD COLE PORTER TUNE--
PILOT - CLAY Q.
ARMAMENTS - ROSS
REST AREA
NAVIGATION
RADIO
BANNER
NOTE: BETTER KEEP THIS CLASSY CROSS-SECTION DIAGRAM HANDY FOR FUTURE REFERENCE, MARVELITE--THERE MAY BE A TEST LATER ON. --L.
--THEN SUDDENLY, CLAY'S MELANCHOLY MELODY IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED BY A PERSISTANT PLAINTIVE PULSING--AND THE STENTORIAN TONES OF GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS!
GOT SOMETHING ON THE RADAR, QUARTERMAIN--TWO BOGEYS AT FIVE O'CLOCK--!
I'LL PATCH INTO LASER-SENSOR SCAN AND SEE IF I CAN GET A "MAKE" ON THEM!
"JUST WHAT I FIGURED! YOU'D BETTER GET THIS CRATE IN GEAR, QUARTERMAIN!
"WE'VE GOT TWO ROBOT INTERCEPTORS ON OUR TAIL--AND THEY'RE CLOSING IN FAST!"

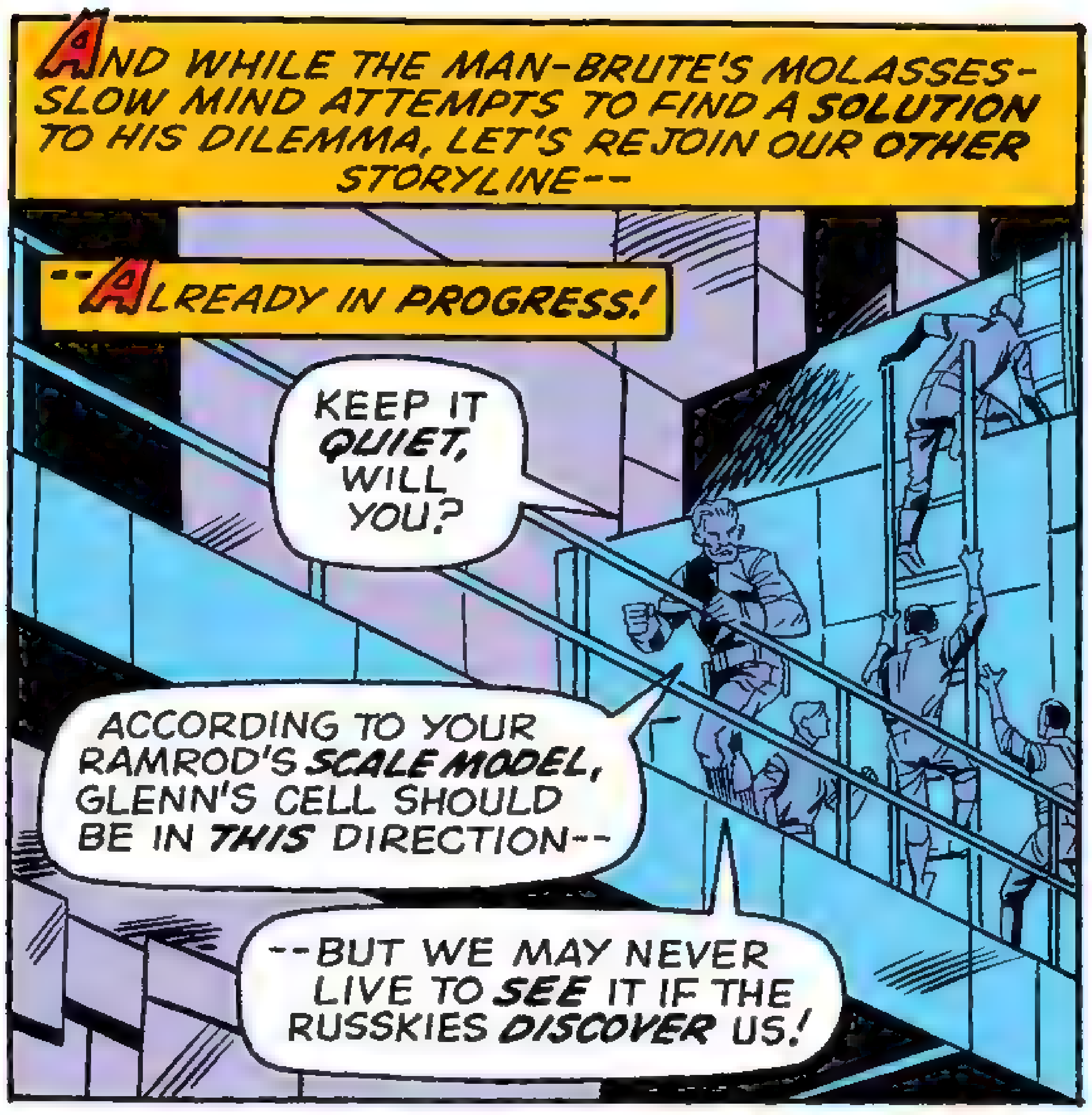

SO--THE UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT ATTEMPTS TO TAKE EVASIVE ACTION MORE QUICKLY THAN EXPECTED! A VALIANT ATTEMPT, INDEED--BUT SUCH A DREADFUL WASTE OF EFFORT!
SUCH TACTICS ONLY PROVIDE MORE OPPORTUNITY FOR MY INTERCEPTOR-DRONES TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR MANY SKILLS!
SO GO AHEAD, MY MYSTERIOUS BIRD--BE AS EVASIVE AS YOU PLEASE. IT WILL BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO DO SO!
YOUR COAL-BLACK WINGS ARE ABOUT TO BE CLIPPED--
--BY THE OMNIPRESENT HAND OF--
THE GREMLIN!
IT'S NO GOOD! CAN'T OUTMANEUVER THOSE BABIES WITH THE LOAD WE'RE CARRYING--
--AND THEY'RE FINDING OUR RANGE!
GOTTA LIGHTEN THE SHIP--GET RID OF SOME EXCESS WEIGHT--
"--AND SINCE WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO DRAW STRAWS TO SEE WHO'LL JUMP--
"--GUESS I'LL HAVE TO EJECT THE EXTRA WEAPONS POD INSTEAD!"
A SMARTER MOVE THAN YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE, CLAY QUARTERMAIN--FOR IN ELIMINATING THE CUMBERSOME WEIGHT OF THE WEAPONS POD--
LORD--NO!
--YOU HAVE ALSO ELIMINATED 146 POUNDS OF PANIC-STRICKEN STOWAWAY!

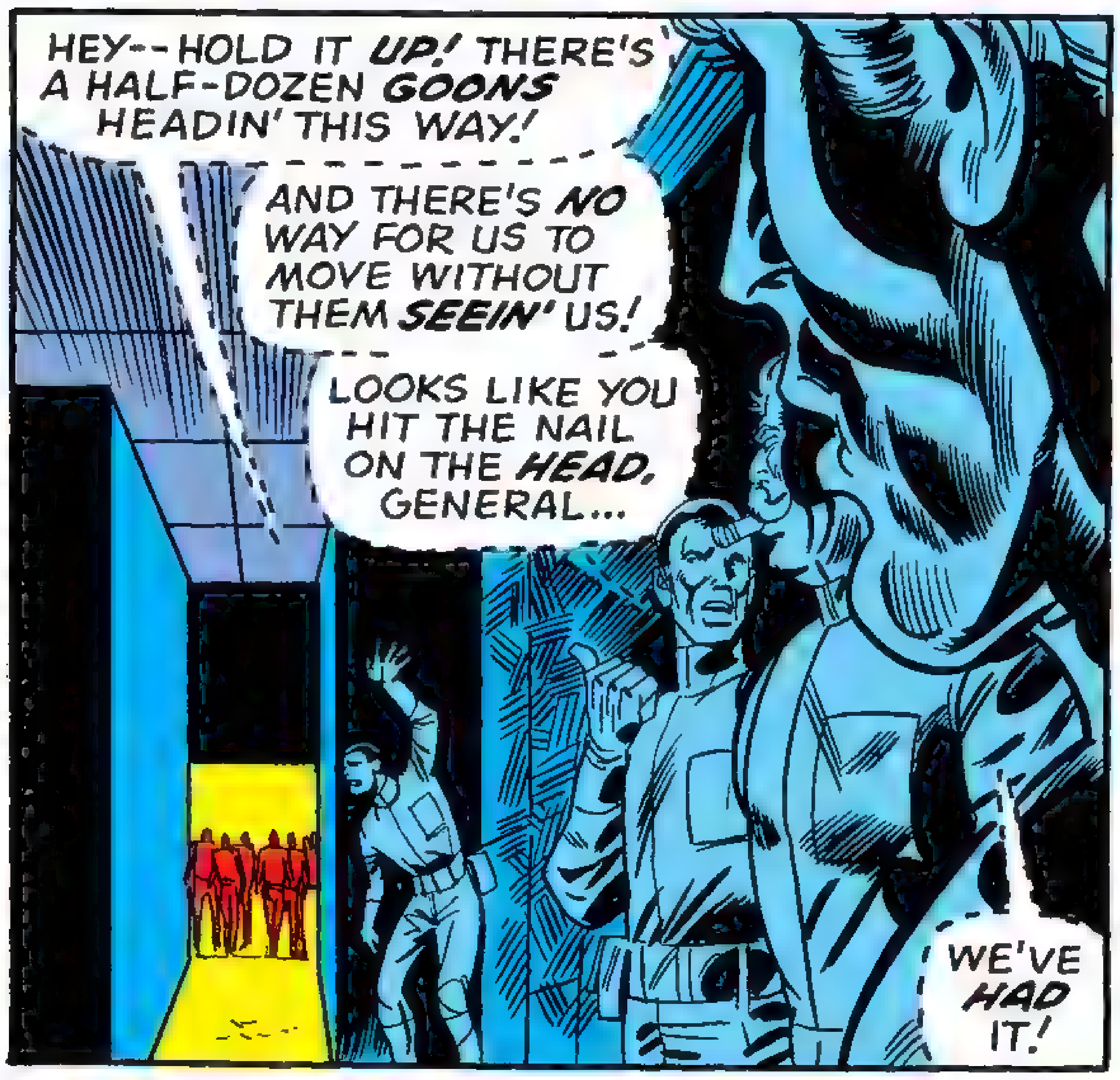

FREED OF ITS EXCESS BURDEN, THE CHAMELEON-CRAFT ABRUPTLY VEERS OFF ITS COURSE--
--SOARING WILDLY AWAY FROM ITS MECHANIZED PURSUERS--
--WHILE THE WEAPONS POD PLUNGES VICIOUSLY TOWARD EARTH!
WITHIN THE POD, ROBERT BRUCE BANNER'S OWN PROPHETIC WORDS ECHO THRU HIS FEVERED MIND...
"SOME TIME, SOME HOW--
"--SOMETHING WILL START MY PULSE RACING AGAIN--
"--THEN IT'S BACK TO THE LIME-GREEN COMPLEXION--
"--AND THE SNAPPY ONE-SYLLABLE VOCABULARY!"
KRROOOM!
SAVAGELY, THE INCREDIBLE ONE SHATTERS THE PLUMMETING COFFIN...
WHO PUT HULK IN METAL BOX? TELL HULK OR HULK WILL--
SMAAAASH
...WHICH REALLY DOES NOT CHANGE HIS PREDICAMENT IN THE LEAST!
BUT LEGS CAPABLE OF PROPELLING THE EMERALD MAN-BRUTE FOR MILES AT A BOUND ARE MORE THAN CAPABLE OF ABSORBING THE AWESOME IMPACT OF HIS LANDING.
HE SINKS UP TO HIS KNEES IN THE HARSH TUNDRA EARTH--BUT HE SURVIVES!
THOOM!

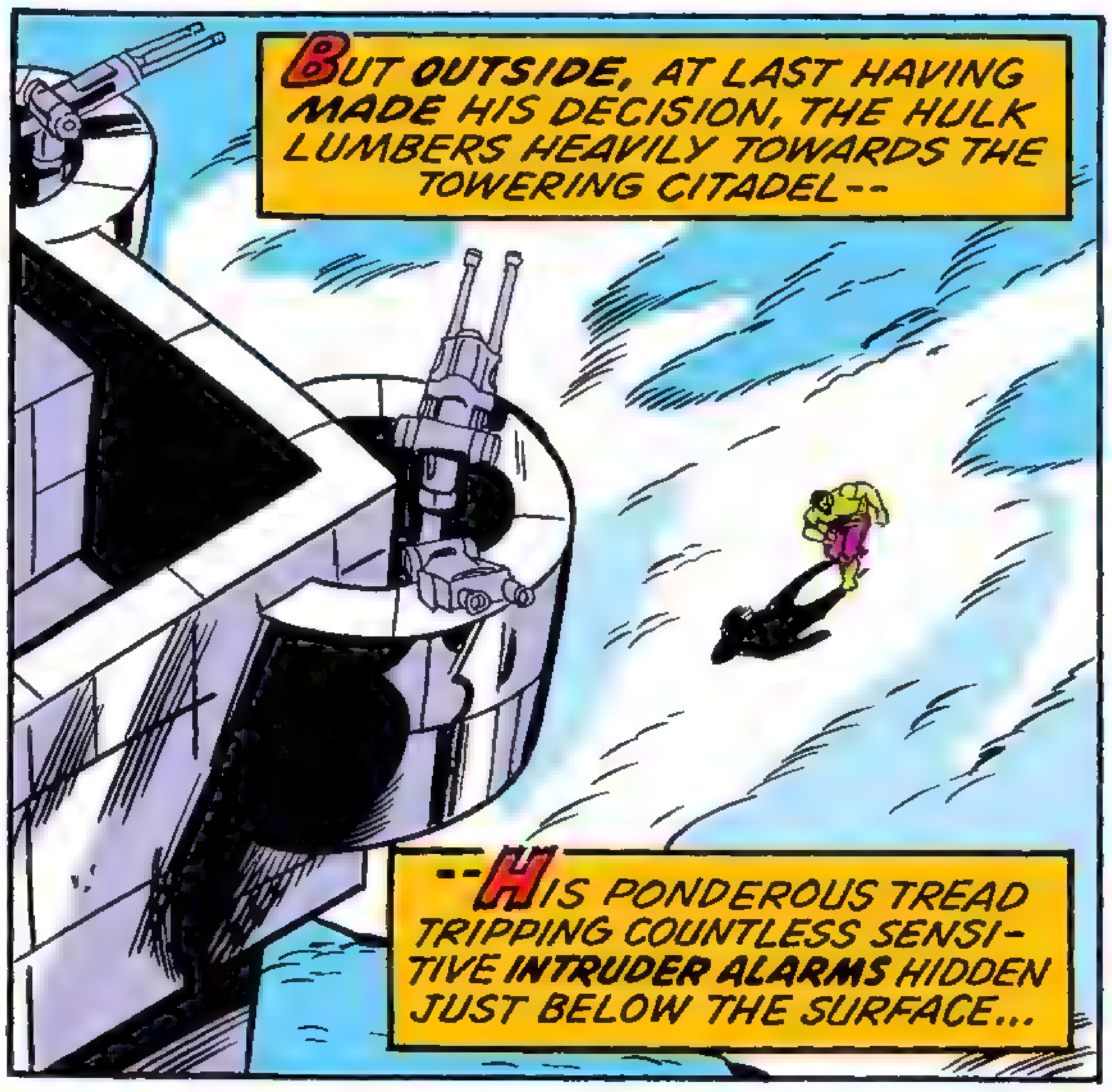

WHICH IS MORE THAN MAY BE SAID OF HIS ERSTWHILE ASSOCIATES IN THE CHAMELEON-CRAFT... UNLESS...
(THERE'S ALMOST ALWAYS AN "UNLESS".)
I'VE CHECKED AND RE-CHECKED, SKIPPER...
WE'RE DEFINITELY BEING MONITORED FROM SOMEWHERE!
"THEN WE'D BETTER DO ONE HECK OF AN ACTING JOB," SAYS CLAY QUARTERMAIN AS HE THROWS THE JET INTO A SCREAMING POWER DIVE--
"--OR THEY'LL BE PRESENTING OUR ACADEMY AWARDS POSTHUMOUSLY!"
SPLENDID! MY DRONES HAVE MORTALLY WOUNDED THE BIRD--
--BUT THE JOB IS NOT COMPLETE UNTIL... EH?
CURSES! SOMETHING IS DISRUPTING DRONE-TWO'S VIDEO-TRANSMISSION!
"AND NOW ALL SYSTEMS ARE DEAD! THAT CURSED AIRCRAFT TOOK BOTH DRONES WITH IT WHEN IT CRASHED!"
GREAT WORK, SKIPPER! THAT'S TWO DOWN--AND NONE TO GO!
I HOPE.
FOUR MINUTES LATER, THE CHAMELEON-CRAFT NOSES UP, THEN SETTLES GROUNDWARD--
--ITS OUTER SKIN SLOWLY, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY, CHANGING--
--UNTIL ITS SNOW-WHITE COLOR PERFECTLY MATCHES THE TERRAIN.

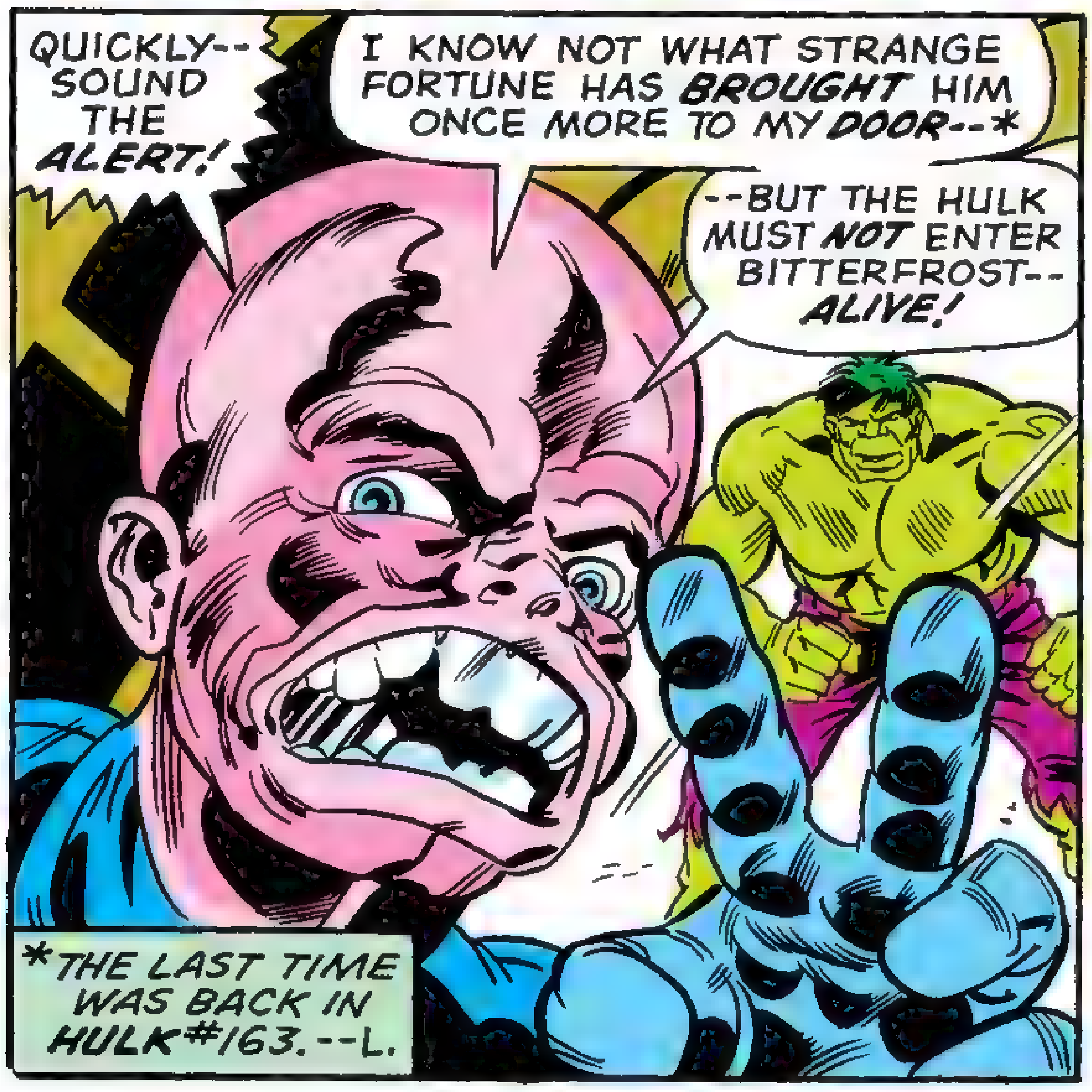

A COLLECTIVE SIGH OF RELIEF IS HEARD WITHIN THE CHAMELEON-CRAFT--AND MOMENTS AFTER, A HANDFUL OF CAUTIOUS MEN STEP OUT UPON THE FROZEN TUNDRA--
--TO BEHOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME THE MOUNTAINTOP FORTRESS CALLED...
BITTERFROST--DEAD AHEAD!
PLACE LIVES UP TO ITS NAME TOO. MUST BE WAY BELOW FREEZING OUT HERE.
SO THE SOONER WE GET INSIDE THERE, THE HAPPIER I'LL BE.
SIMULTANEOUSLY, FIVE ALMOST-SILENT JET-PACKS ARE ACTIVATED--AND FIVE GRIM COMMANDOS SWOOP ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE--
--TO COME TO AN EQUALLY-SILENT LANDING ATOP THE SOLITARY PLATEAU.
THERE, A PORTABLE LASER-DEVICE SEARS SWIFTLY THRU THE THICK STEEL BATTLEMENTS--
--AND THE MAKE-SHIFT ENTRYWAY IS PUT TO GOOD USE.
OKAY, MEN--LET'S MOVE IT! WE'VE GOT TEN MINUTES TO GET IN--FIND TALBOT--AND GET OUT!
THE LONE SENTRY IS DEALT WITH IN STRAIGHT-FORWARD SHIELD FASHION--
--AND THE ASSAULT ON BITTERFROST HAS BEGUN IN EARNEST!
WHILE, APPROACHING BITTERFROST FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, THERE COMES A MOST FAMILIAR GREEN VAGABOND...
HUH? A HOUSE!
MAYBE PEOPLE IN HOUSE CAN TELL HULK WHERE HULK IS.

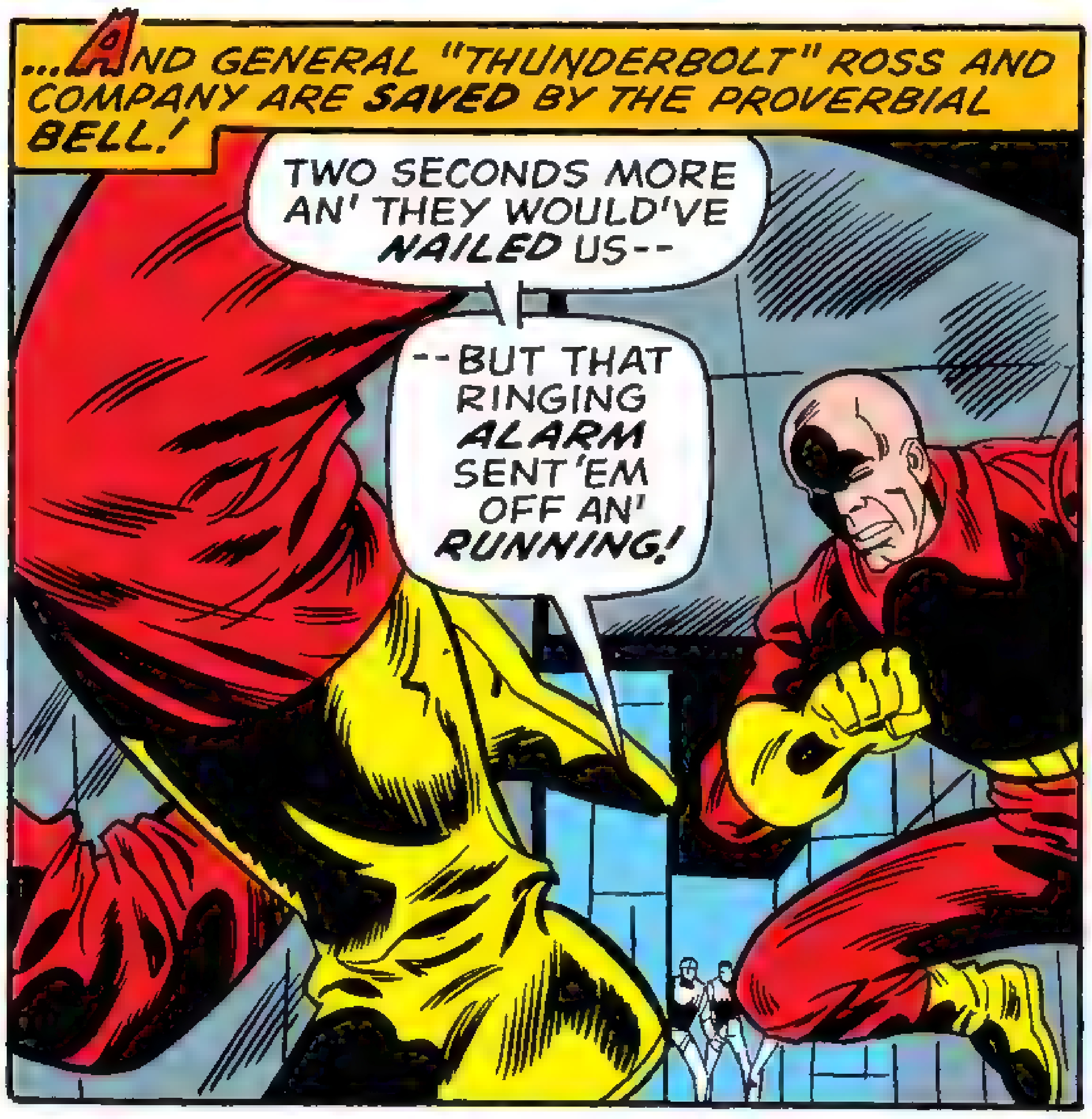

BUT IF PEOPLE IN HOUSE ARE PUNY HUMANS, THEY MAY ATTACK HULK--TRY TO KILL HULK!
HULK DOES NOT WANT TO FIGHT PUNY HUMANS--BUT HULK DOES NOT WANT TO STAY LOST EITHER.
HULK DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO.

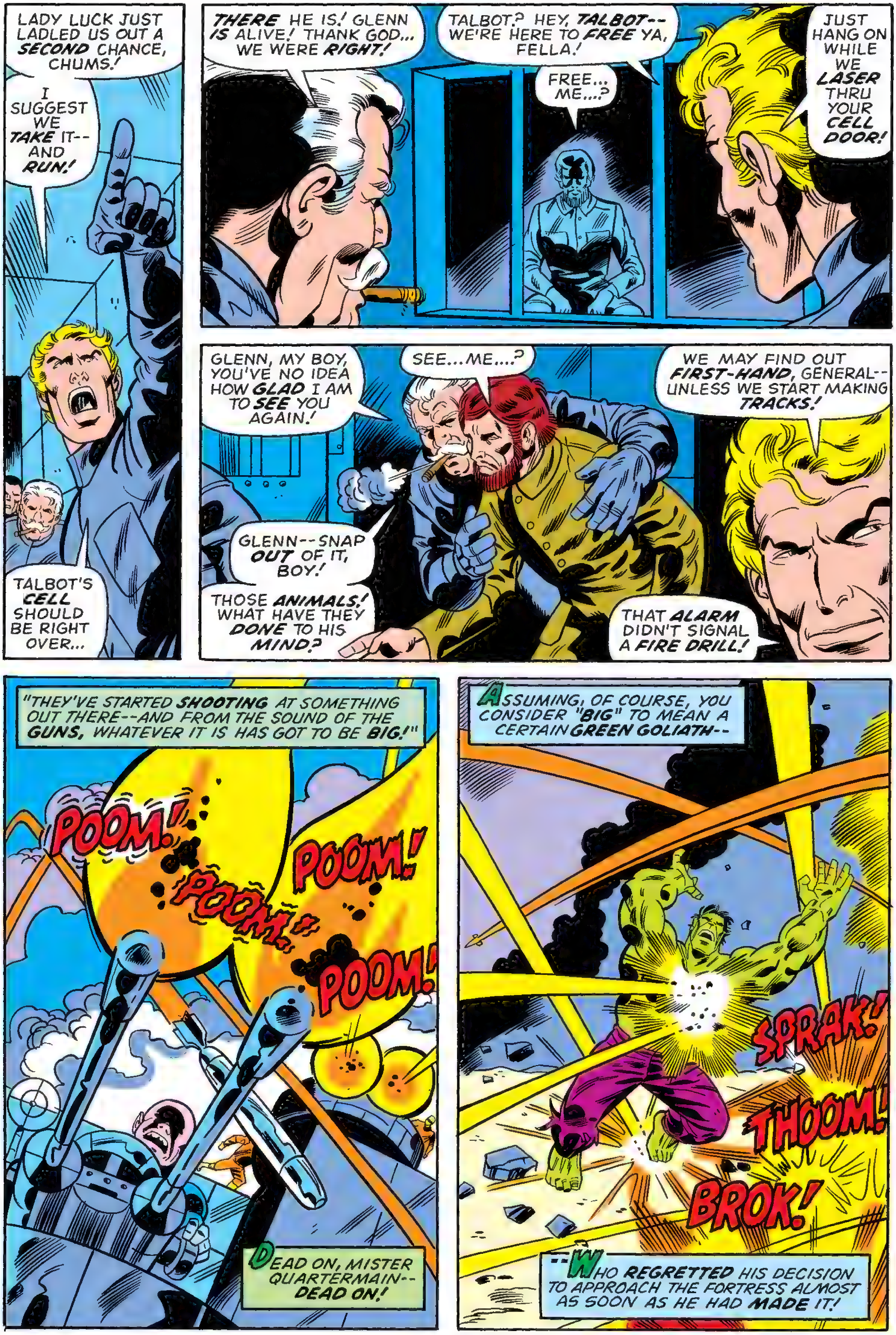

AND WHILE THE MAN-BRUTE'S MOLASSES-SLOW MIND ATTEMPTS TO FIND A SOLUTION TO HIS DILEMMA, LET'S REJOIN OUR OTHER STORYLINE--
--ALREADY IN PROGRESS!
KEEP IT QUIET, WILL YOU?
ACCORDING TO YOUR RAMROD'S SCALE MODEL, GLENN'S CELL SHOULD BE IN THIS DIRECTION--
--BUT WE MAY NEVER LIVE TO SEE IT IF THE RUSSKIES DISCOVER US!

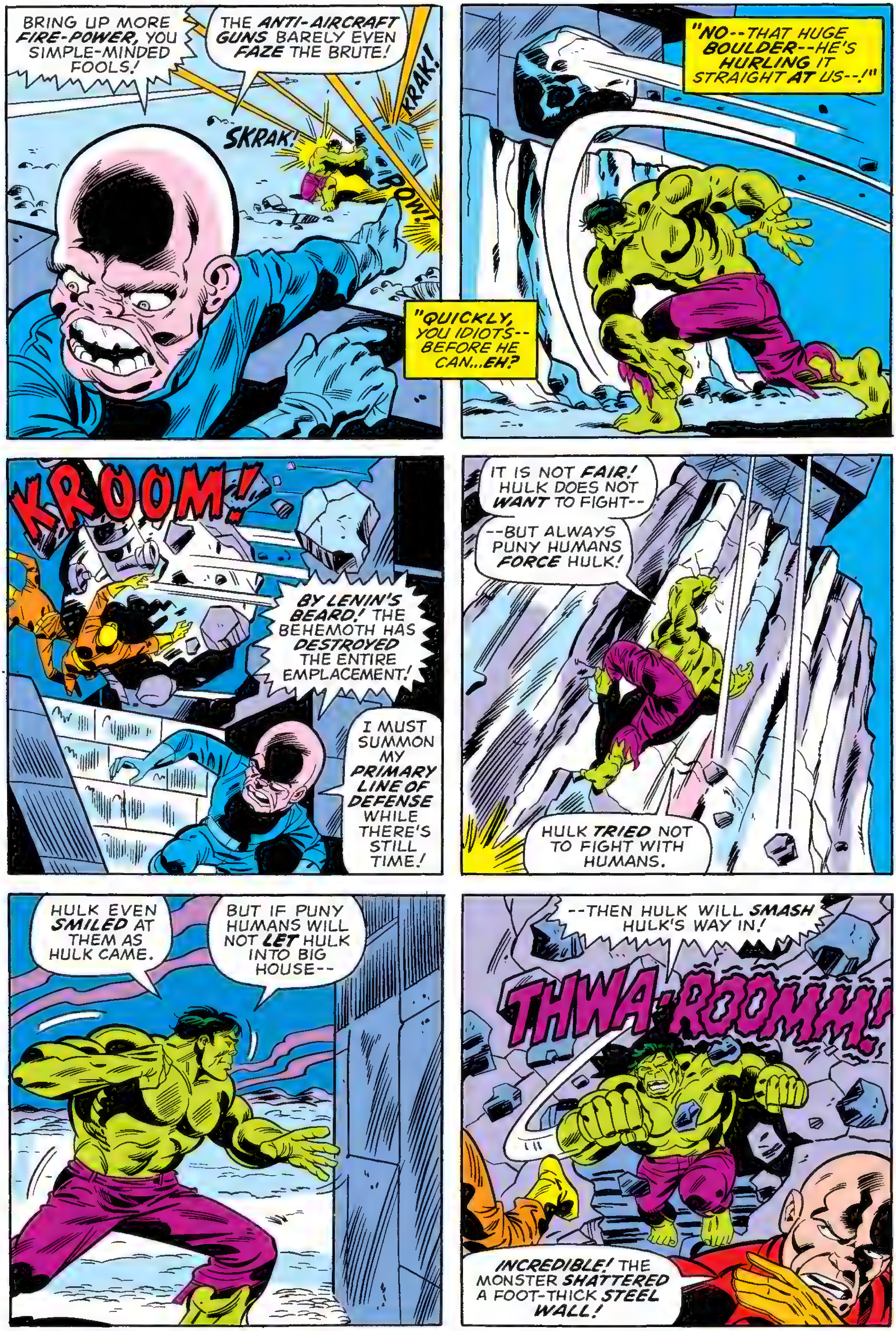

HEY--HOLD IT UP! THERE'S A HALF-DOZEN GOONS HEADIN' THIS WAY!
AND THERE'S NO WAY FOR US TO MOVE WITHOUT THEM SEEIN' US!
LOOKS LIKE YOU HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD, GENERAL...
WE'VE HAD IT!

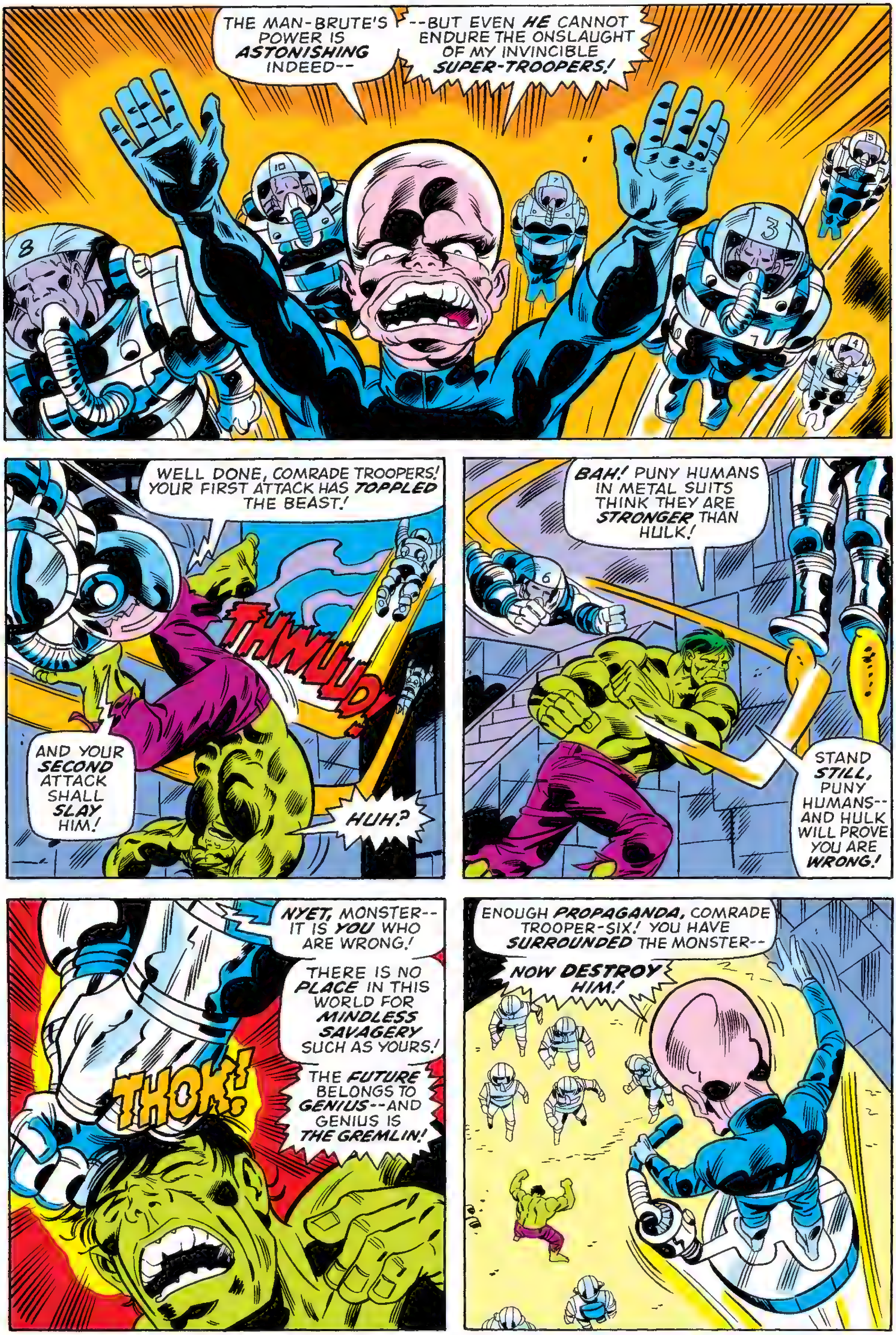

BUT OUTSIDE, AT LAST HAVING MADE HIS DECISION, THE HULK LUMBERS HEAVILY TOWARDS THE TOWERING CITADEL--
--HIS PONDEROUS TREAD TRIPPING COUNTLESS SENSITIVE INTRUDER ALARMS HIDDEN JUST BELOW THE SURFACE...

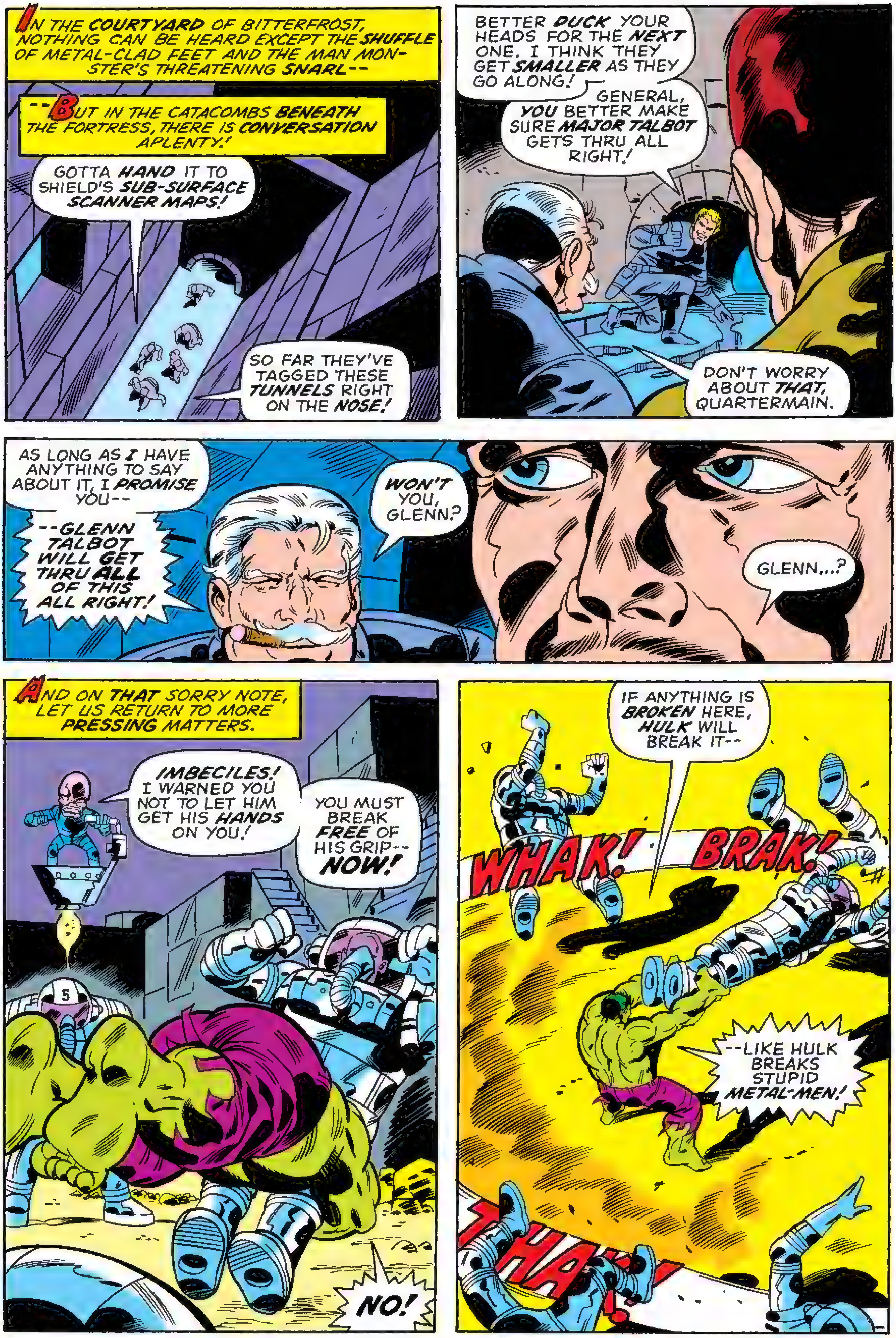

QUICKLY--SOUND THE ALERT!
I KNOW NOT WHAT STRANGE FORTUNE HAS BROUGHT HIM ONCE MORE TO MY DOOR--*
--BUT THE HULK MUST NOT ENTER BITTERFROST--ALIVE!
*THE LAST TIME WAS BACK IN HULK #163.--L.

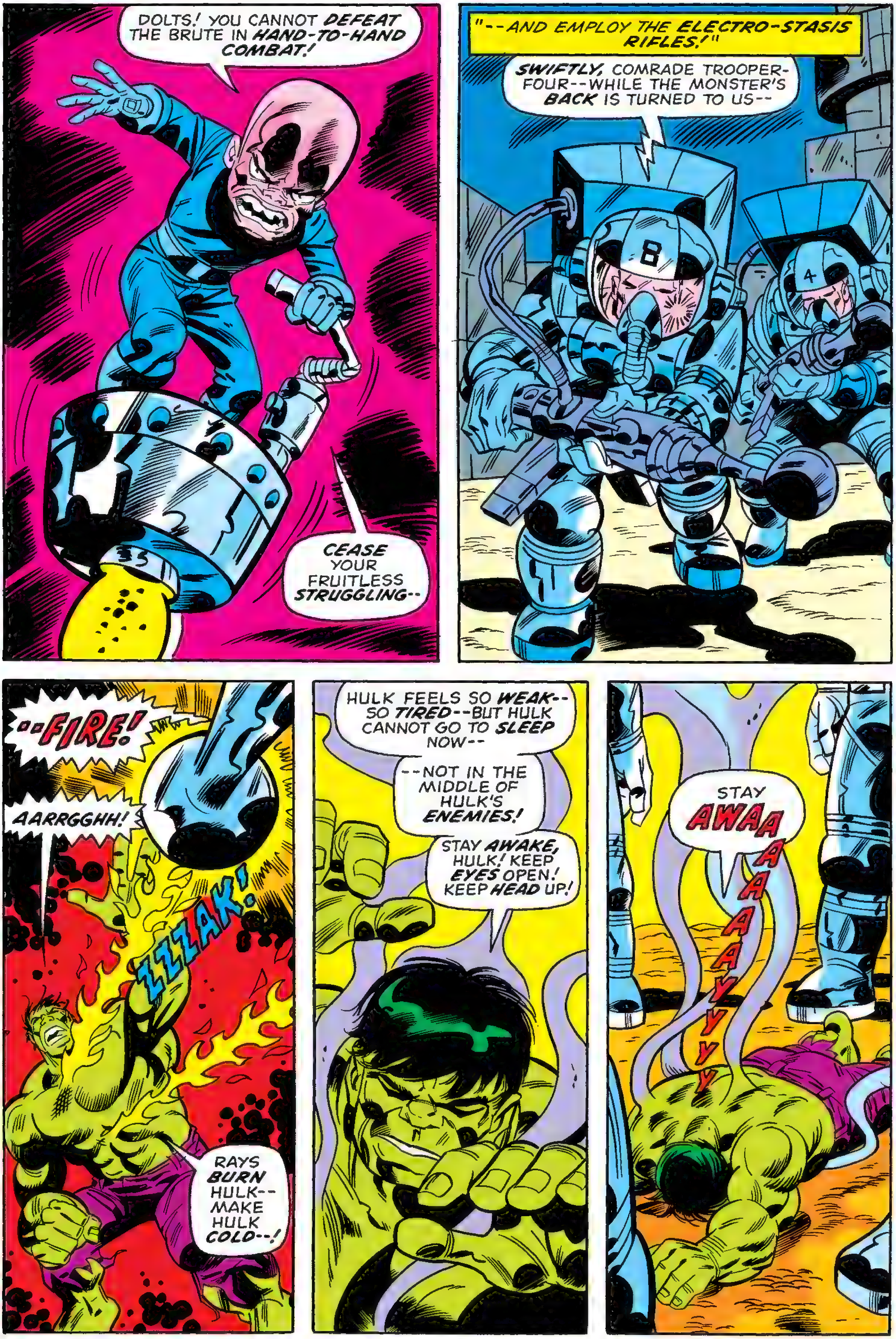

...AND GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS AND COMPANY ARE SAVED BY THE PROVERBIAL BELL!
TWO SECONDS MORE AN' THEY WOULD'VE NAILED US--
--BUT THAT RINGING ALARM SENT 'EM OFF AN' RUNNING!

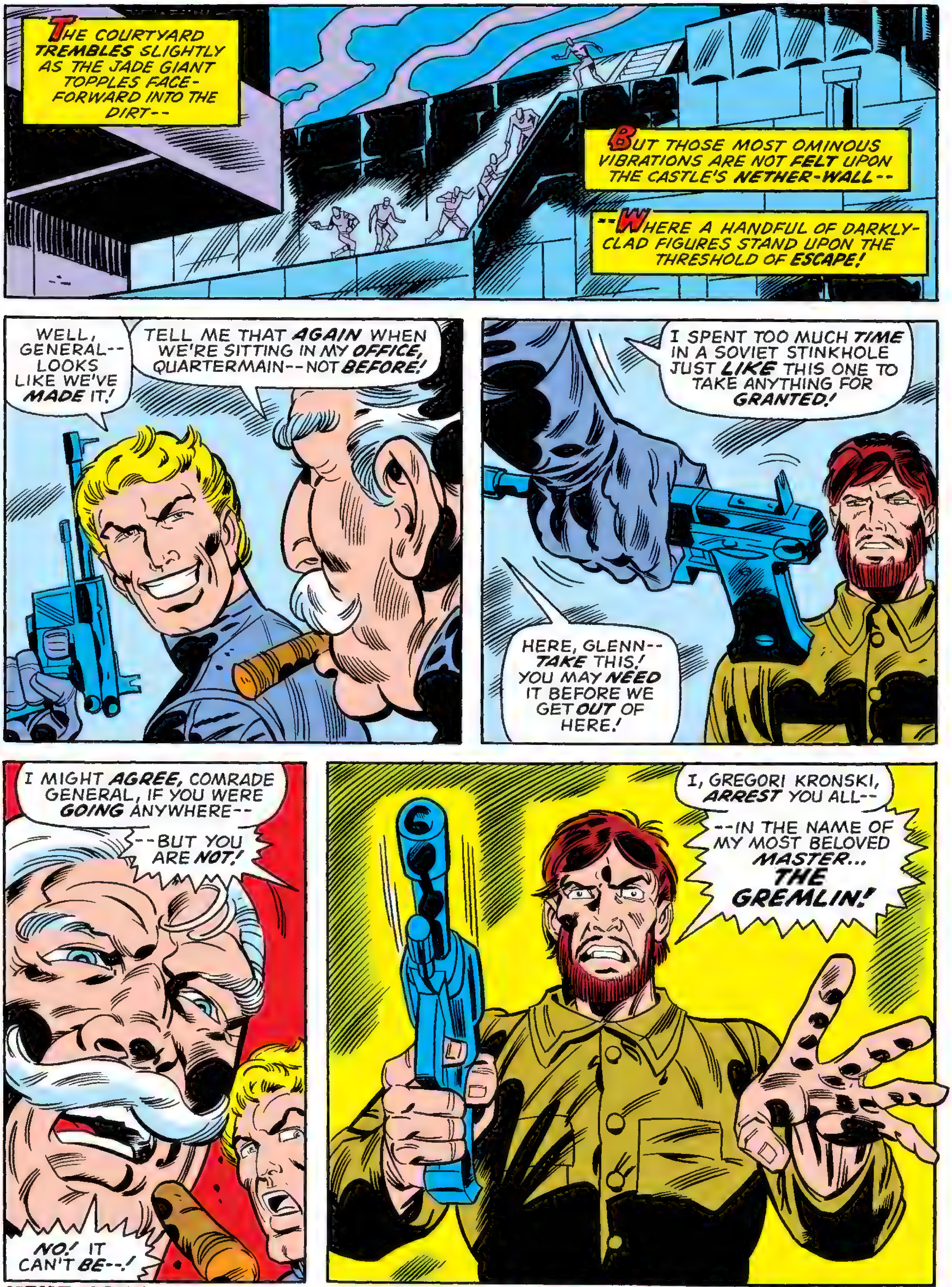

LADY LUCK JUST LADLED US OUT A **SECOND** CHANCE, CHUMS!
I SUGGEST WE **TAKE** IT--AND **RUN!**
TALBOT'S **CELL** SHOULD BE RIGHT OVER...
THERE HE IS! GLENN **IS** ALIVE! THANK GOD... WE WERE **RIGHT!**
TALBOT? HEY, **TALBOT**--WE'RE HERE TO **FREE** YA, FELLA!
FREE... ME...?
JUST HANG ON WHILE WE **LASER** THRU YOUR **CELL DOOR!**
GLENN, MY BOY, YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW **GLAD** I AM TO **SEE** YOU AGAIN!
SEE...ME...?
GLENN--SNAP **OUT** OF IT, BOY!
THOSE **ANIMALS!** WHAT HAVE THEY **DONE** TO HIS **MIND?**
WE MAY FIND OUT **FIRST-HAND**, GENERAL--UNLESS WE START MAKING **TRACKS!**
THAT **ALARM** DIDN'T SIGNAL A **FIRE DRILL!**
"THEY'VE STARTED **SHOOTING** AT SOMETHING OUT THERE--AND FROM THE SOUND OF THE **GUNS**, WHATEVER IT IS HAS GOT TO BE **BIG!**"
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
DEAD ON, MISTER QUARTERMAIN--**DEAD ON!**
ASSUMING, OF COURSE, YOU CONSIDER **"BIG"** TO MEAN A CERTAIN **GREEN GOLIATH**--
SPRAK!
THOOM!
BROK!
--WHO **REGRETTED** HIS DECISION TO APPROACH THE FORTRESS ALMOST AS SOON AS HE HAD **MADE** IT!


BRING UP MORE **FIRE-POWER,** YOU SIMPLE-MINDED FOOLS!
THE **ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS** BARELY EVEN **FAZE** THE BRUTE!
SKRAK!
KRAK!
POW!
"QUICKLY, YOU IDIOTS--BEFORE HE CAN...**EH?**
"**NO**--THAT HUGE **BOULDER**--HE'S **HURLING** IT STRAIGHT **AT** US--!"
KROOM!
BY LENIN'S BEARD! THE BEHEMOTH HAS **DESTROYED** THE ENTIRE EMPLACEMENT!
I MUST SUMMON MY **PRIMARY LINE OF DEFENSE** WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!
IT IS NOT **FAIR!** HULK DOES NOT **WANT** TO FIGHT--
--BUT ALWAYS PUNY HUMANS **FORCE** HULK!
HULK **TRIED** NOT TO FIGHT WITH HUMANS.
HULK EVEN **SMILED** AT THEM AS HULK CAME.
BUT IF PUNY HUMANS WILL NOT **LET** HULK INTO BIG HOUSE--
--THEN HULK WILL **SMASH** HULK'S WAY IN!
THWA-ROOMM!
INCREDIBLE! THE MONSTER **SHATTERED** A FOOT-THICK **STEEL WALL!**


THE MAN-BRUTE'S POWER IS **ASTONISHING** INDEED--
--BUT EVEN **HE** CANNOT ENDURE THE ONSLAUGHT OF MY INVINCIBLE **SUPER-TROOPERS!**
8
10
7
5
3
4
WELL DONE, COMRADE TROOPERS! YOUR FIRST ATTACK HAS **TOPPLED** THE BEAST!
THWUD!
AND YOUR **SECOND** ATTACK SHALL **SLAY** HIM!
HUH?
BAH! PUNY HUMANS IN METAL SUITS THINK THEY ARE **STRONGER** THAN HULK!
6
STAND **STILL,** PUNY HUMANS-- AND HULK WILL PROVE YOU ARE **WRONG!**
NYET, MONSTER-- IT IS **YOU** WHO ARE WRONG!
THERE IS NO **PLACE** IN THIS WORLD FOR **MINDLESS SAVAGERY** SUCH AS YOURS!
THE **FUTURE** BELONGS TO **GENIUS**--AND GENIUS IS **THE GREMLIN!**
THOK!
ENOUGH **PROPAGANDA,** COMRADE TROOPER-SIX! YOU HAVE **SURROUNDED** THE MONSTER--
NOW DESTROY HIM!


IN THE COURTYARD OF BITTERFROST, NOTHING CAN BE HEARD EXCEPT THE SHUFFLE OF METAL-CLAD FEET AND THE MAN MONSTER'S THREATENING SNARL--
--BUT IN THE CATACOMBS BENEATH THE FORTRESS, THERE IS CONVERSATION APLENTY!
GOTTA HAND IT TO SHIELD'S SUB-SURFACE SCANNER MAPS!
SO FAR THEY'VE TAGGED THESE TUNNELS RIGHT ON THE NOSE!
BETTER DUCK YOUR HEADS FOR THE NEXT ONE. I THINK THEY GET SMALLER AS THEY GO ALONG!
GENERAL, YOU BETTER MAKE SURE MAJOR TALBOT GETS THRU ALL RIGHT!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, QUARTERMAIN.
AS LONG AS I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT, I PROMISE YOU--
--GLENN TALBOT WILL GET THRU ALL OF THIS ALL RIGHT!
WON'T YOU, GLENN?
GLENN...?
AND ON THAT SORRY NOTE, LET US RETURN TO MORE PRESSING MATTERS.
IMBECILES! I WARNED YOU NOT TO LET HIM GET HIS HANDS ON YOU!
YOU MUST BREAK FREE OF HIS GRIP-- NOW!
5
NO!
IF ANYTHING IS BROKEN HERE, HULK WILL BREAK IT--
WHAK!
BRAK!
--LIKE HULK BREAKS STUPID METAL-MEN!
THHAK!

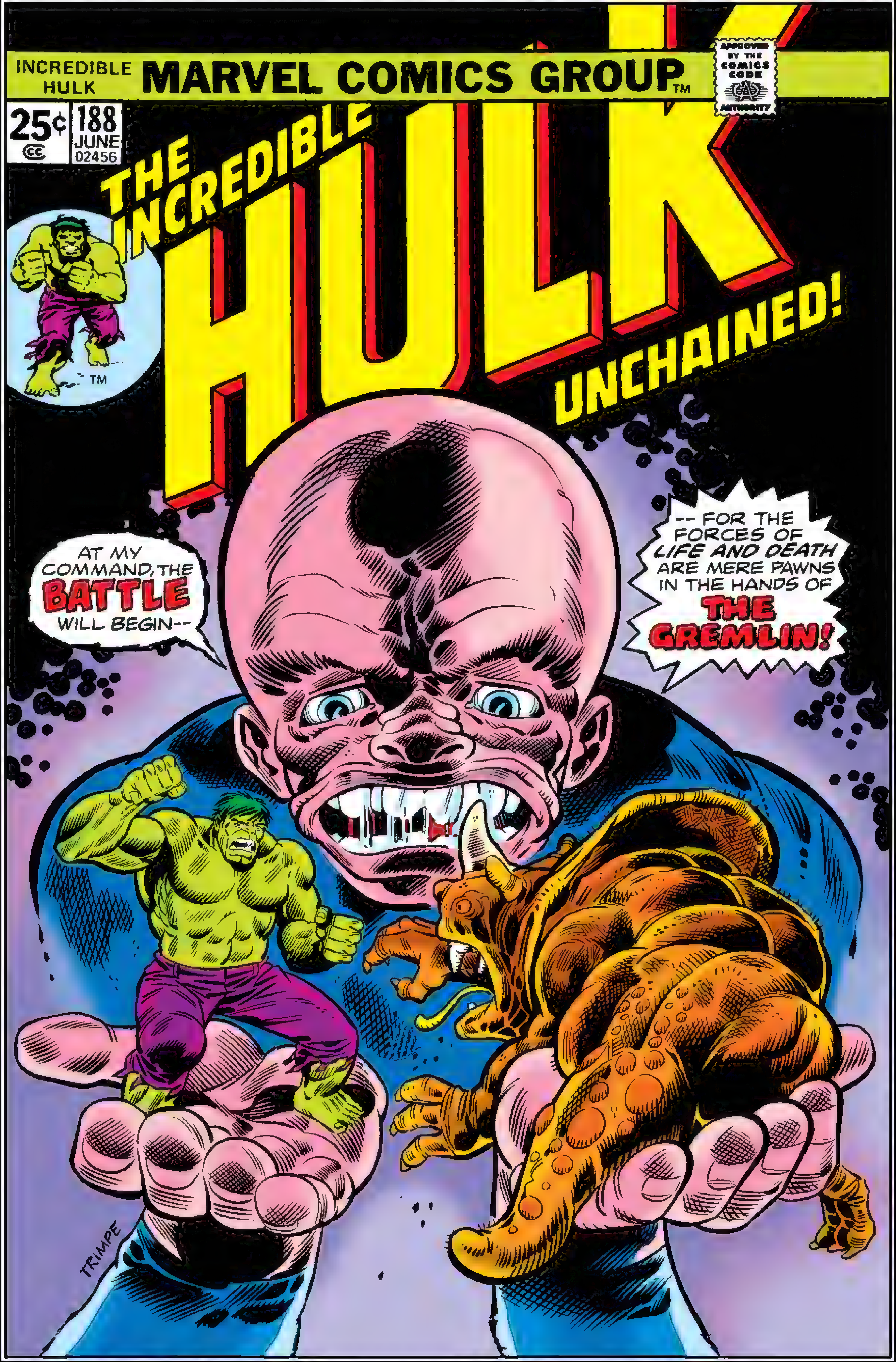

DOLTS! YOU CANNOT DEFEAT THE BRUTE IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!
CEASE YOUR FRUITLESS STRUGGLING--
"--AND EMPLOY THE ELECTRO-STASIS RIFLES!"
SWIFTLY, COMRADE TROOPER-FOUR--WHILE THE MONSTER'S BACK IS TURNED TO US--
8
4
--FIRE!
AARRGGHH!
ZZZAK!
RAYS BURN HULK--MAKE HULK COLD--!
HULK FEELS SO WEAK--SO TIRED--BUT HULK CANNOT GO TO SLEEP NOW--
--NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF HULK'S ENEMIES!
STAY AWAKE, HULK! KEEP EYES OPEN! KEEP HEAD UP!
STAY AWAAAAAAAAYYYY


THE COURTYARD TREMBLES SLIGHTLY AS THE JADE GIANT TOPPLES FACE-FORWARD INTO THE DIRT--
BUT THOSE MOST OMINOUS VIBRATIONS ARE NOT FELT UPON THE CASTLE'S NETHER-WALL--
--WHERE A HANDFUL OF DARKLY-CLAD FIGURES STAND UPON THE THRESHOLD OF ESCAPE!
WELL, GENERAL--LOOKS LIKE WE'VE MADE IT!
TELL ME THAT AGAIN WHEN WE'RE SITTING IN MY OFFICE, QUARTERMAIN--NOT BEFORE!
I SPENT TOO MUCH TIME IN A SOVIET STINKHOLE JUST LIKE THIS ONE TO TAKE ANYTHING FOR GRANTED!
HERE, GLENN--TAKE THIS! YOU MAY NEED IT BEFORE WE GET OUT OF HERE!
I MIGHT AGREE, COMRADE GENERAL, IF YOU WERE GOING ANYWHERE--
--BUT YOU ARE NOT!
NO! IT CAN'T BE--!
I, GREGORI KRONSKI, ARREST YOU ALL--
--IN THE NAME OF MY MOST BELOVED MASTER... THE GREMLIN!

NEXT ISSUE: IF YOU THINK WE TOSSED A FEW *CURVES* AT YOU *THIS* TIME, JUST WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT WE HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU AT OUR *NEXT* LITTLE GO-ROUND! THE STORY'S CALLED...

MIND OVER MAYHEM!

YOU'LL *HATE* YOURSELF IF YOU *MISS* IT!

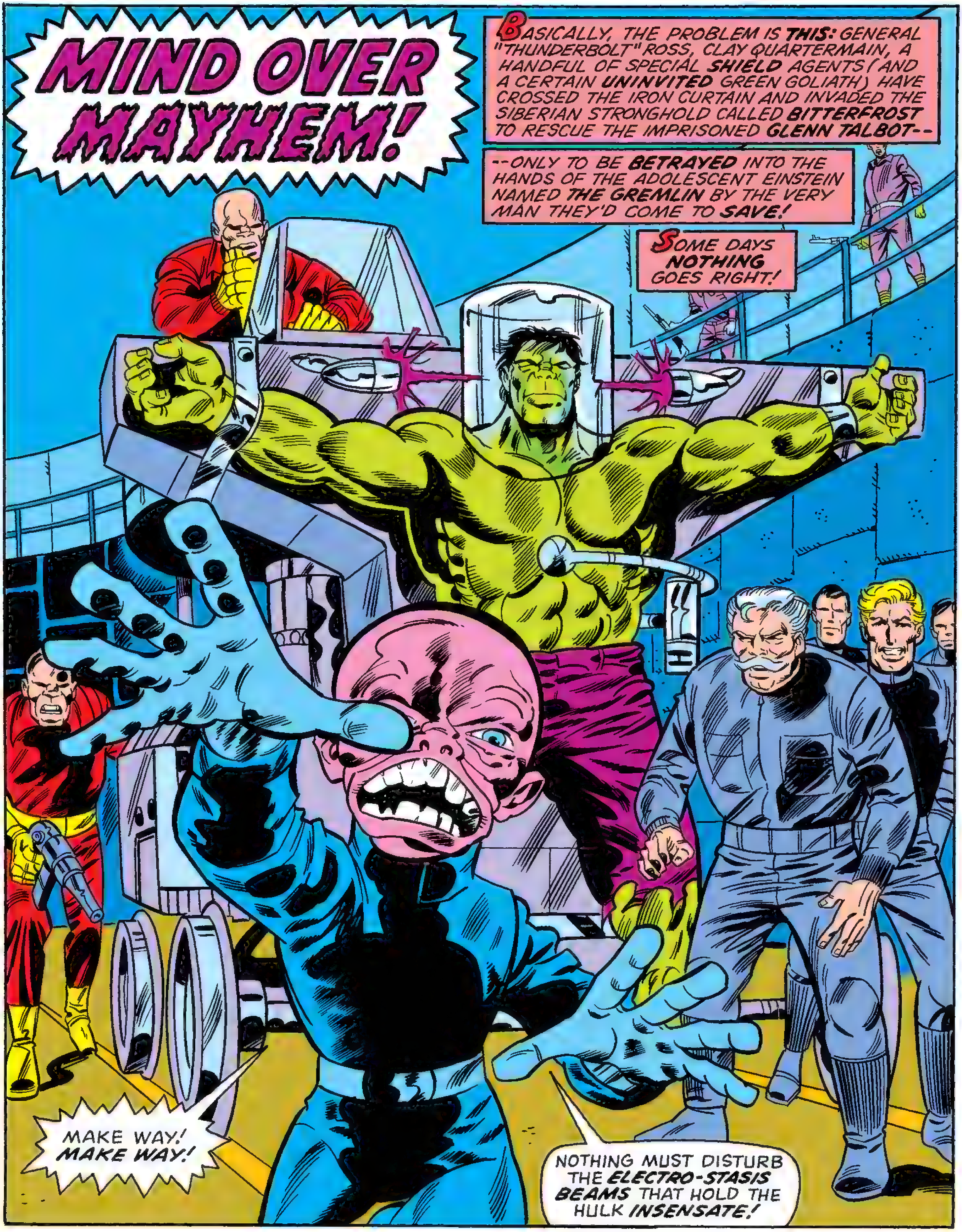

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
188 JUNE 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
UNCHAINED!
™
AT MY COMMAND, THE BATTLE WILL BEGIN--
-- FOR THE FORCES OF LIFE AND DEATH ARE MERE PAWNS IN THE HANDS OF THE GREMLIN!
TRIMPE

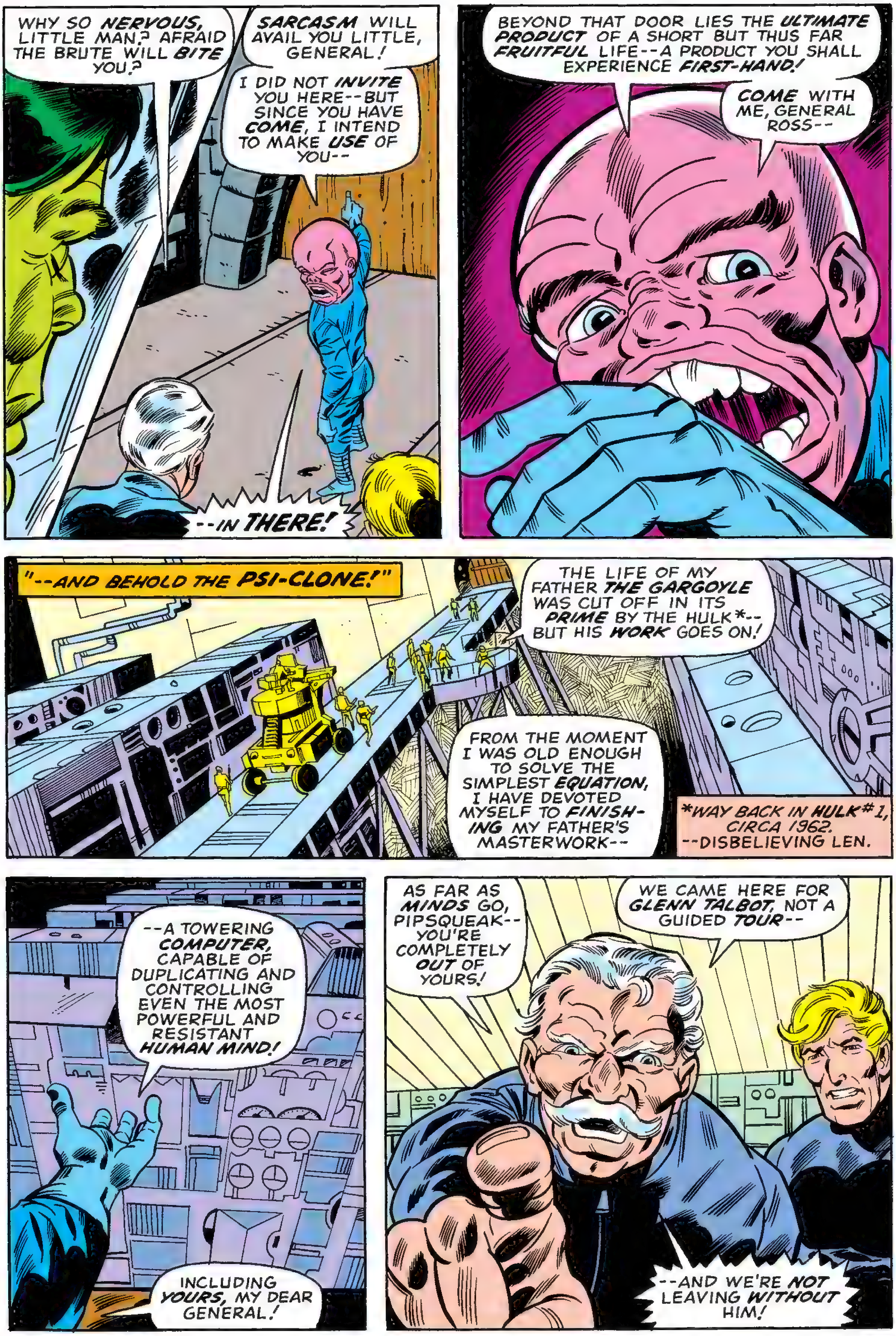
Stan Lee PRESENTS:

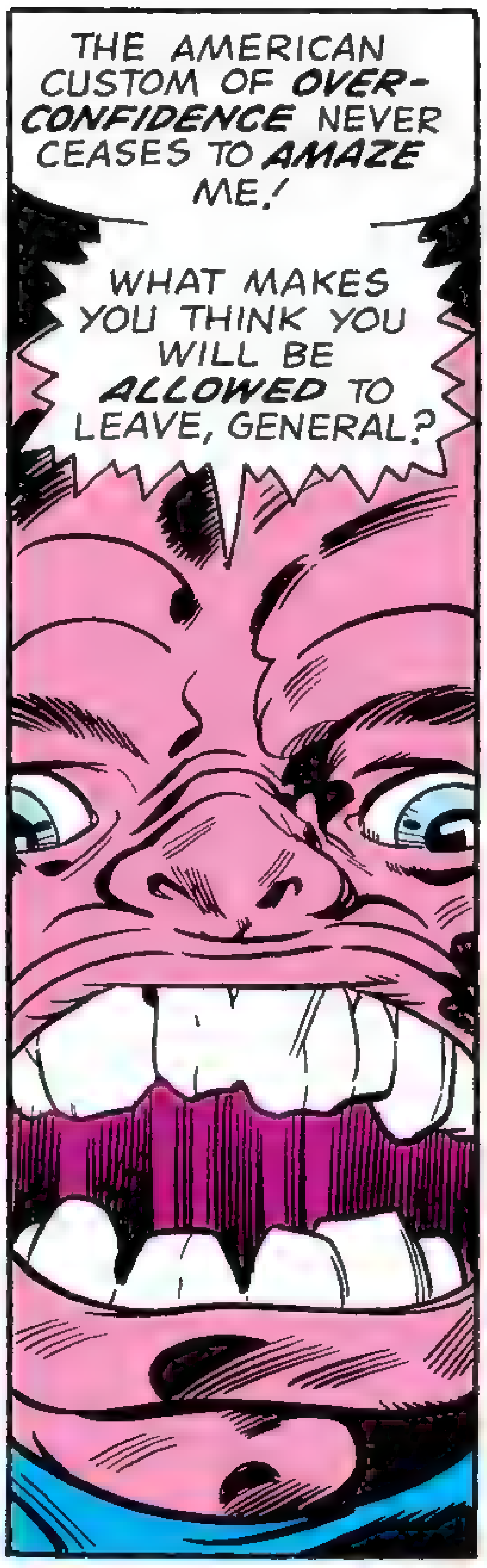
THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

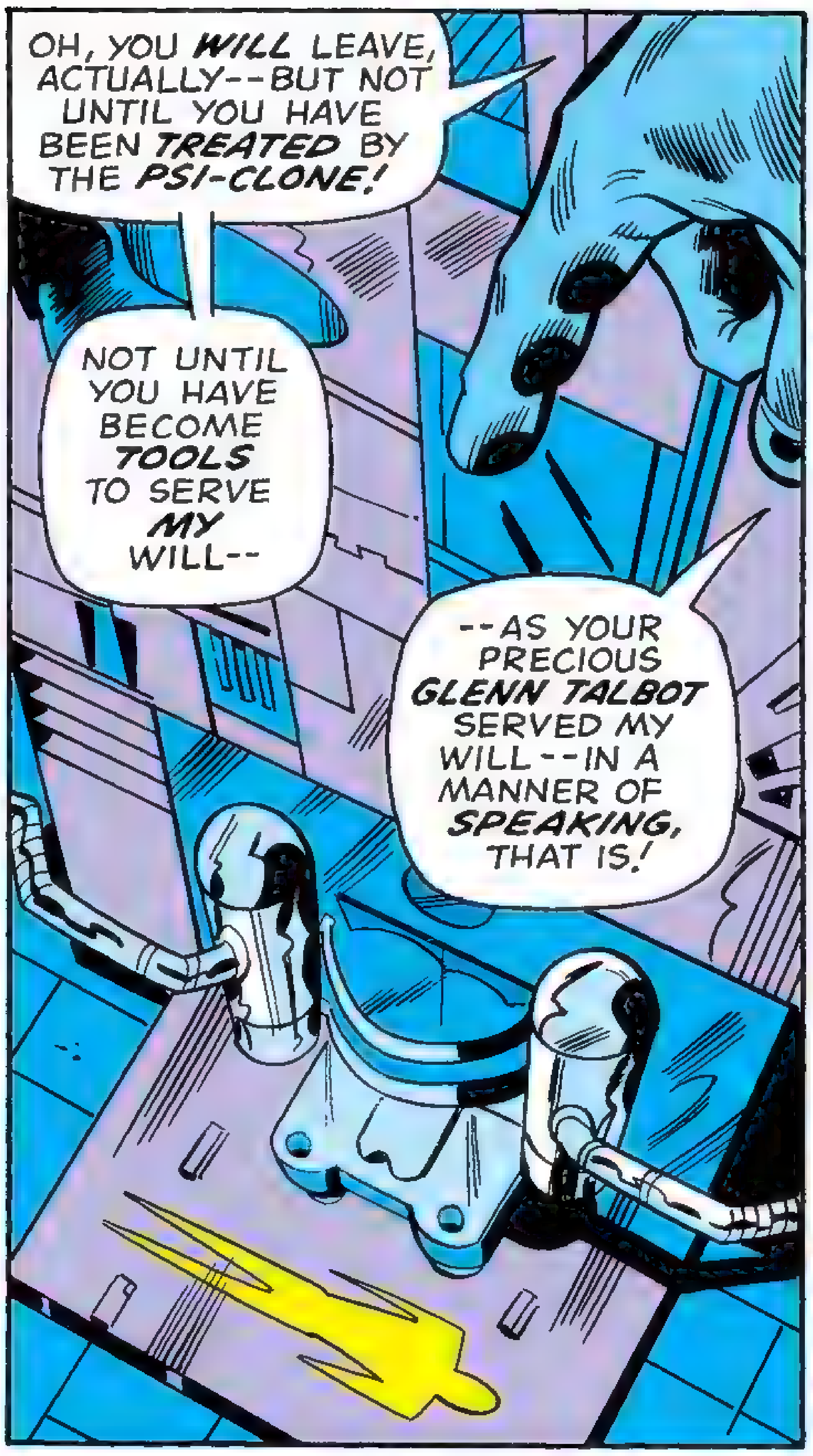
LEN WEIN *WRITER/EDITOR* * **HERB TRIMPE** *ARTIST* * **JOE STATON** *INKER* * **ARTY SIMEK** *LETTERER* * **GLYNIS OLIVER WEIN** *COLORIST*

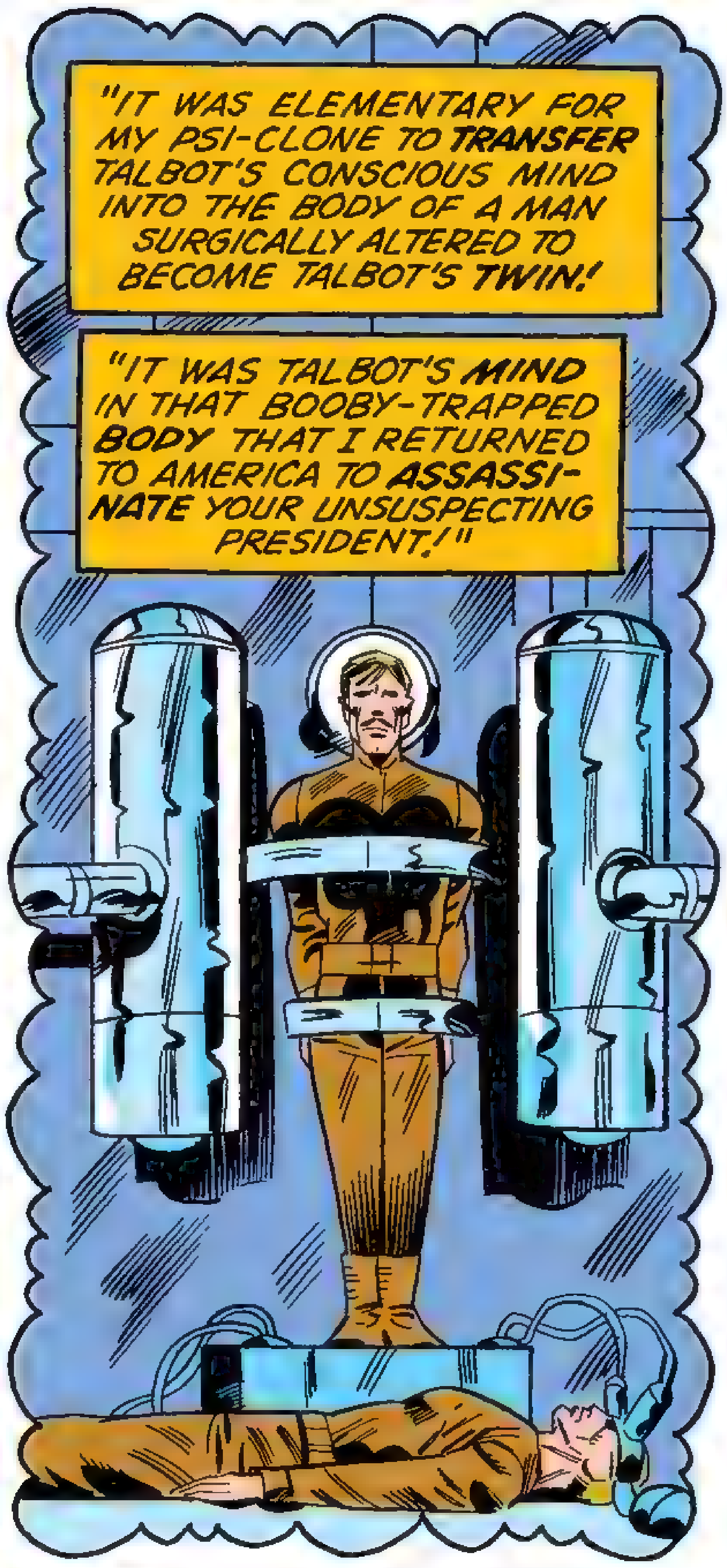
MIND OVER MAYHEM!

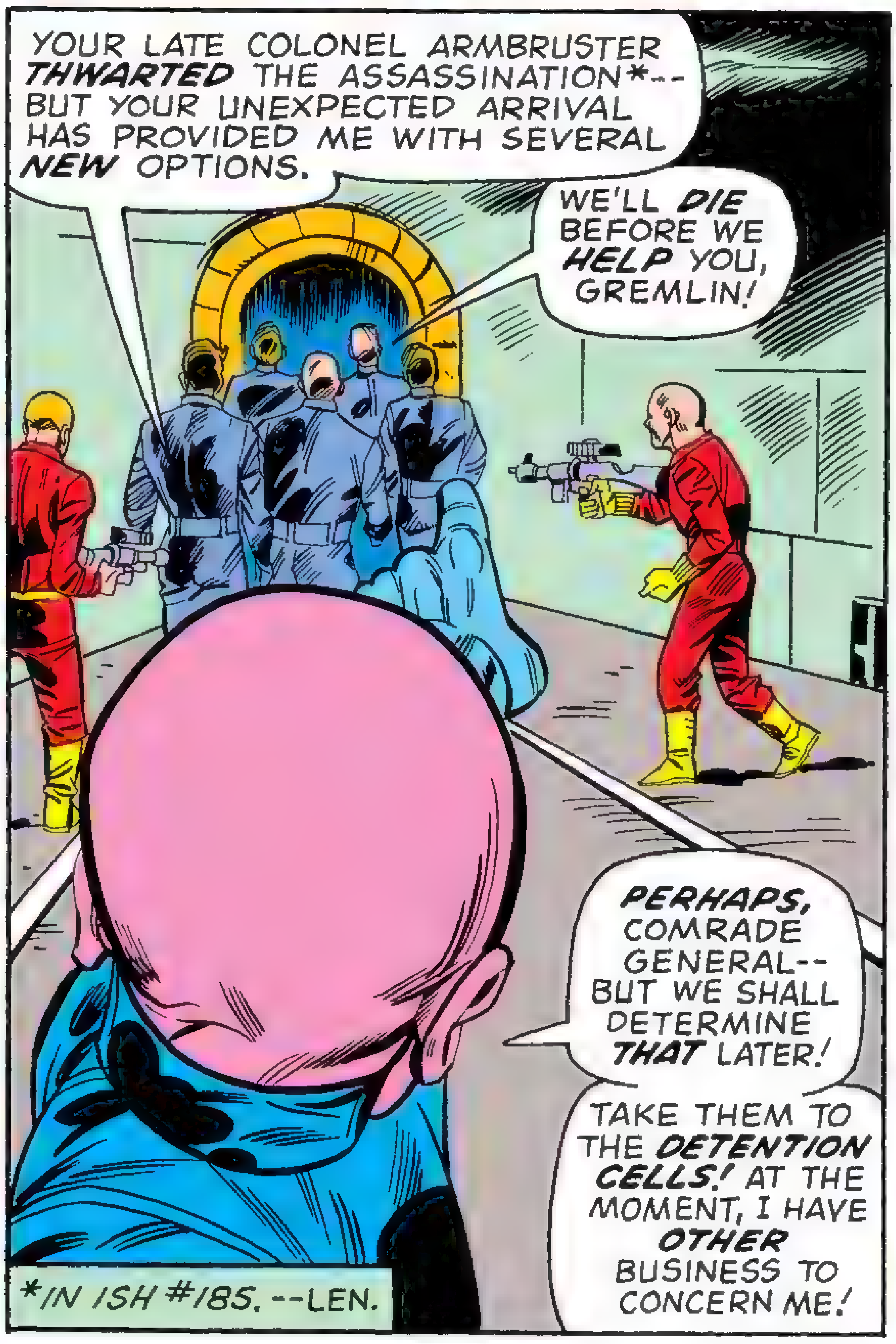

BASICALLY, THE PROBLEM IS THIS: GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS, CLAY QUARTERMAIN, A HANDFUL OF SPECIAL SHIELD AGENTS (AND A CERTAIN UNINVITED GREEN GOLIATH) HAVE CROSSED THE IRON CURTAIN AND INVADED THE SIBERIAN STRONGHOLD CALLED BITTERFROST TO RESCUE THE IMPRISONED GLENN TALBOT--
--ONLY TO BE BETRAYED INTO THE HANDS OF THE ADOLESCENT EINSTEIN NAMED THE GREMLIN BY THE VERY MAN THEY'D COME TO SAVE!
SOME DAYS NOTHING GOES RIGHT!
MAKE WAY! MAKE WAY!
NOTHING MUST DISTURB THE ELECTRO-STASIS BEAMS THAT HOLD THE HULK INSENSATE!

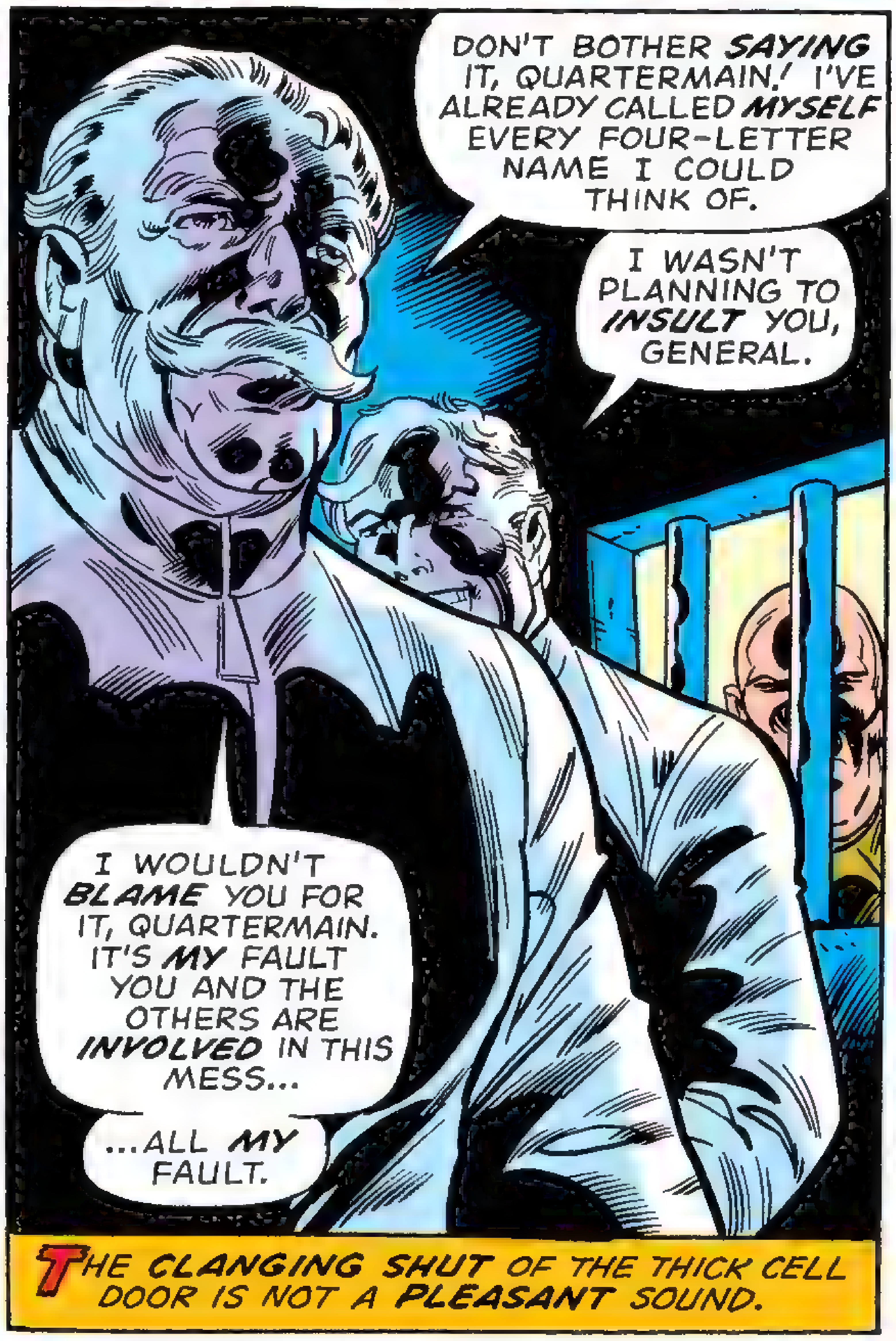

WHY SO **NERVOUS**, LITTLE MAN? AFRAID THE BRUTE WILL **BITE** YOU?
SARCASM WILL AVAIL YOU LITTLE, GENERAL!
I DID NOT **INVITE** YOU HERE--BUT SINCE YOU HAVE **COME**, I INTEND TO MAKE **USE** OF YOU--
--IN **THERE!**
BEYOND THAT DOOR LIES THE **ULTIMATE PRODUCT** OF A SHORT BUT THUS FAR **FRUITFUL** LIFE--A PRODUCT YOU SHALL EXPERIENCE **FIRST-HAND!**
COME WITH ME, GENERAL ROSS--
"--AND BEHOLD THE **PSI-CLONE!**"
THE LIFE OF MY FATHER **THE GARGOYLE** WAS CUT OFF IN ITS **PRIME** BY THE HULK*--BUT HIS **WORK** GOES ON!
FROM THE MOMENT I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO SOLVE THE SIMPLEST **EQUATION**, I HAVE DEVOTED MYSELF TO **FINISHING** MY FATHER'S MASTERWORK--
*WAY BACK IN HULK #1, CIRCA 1962. --DISBELIEVING LEN.
--A TOWERING **COMPUTER**, CAPABLE OF DUPLICATING AND CONTROLLING EVEN THE MOST POWERFUL AND RESISTANT **HUMAN MIND!**
INCLUDING **YOURS**, MY DEAR GENERAL!
AS FAR AS **MINDS** GO, PIPSQUEAK--YOU'RE COMPLETELY **OUT** OF YOURS!
WE CAME HERE FOR **GLENN TALBOT**, NOT A GUIDED **TOUR**--
--AND WE'RE **NOT** LEAVING **WITHOUT** HIM!

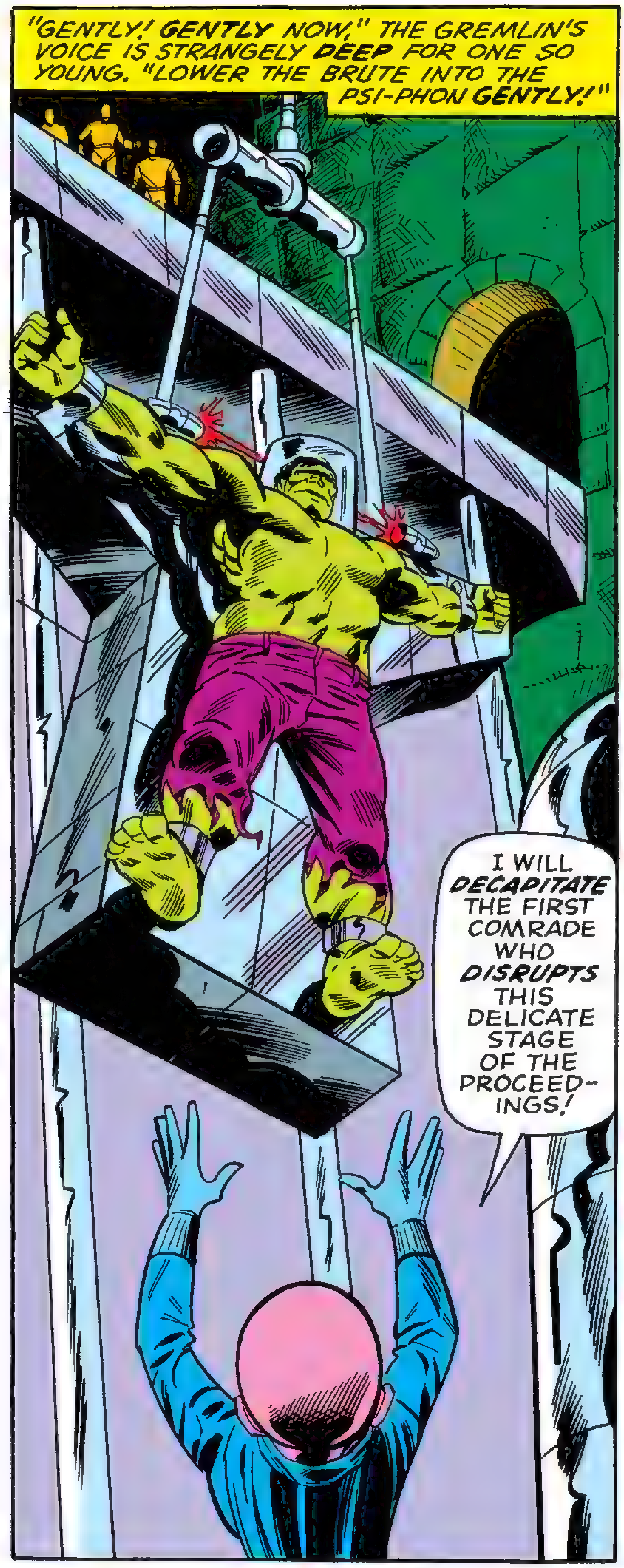

THE AMERICAN CUSTOM OF ***OVER-CONFIDENCE*** NEVER CEASES TO ***AMAZE*** ME!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU WILL BE ***ALLOWED*** TO LEAVE, GENERAL?

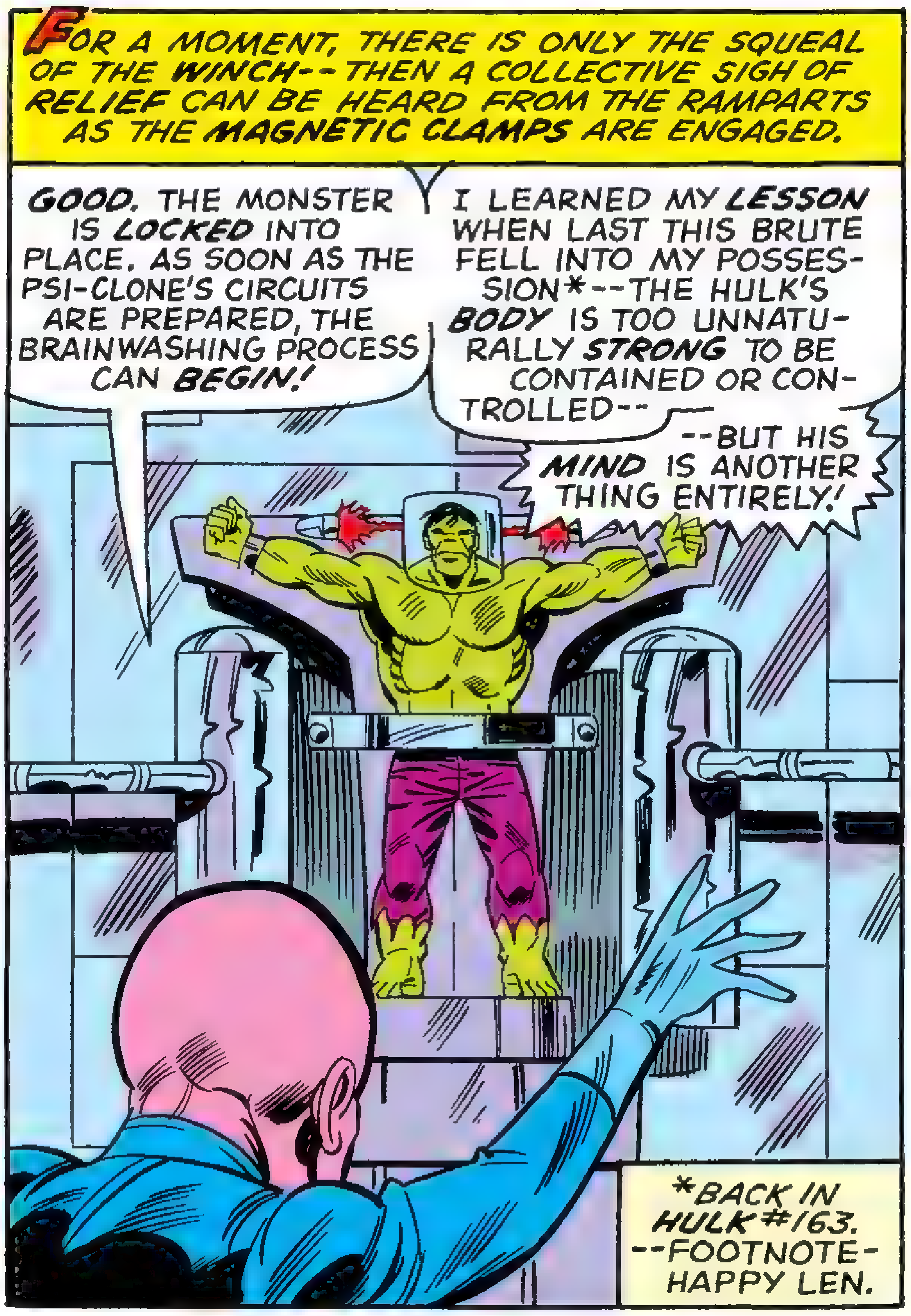

OH, YOU ***WILL*** LEAVE, ACTUALLY--BUT NOT UNTIL YOU HAVE BEEN ***TREATED*** BY THE ***PSI-CLONE!***
NOT UNTIL YOU HAVE BECOME ***TOOLS*** TO SERVE ***MY*** WILL--
--AS YOUR PRECIOUS ***GLENN TALBOT*** SERVED MY WILL--IN A MANNER OF ***SPEAKING,*** THAT IS!

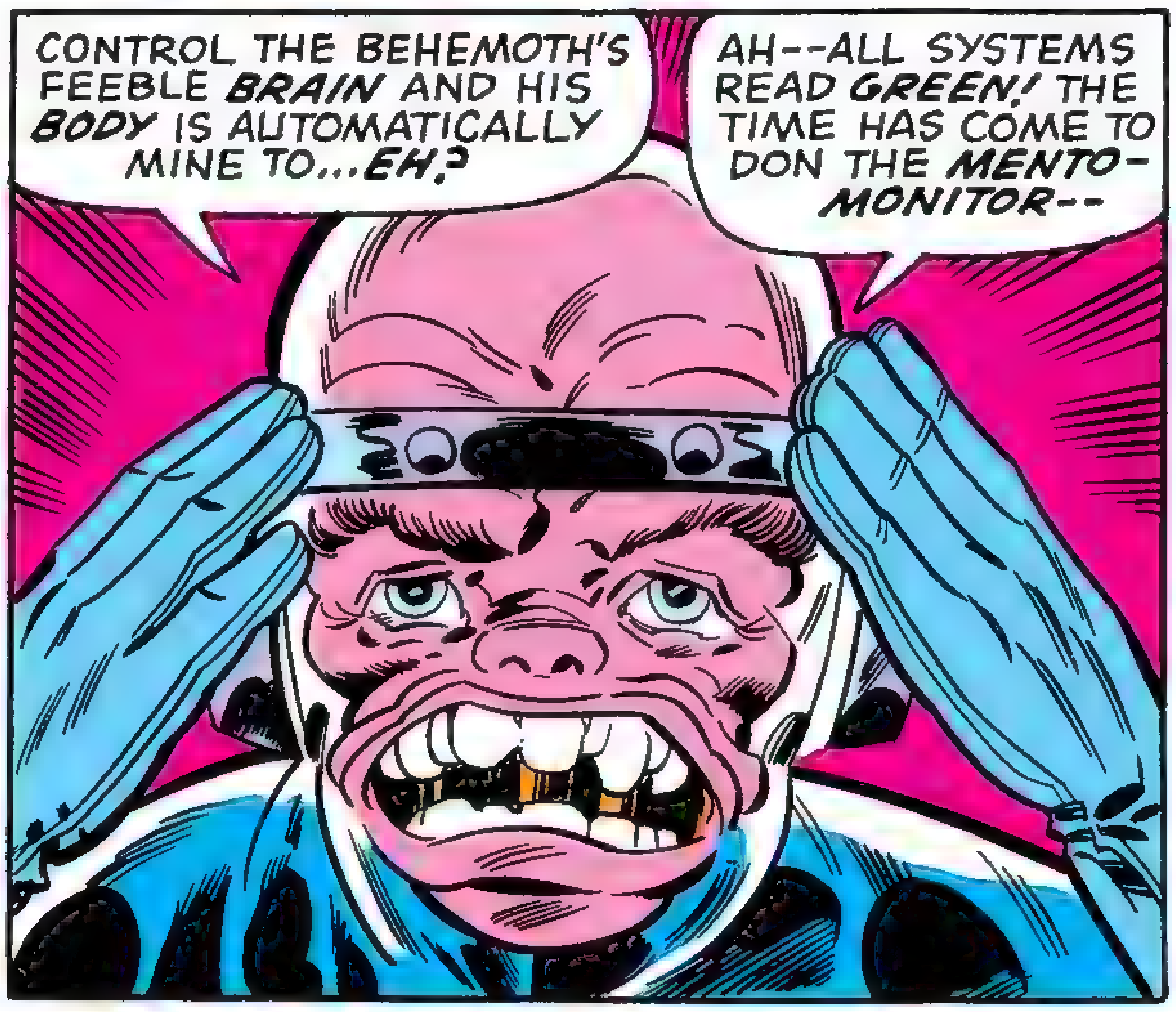

"IT WAS ELEMENTARY FOR MY PSI-CLONE TO ***TRANSFER*** TALBOT'S CONSCIOUS MIND INTO THE BODY OF A MAN SURGICALLY ALTERED TO BECOME TALBOT'S ***TWIN!***
"IT WAS TALBOT'S ***MIND*** IN THAT BOOBY-TRAPPED ***BODY*** THAT I RETURNED TO AMERICA TO ***ASSASSINATE*** YOUR UNSUSPECTING PRESIDENT!"

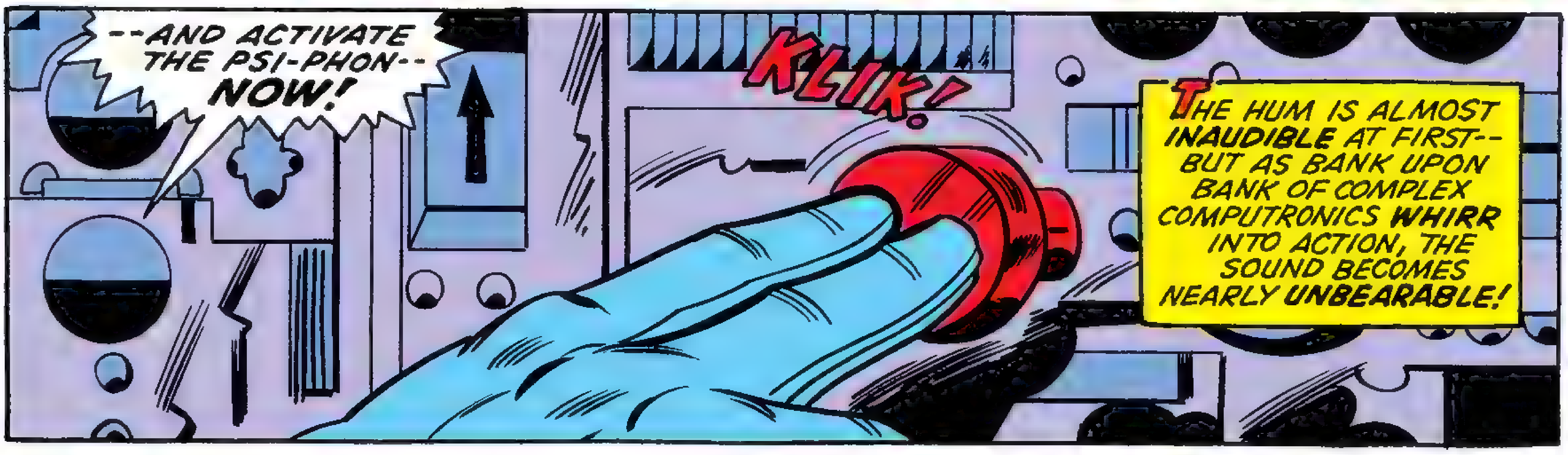

YOUR LATE COLONEL ARMBRUSTER ***THWARTED*** THE ASSASSINATION*--BUT YOUR UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL HAS PROVIDED ME WITH SEVERAL ***NEW*** OPTIONS.
WE'LL ***DIE*** BEFORE WE ***HELP*** YOU, GREMLIN!
PERHAPS, COMRADE GENERAL--BUT WE SHALL DETERMINE ***THAT*** LATER!
TAKE THEM TO THE ***DETENTION CELLS!*** AT THE MOMENT, I HAVE ***OTHER*** BUSINESS TO CONCERN ME!
*IN ISH #185. --LEN.

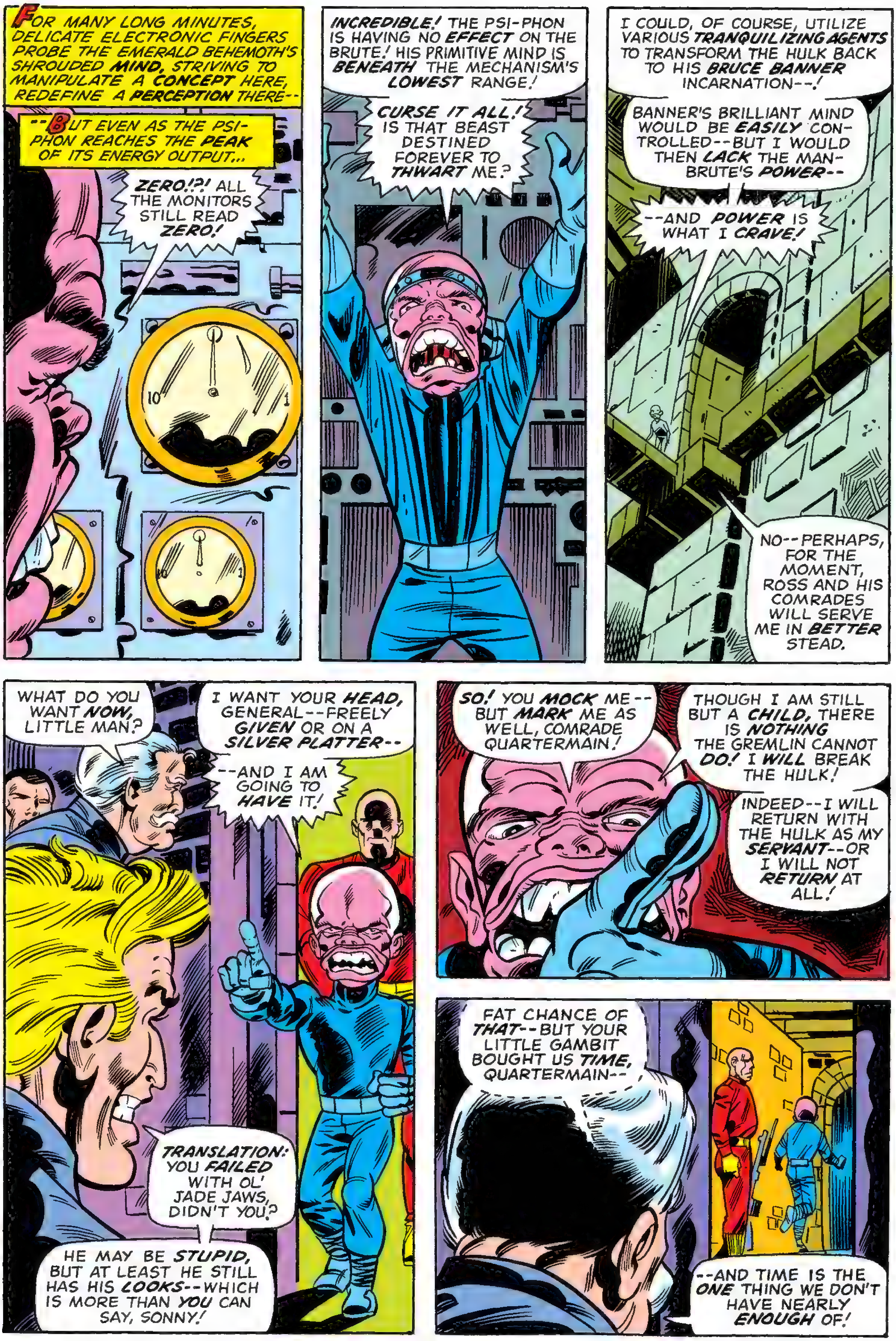

DON'T BOTHER ***SAYING*** IT, QUARTERMAIN! I'VE ALREADY CALLED ***MYSELF*** EVERY FOUR-LETTER NAME I COULD THINK OF.
I WASN'T PLANNING TO ***INSULT*** YOU, GENERAL.
I WOULDN'T ***BLAME*** YOU FOR IT, QUARTERMAIN. IT'S ***MY*** FAULT YOU AND THE OTHERS ARE ***INVOLVED*** IN THIS MESS...
...ALL ***MY*** FAULT.
THE ***CLANGING SHUT*** OF THE THICK CELL DOOR IS NOT A ***PLEASANT*** SOUND.

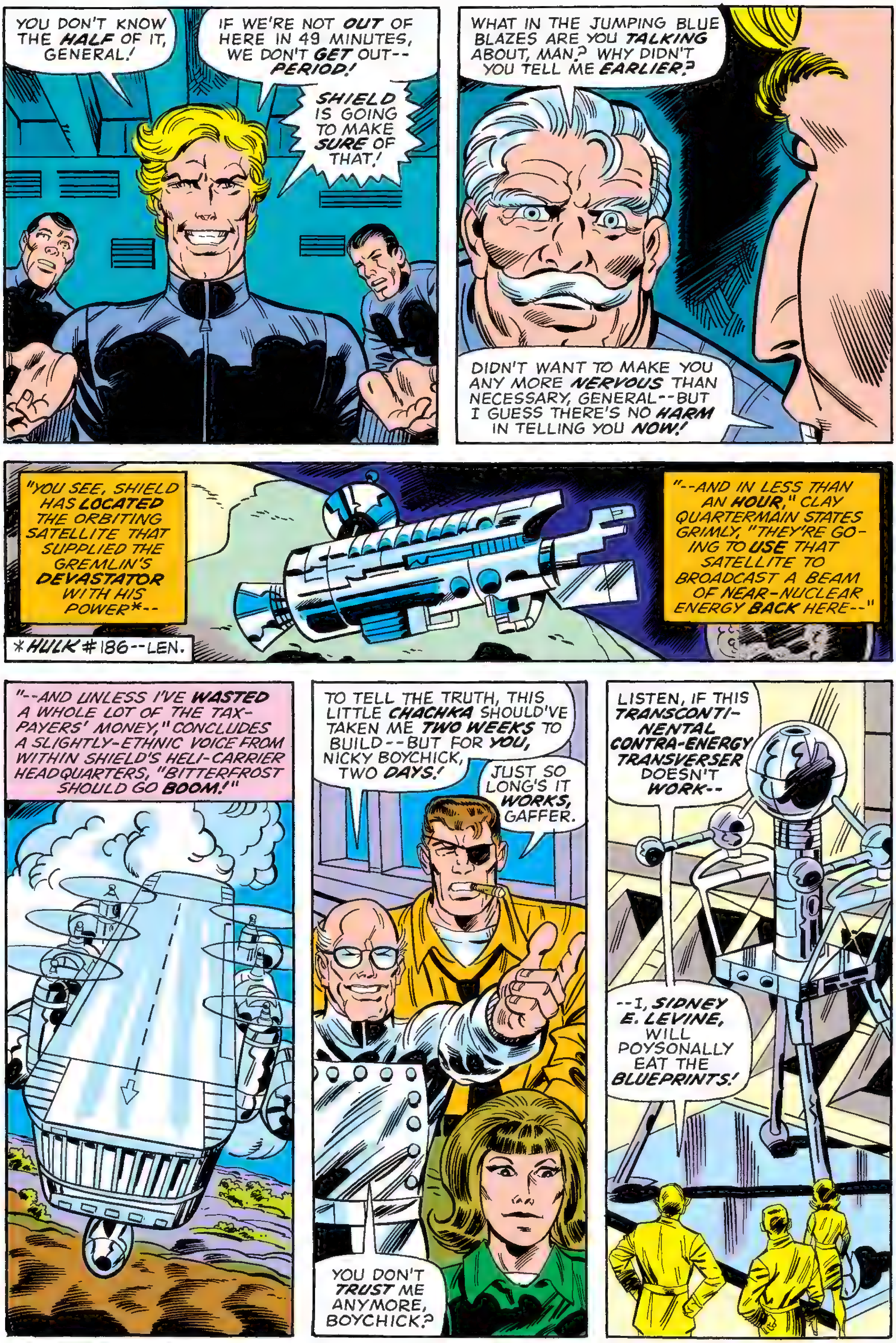

"GENTLY! GENTLY NOW," THE GREMLIN'S VOICE IS STRANGELY DEEP FOR ONE SO YOUNG. "LOWER THE BRUTE INTO THE PSI-PHON GENTLY!"
I WILL DECAPITATE THE FIRST COMRADE WHO DISRUPTS THIS DELICATE STAGE OF THE PROCEEDINGS!

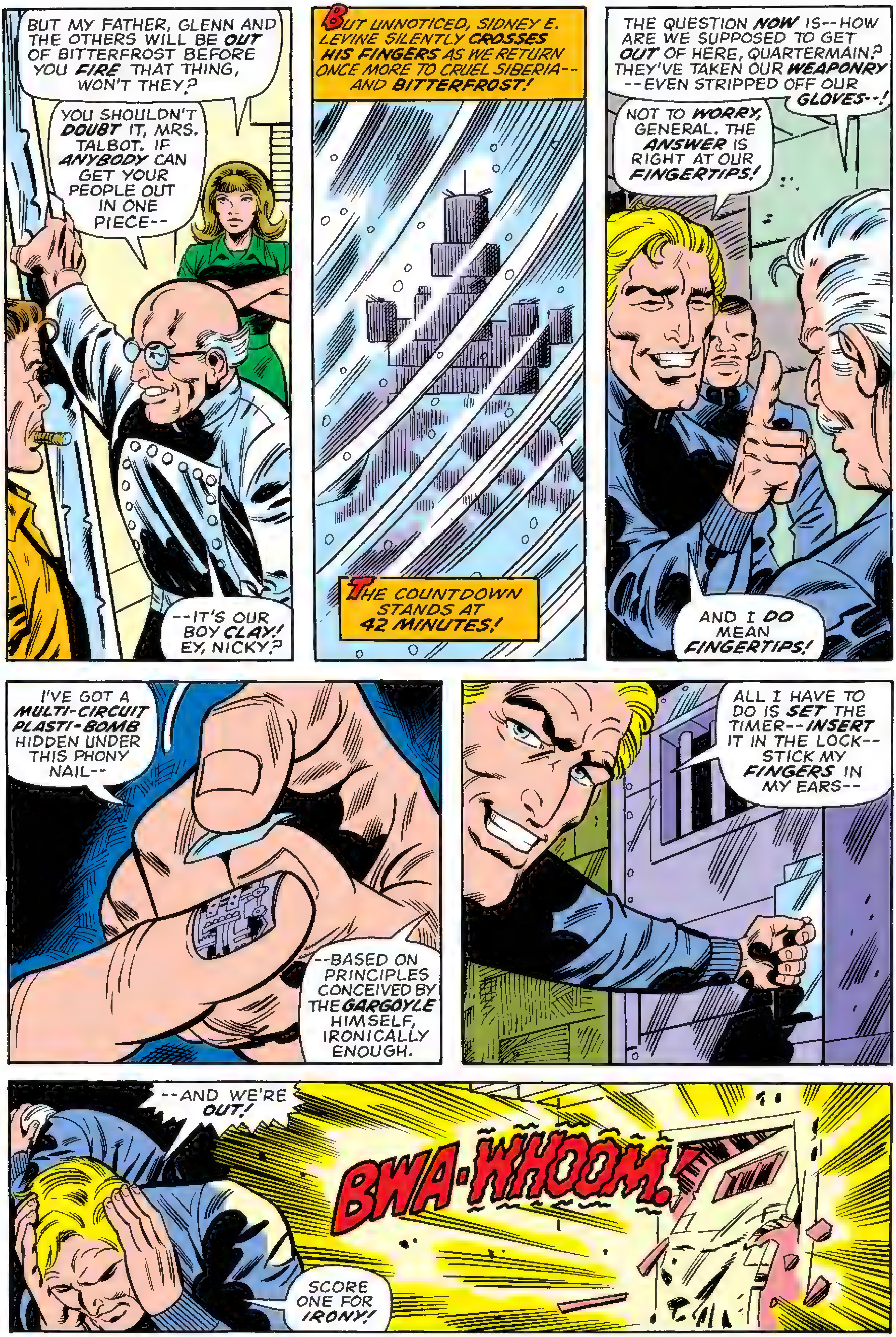

FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS ONLY THE SQUEAL OF THE WINCH--THEN A COLLECTIVE SIGH OF RELIEF CAN BE HEARD FROM THE RAMPARTS AS THE MAGNETIC CLAMPS ARE ENGAGED.
GOOD. THE MONSTER IS LOCKED INTO PLACE. AS SOON AS THE PSI-CLONE'S CIRCUITS ARE PREPARED, THE BRAINWASHING PROCESS CAN BEGIN!
I LEARNED MY LESSON WHEN LAST THIS BRUTE FELL INTO MY POSSESSION*--THE HULK'S BODY IS TOO UNNATURALLY STRONG TO BE CONTAINED OR CONTROLLED--
--BUT HIS MIND IS ANOTHER THING ENTIRELY!
*BACK IN HULK #163. --FOOTNOTE-HAPPY LEN.

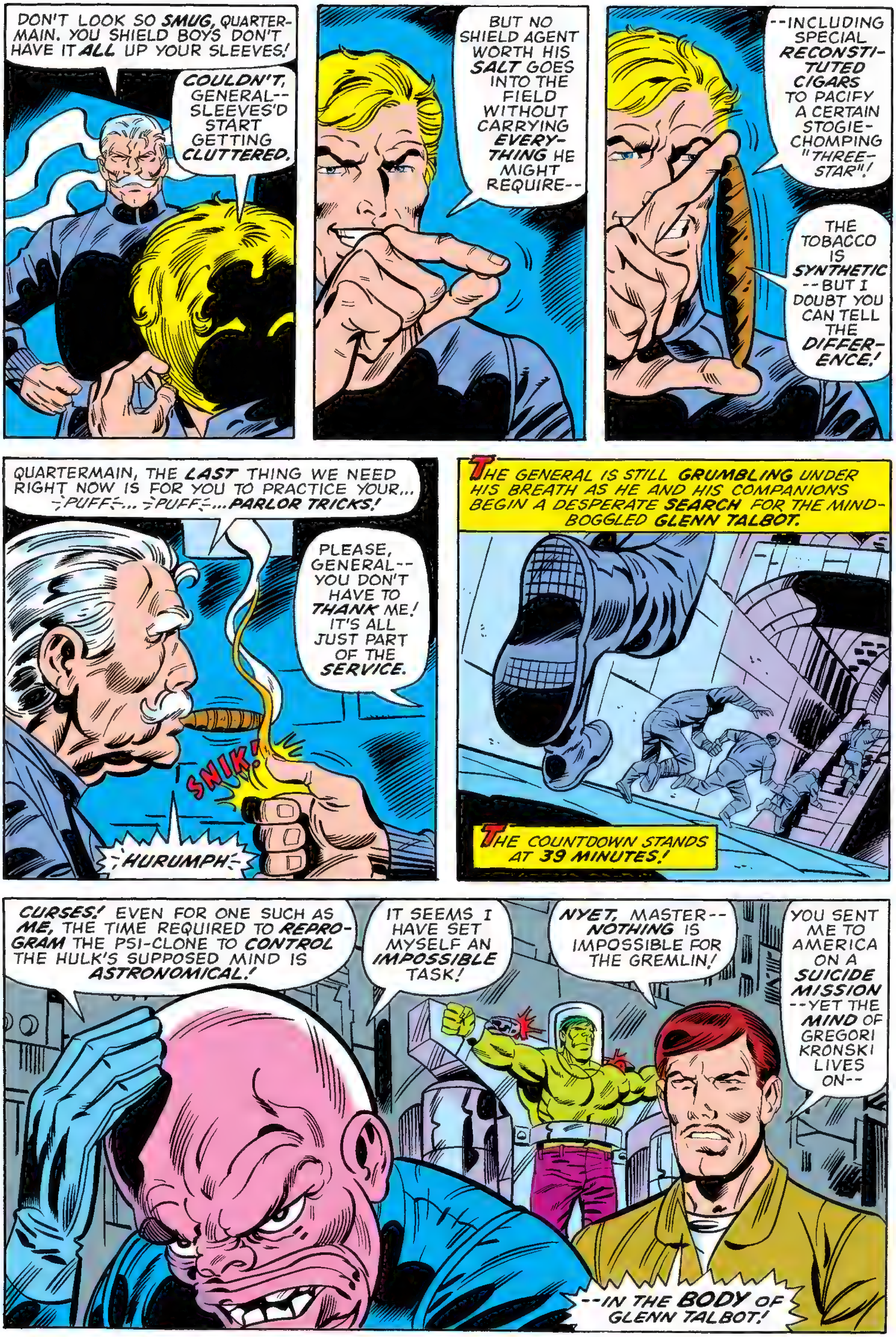

AH--ALL SYSTEMS READ GREEN! THE TIME HAS COME TO DON THE MENTO-MONITOR--
CONTROL THE BEHEMOTH'S FEEBLE BRAIN AND HIS BODY IS AUTOMATICALLY MINE TO...EH?

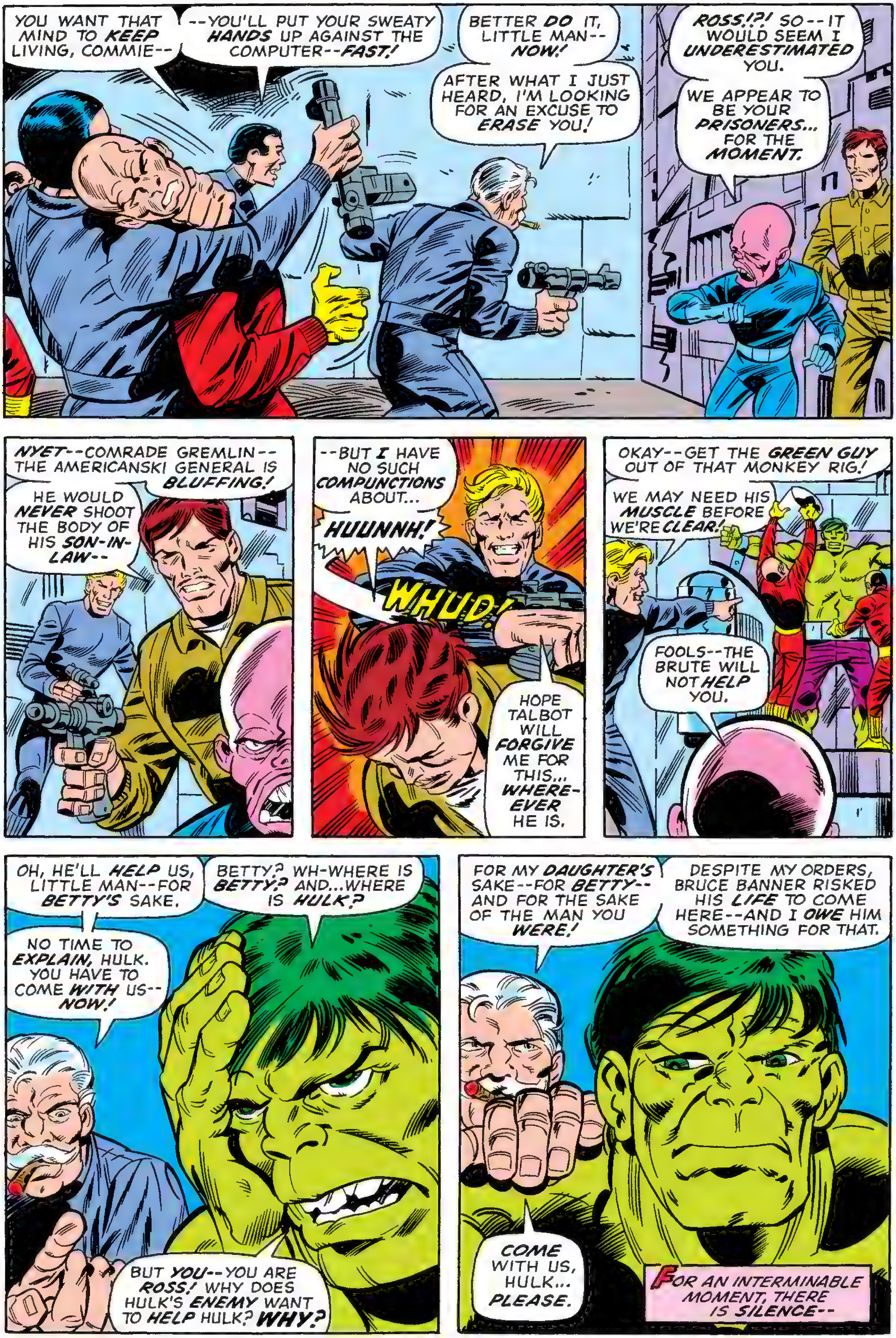

--AND ACTIVATE THE PSI-PHON--NOW!
KLIK!
THE HUM IS ALMOST INAUDIBLE AT FIRST--BUT AS BANK UPON BANK OF COMPLEX COMPUTRONICS WHIRR INTO ACTION, THE SOUND BECOMES NEARLY UNBEARABLE!

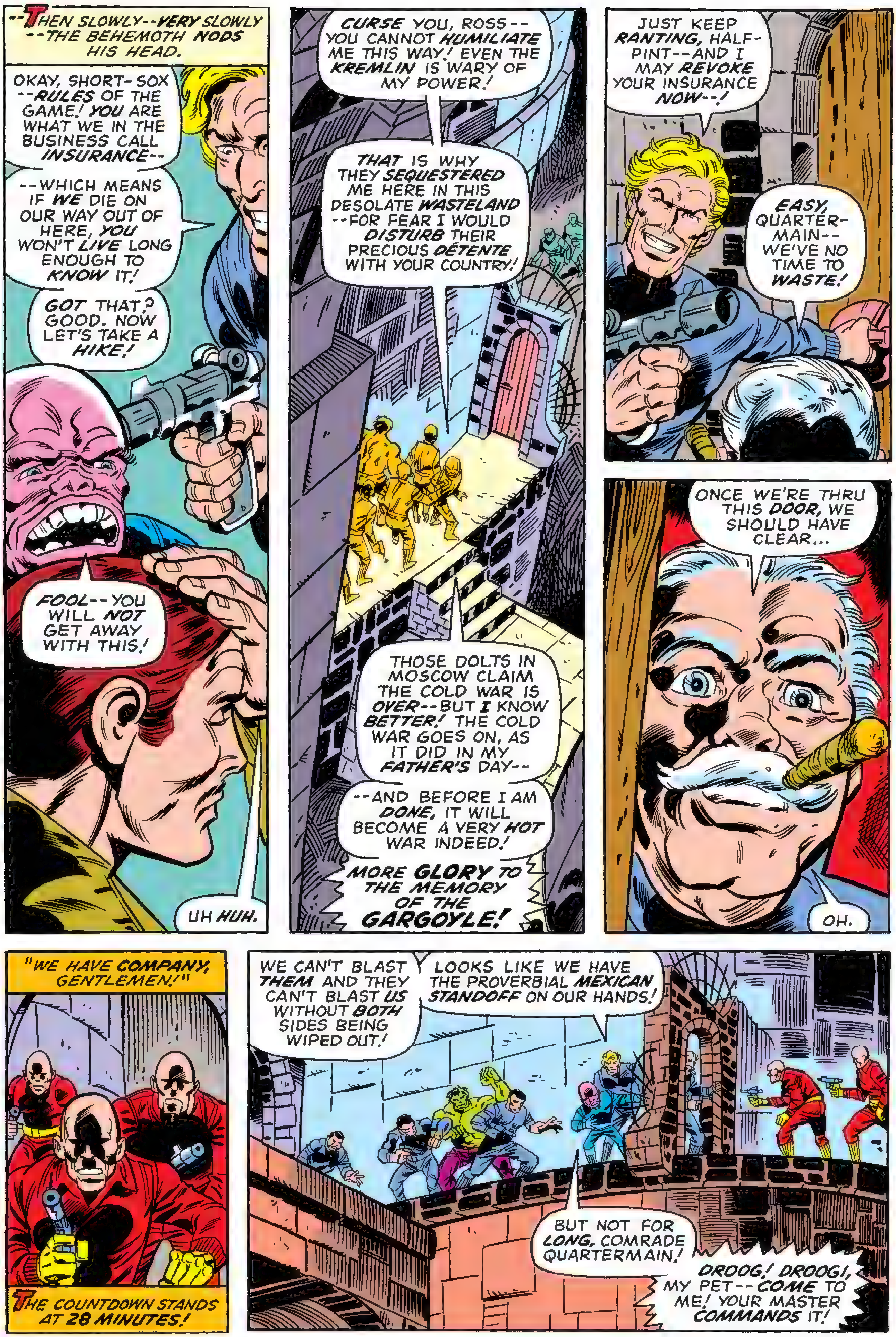

FOR MANY LONG MINUTES, DELICATE ELECTRONIC FINGERS PROBE THE EMERALD BEHEMOTH'S SHROUDED MIND, STRIVING TO MANIPULATE A CONCEPT HERE, REDEFINE A PERCEPTION THERE--
--BUT EVEN AS THE PSI-PHON REACHES THE PEAK OF ITS ENERGY OUTPUT...
ZERO!?! ALL THE MONITORS STILL READ ZERO!
INCREDIBLE! THE PSI-PHON IS HAVING NO EFFECT ON THE BRUTE! HIS PRIMITIVE MIND IS BENEATH THE MECHANISM'S LOWEST RANGE!
CURSE IT ALL! IS THAT BEAST DESTINED FOREVER TO THWART ME?
I COULD, OF COURSE, UTILIZE VARIOUS TRANQUILIZING AGENTS TO TRANSFORM THE HULK BACK TO HIS BRUCE BANNER INCARNATION--!
BANNER'S BRILLIANT MIND WOULD BE EASILY CONTROLLED--BUT I WOULD THEN LACK THE MAN-BRUTE'S POWER--
--AND POWER IS WHAT I CRAVE!
NO--PERHAPS, FOR THE MOMENT, ROSS AND HIS COMRADES WILL SERVE ME IN BETTER STEAD.
WHAT DO YOU WANT NOW, LITTLE MAN?
I WANT YOUR HEAD, GENERAL--FREELY GIVEN OR ON A SILVER PLATTER--
--AND I AM GOING TO HAVE IT!
TRANSLATION: YOU FAILED WITH OL' JADE JAWS, DIDN'T YOU?
HE MAY BE STUPID, BUT AT LEAST HE STILL HAS HIS LOOKS--WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY, SONNY!
SO! YOU MOCK ME--BUT MARK ME AS WELL, COMRADE QUARTERMAIN!
THOUGH I AM STILL BUT A CHILD, THERE IS NOTHING THE GREMLIN CANNOT DO! I WILL BREAK THE HULK!
INDEED--I WILL RETURN WITH THE HULK AS MY SERVANT--OR I WILL NOT RETURN AT ALL!
FAT CHANCE OF THAT--BUT YOUR LITTLE GAMBIT BOUGHT US TIME, QUARTERMAIN--
--AND TIME IS THE ONE THING WE DON'T HAVE NEARLY ENOUGH OF!

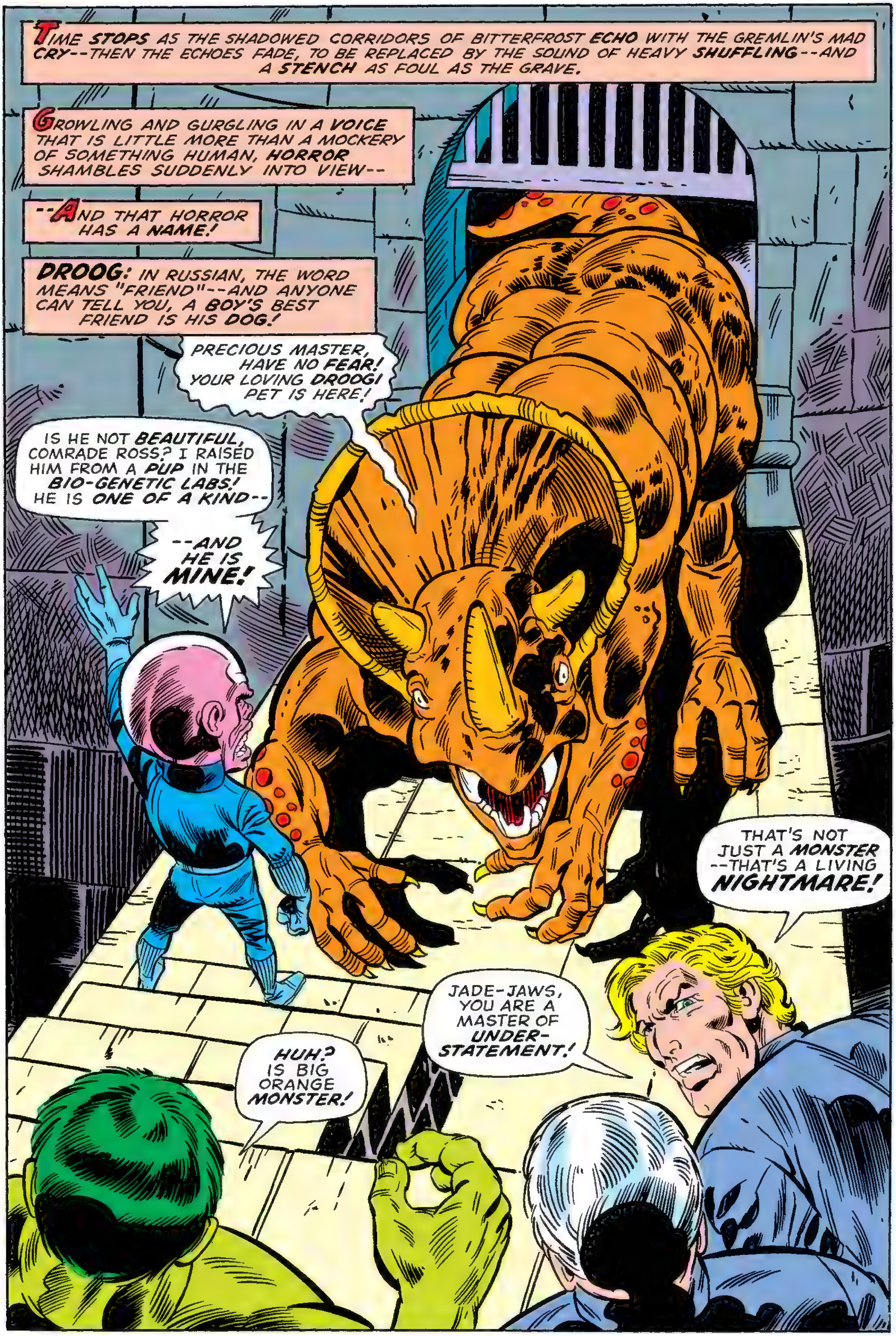

YOU DON'T KNOW THE **HALF** OF IT, GENERAL!
IF WE'RE NOT **OUT** OF HERE IN 49 MINUTES, WE DON'T **GET** OUT-- **PERIOD!**
SHIELD IS GOING TO MAKE **SURE** OF THAT!
WHAT IN THE JUMPING BLUE BLAZES ARE YOU **TALKING** ABOUT, MAN? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME **EARLIER?**
DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE YOU ANY MORE **NERVOUS** THAN NECESSARY, GENERAL--BUT I GUESS THERE'S NO **HARM** IN TELLING YOU **NOW!**
"YOU SEE, SHIELD HAS **LOCATED** THE ORBITING SATELLITE THAT SUPPLIED THE GREMLIN'S **DEVASTATOR** WITH HIS POWER*--
"--AND IN LESS THAN AN **HOUR**," CLAY QUARTERMAIN STATES GRIMLY, "THEY'RE GOING TO **USE** THAT SATELLITE TO BROADCAST A BEAM OF NEAR-NUCLEAR ENERGY **BACK** HERE--"
**HULK* # 186--LEN.
"--AND UNLESS I'VE **WASTED** A WHOLE LOT OF THE TAXPAYERS' MONEY," CONCLUDES A SLIGHTLY-ETHNIC VOICE FROM WITHIN SHIELD'S HELI-CARRIER HEADQUARTERS, "BITTERFROST SHOULD GO **BOOM!**"
TO TELL THE TRUTH, THIS LITTLE **CHACHKA** SHOULD'VE TAKEN ME **TWO WEEKS** TO BUILD--BUT FOR **YOU**, NICKY BOYCHICK, TWO **DAYS!**
JUST SO LONG'S IT **WORKS**, GAFFER.
YOU DON'T **TRUST** ME ANYMORE, BOYCHICK?
LISTEN, IF THIS **TRANSCONTINENTAL CONTRA-ENERGY TRANSVERSER** DOESN'T **WORK**--
--I, **SIDNEY E. LEVINE**, WILL POYSONALLY EAT THE **BLUEPRINTS!**

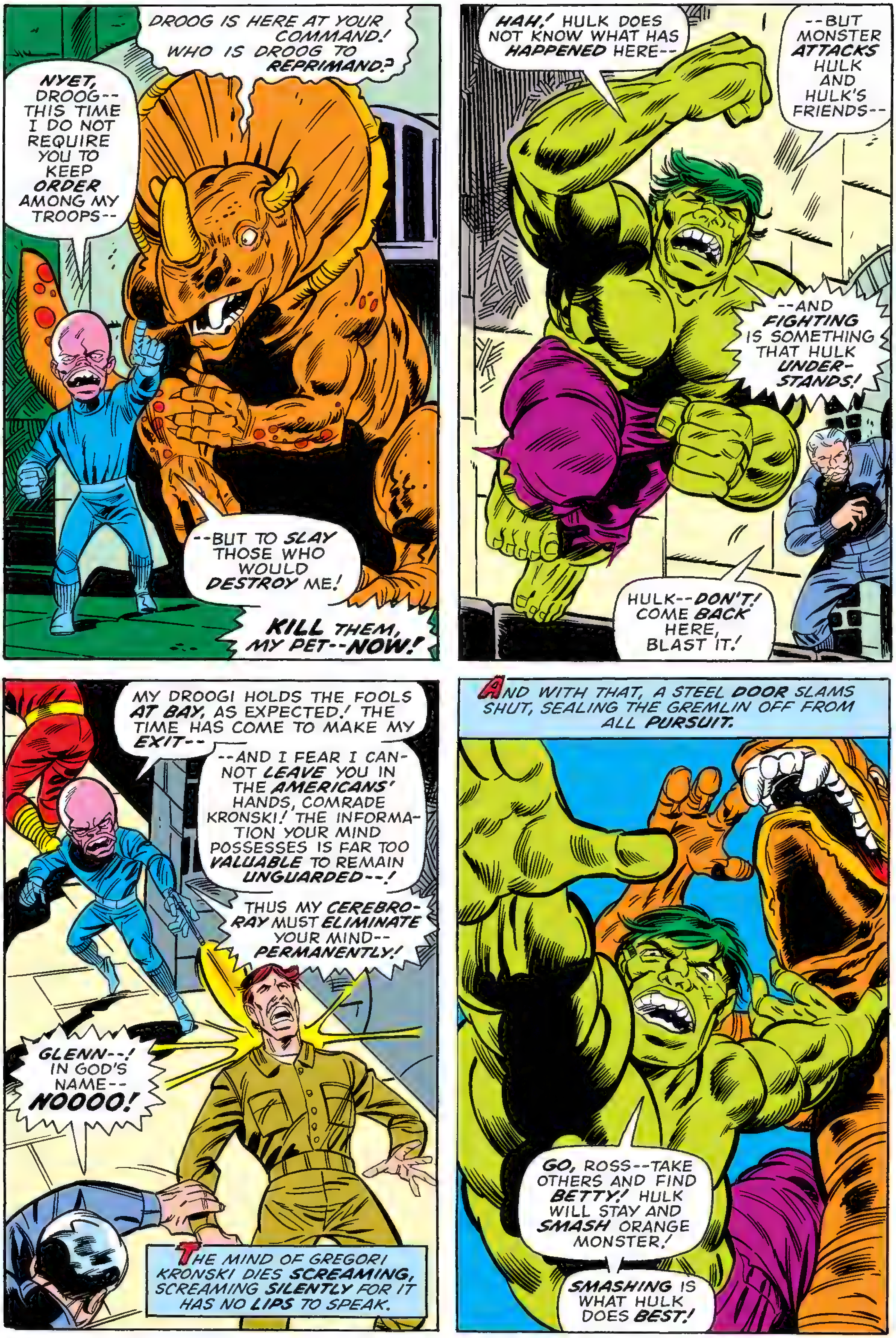

BUT MY FATHER, GLENN AND THE OTHERS WILL BE **OUT** OF BITTERFROST BEFORE YOU **FIRE** THAT THING, WON'T THEY?
YOU SHOULDN'T **DOUBT** IT, MRS. TALBOT. IF **ANYBODY** CAN GET YOUR PEOPLE OUT IN ONE PIECE--
--IT'S OUR BOY **CLAY!** EY, NICKY?
BUT UNNOTICED, SIDNEY E. LEVINE SILENTLY **CROSSES HIS FINGERS** AS WE RETURN ONCE MORE TO CRUEL SIBERIA-- AND **BITTERFROST!**
THE COUNTDOWN STANDS AT **42 MINUTES!**
THE QUESTION **NOW** IS--HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GET **OUT** OF HERE, QUARTERMAIN? THEY'VE TAKEN OUR **WEAPONRY** --EVEN STRIPPED OFF OUR **GLOVES--!**
NOT TO **WORRY,** GENERAL. THE **ANSWER** IS RIGHT AT OUR **FINGERTIPS!**
AND I **DO** MEAN **FINGERTIPS!**
I'VE GOT A **MULTI-CIRCUIT PLASTI-BOMB** HIDDEN UNDER THIS PHONY NAIL--
--BASED ON PRINCIPLES CONCEIVED BY THE **GARGOYLE** HIMSELF, IRONICALLY ENOUGH.
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS **SET** THE TIMER--**INSERT** IT IN THE LOCK--STICK MY **FINGERS** IN MY EARS--
--AND WE'RE **OUT!**
BWA-WHOOM!
SCORE ONE FOR **IRONY!**

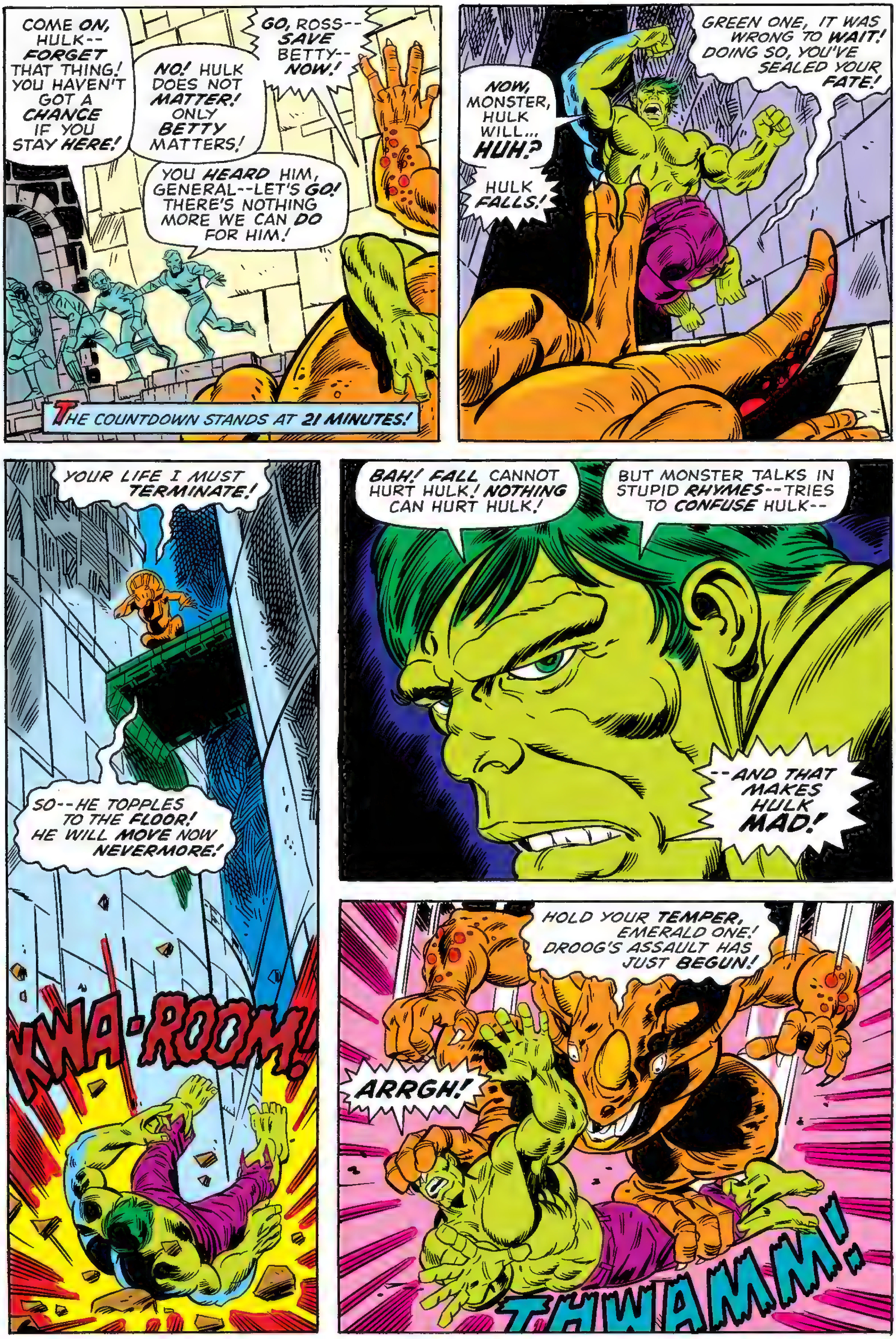

DON'T LOOK SO SMUG, QUARTERMAIN. YOU SHIELD BOYS DON'T HAVE IT ALL UP YOUR SLEEVES!
COULDN'T, GENERAL-- SLEEVES'D START GETTING CLUTTERED.
BUT NO SHIELD AGENT WORTH HIS SALT GOES INTO THE FIELD WITHOUT CARRYING EVERYTHING HE MIGHT REQUIRE--
--INCLUDING SPECIAL RECONSTITUTED CIGARS TO PACIFY A CERTAIN STOGIE-CHOMPING "THREE-STAR"!
THE TOBACCO IS SYNTHETIC --BUT I DOUBT YOU CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE!
QUARTERMAIN, THE LAST THING WE NEED RIGHT NOW IS FOR YOU TO PRACTICE YOUR... PUFF... PUFF... PARLOR TRICKS!
PLEASE, GENERAL-- YOU DON'T HAVE TO THANK ME! IT'S ALL JUST PART OF THE SERVICE.
SNIK!
HURUMPH
THE GENERAL IS STILL GRUMBLING UNDER HIS BREATH AS HE AND HIS COMPANIONS BEGIN A DESPERATE SEARCH FOR THE MIND-BOGGLED GLENN TALBOT.
THE COUNTDOWN STANDS AT 39 MINUTES!
CURSES! EVEN FOR ONE SUCH AS ME, THE TIME REQUIRED TO REPROGRAM THE PSI-CLONE TO CONTROL THE HULK'S SUPPOSED MIND IS ASTRONOMICAL!
IT SEEMS I HAVE SET MYSELF AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK!
NYET, MASTER-- NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE GREMLIN!
YOU SENT ME TO AMERICA ON A SUICIDE MISSION --YET THE MIND OF GREGORI KRONSKI LIVES ON--
--IN THE BODY OF GLENN TALBOT!

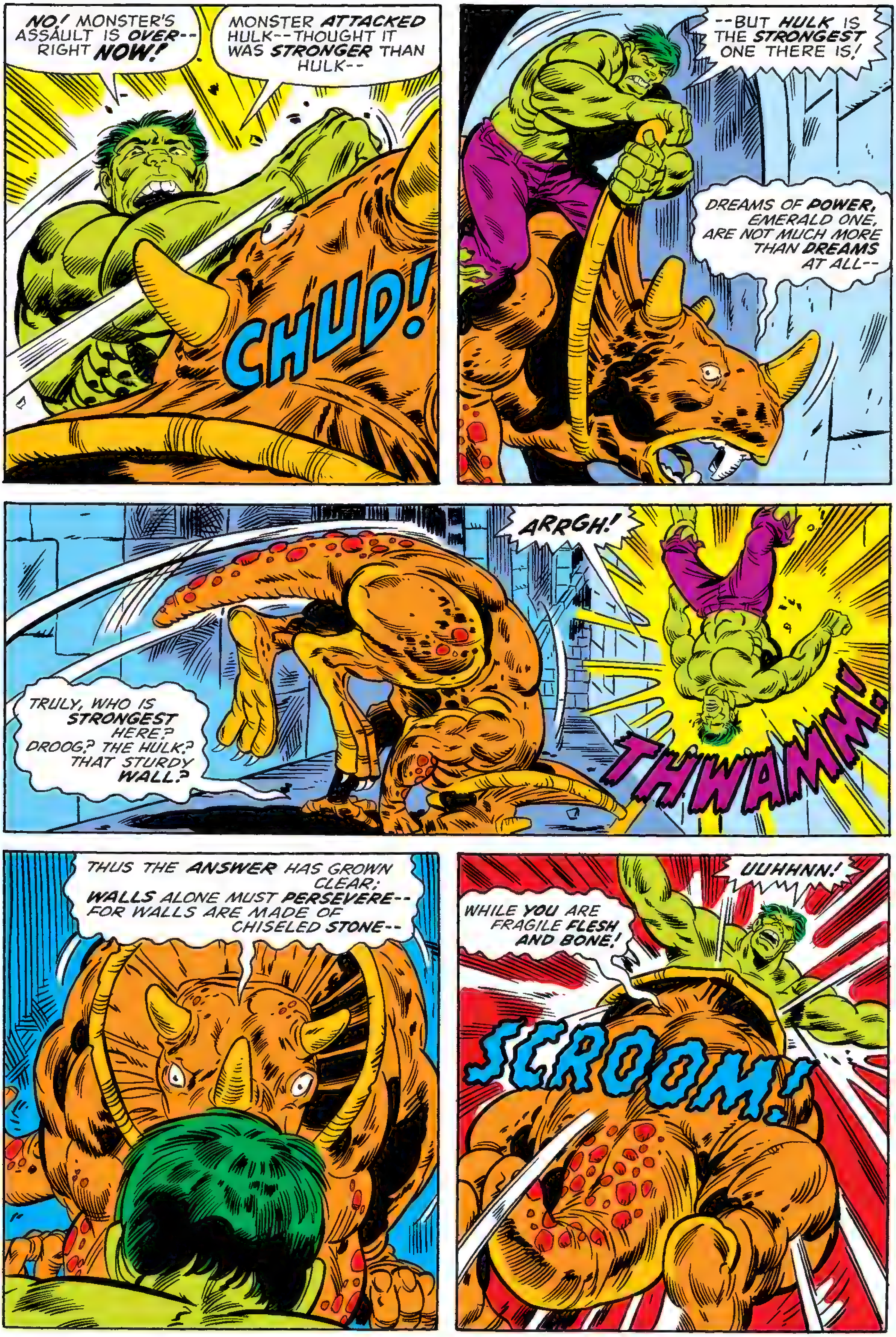

YOU WANT THAT MIND TO KEEP LIVING, COMMIE--
--YOU'LL PUT YOUR SWEATY HANDS UP AGAINST THE COMPUTER--FAST!
BETTER DO IT, LITTLE MAN-- NOW!
AFTER WHAT I JUST HEARD, I'M LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE TO ERASE YOU!
ROSS!?! SO--IT WOULD SEEM I UNDERESTIMATED YOU.
WE APPEAR TO BE YOUR PRISONERS... FOR THE MOMENT.
NYET--COMRADE GREMLIN-- THE AMERICANSKI GENERAL IS BLUFFING!
HE WOULD NEVER SHOOT THE BODY OF HIS SON-IN-LAW--
--BUT I HAVE NO SUCH COMPUNCTIONS ABOUT...
HUUNNH!
WHUD!
HOPE TALBOT WILL FORGIVE ME FOR THIS... WHEREVER HE IS.
OKAY--GET THE GREEN GUY OUT OF THAT MONKEY RIG!
WE MAY NEED HIS MUSCLE BEFORE WE'RE CLEAR!
FOOLS--THE BRUTE WILL NOT HELP YOU.
OH, HE'LL HELP US, LITTLE MAN--FOR BETTY'S SAKE.
BETTY? WH-WHERE IS BETTY? AND...WHERE IS HULK?
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, HULK. YOU HAVE TO COME WITH US-- NOW!
BUT YOU--YOU ARE ROSS! WHY DOES HULK'S ENEMY WANT TO HELP HULK? WHY?
FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SAKE--FOR BETTY-- AND FOR THE SAKE OF THE MAN YOU WERE!
DESPITE MY ORDERS, BRUCE BANNER RISKED HIS LIFE TO COME HERE--AND I OWE HIM SOMETHING FOR THAT.
COME WITH US, HULK... PLEASE.
FOR AN INTERMINABLE MOMENT, THERE IS SILENCE--

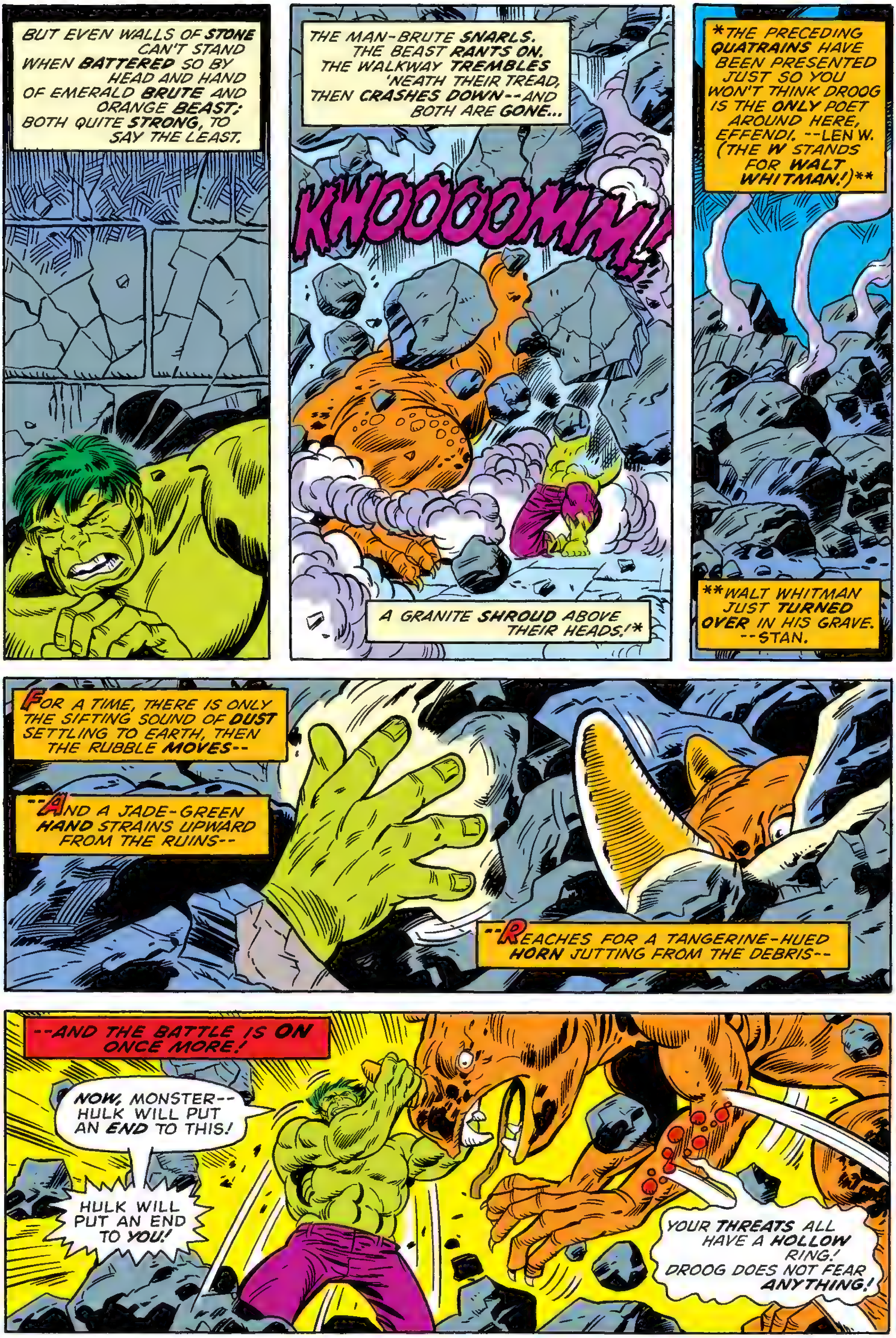

--THEN SLOWLY--VERY SLOWLY --THE BEHEMOTH NODS HIS HEAD.
OKAY, SHORT-SOX --RULES OF THE GAME! YOU ARE WHAT WE IN THE BUSINESS CALL INSURANCE--
--WHICH MEANS IF WE DIE ON OUR WAY OUT OF HERE, YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW IT!
GOT THAT? GOOD. NOW LET'S TAKE A HIKE!
FOOL--YOU WILL NOT GET AWAY WITH THIS!
UH HUH.
CURSE YOU, ROSS--YOU CANNOT HUMILIATE ME THIS WAY! EVEN THE KREMLIN IS WARY OF MY POWER!
THAT IS WHY THEY SEQUESTERED ME HERE IN THIS DESOLATE WASTELAND --FOR FEAR I WOULD DISTURB THEIR PRECIOUS DÉTENTE WITH YOUR COUNTRY!
THOSE DOLTS IN MOSCOW CLAIM THE COLD WAR IS OVER--BUT I KNOW BETTER! THE COLD WAR GOES ON, AS IT DID IN MY FATHER'S DAY--
--AND BEFORE I AM DONE, IT WILL BECOME A VERY HOT WAR INDEED!
MORE GLORY TO THE MEMORY OF THE GARGOYLE!
JUST KEEP RANTING, HALF-PINT--AND I MAY REVOKE YOUR INSURANCE NOW--!
EASY, QUARTER-MAIN--WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE!
ONCE WE'RE THRU THIS DOOR, WE SHOULD HAVE CLEAR...
OH.
"WE HAVE COMPANY, GENTLEMEN!"
THE COUNTDOWN STANDS AT 28 MINUTES!
WE CAN'T BLAST THEM AND THEY CAN'T BLAST US WITHOUT BOTH SIDES BEING WIPED OUT!
LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE THE PROVERBIAL MEXICAN STANDOFF ON OUR HANDS!
BUT NOT FOR LONG, COMRADE QUARTERMAIN!
DROOG! DROOG!, MY PET--COME TO ME! YOUR MASTER COMMANDS IT!

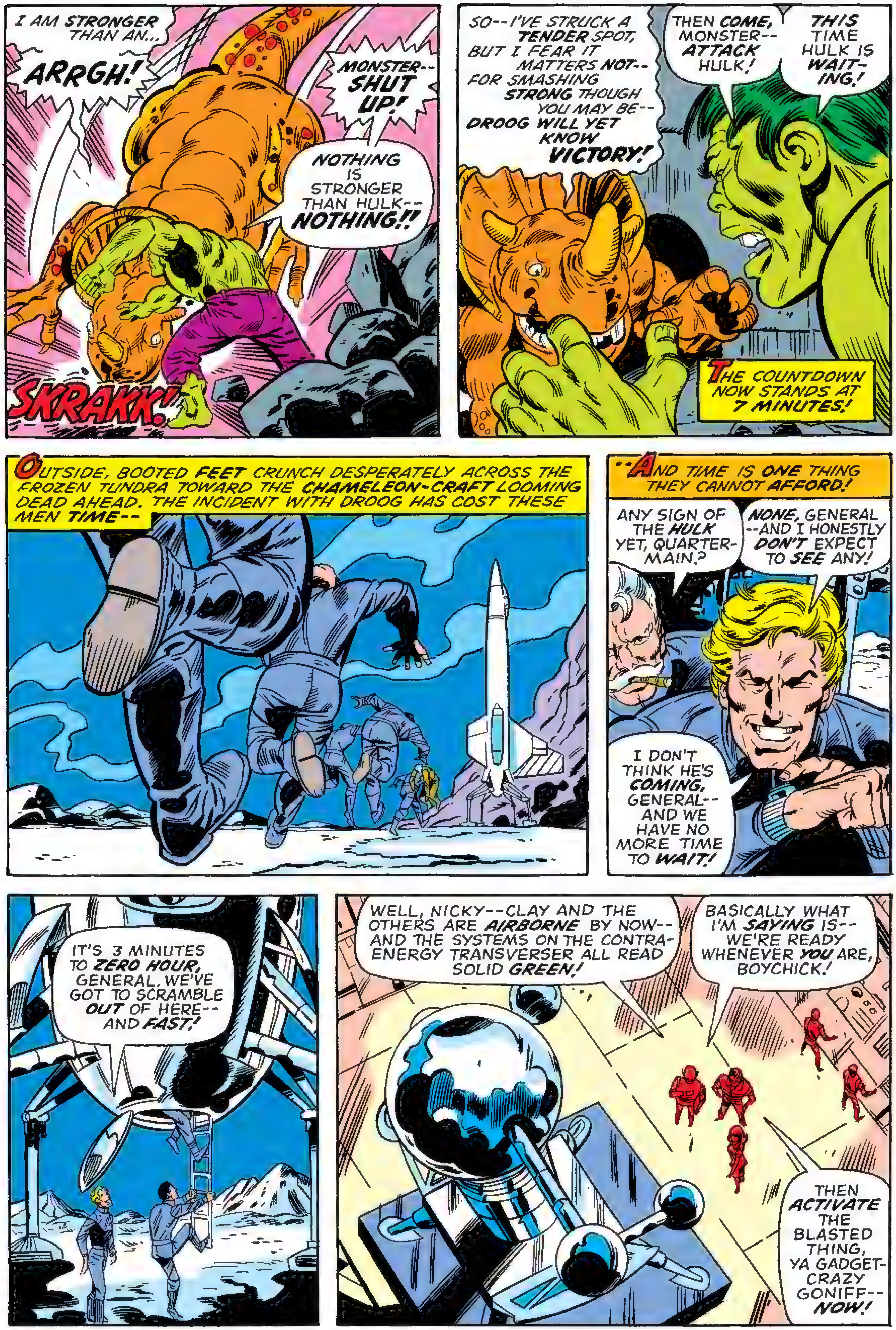
TIME STOPS AS THE SHADOWED CORRIDORS OF BITTERFROST ECHO WITH THE GREMLIN'S MAD CRY--THEN THE ECHOES FADE, TO BE REPLACED BY THE SOUND OF HEAVY SHUFFLING--AND A STENCH AS FOUL AS THE GRAVE.
GROWLING AND GURGLING IN A VOICE THAT IS LITTLE MORE THAN A MOCKERY OF SOMETHING HUMAN, HORROR SHAMBLES SUDDENLY INTO VIEW--
--AND THAT HORROR HAS A NAME!
DROOG: IN RUSSIAN, THE WORD MEANS "FRIEND"--AND ANYONE CAN TELL YOU, A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS DOG!
PRECIOUS MASTER, HAVE NO FEAR! YOUR LOVING DROOG! PET IS HERE!
IS HE NOT BEAUTIFUL, COMRADE ROSS? I RAISED HIM FROM A PUP IN THE BIO-GENETIC LABS! HE IS ONE OF A KIND--
--AND HE IS MINE!
THAT'S NOT JUST A MONSTER --THAT'S A LIVING NIGHTMARE!
JADE-JAWS, YOU ARE A MASTER OF UNDER-STATEMENT!
HUH? IS BIG ORANGE MONSTER!

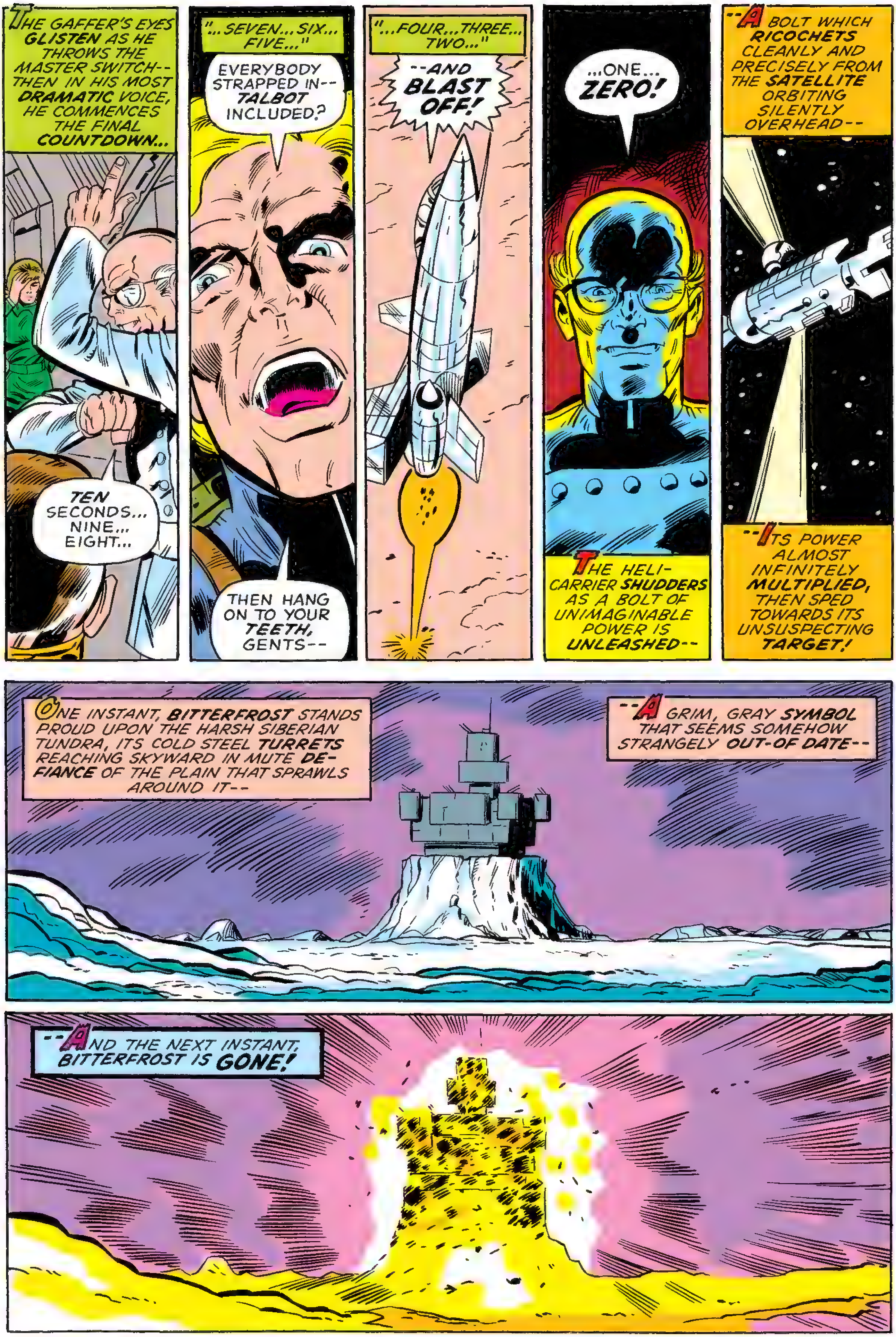

DROOG IS HERE AT YOUR COMMAND! WHO IS DROOG TO REPRIMAND?
NYET, DROOG-- THIS TIME I DO NOT REQUIRE YOU TO KEEP ORDER AMONG MY TROOPS--
--BUT TO SLAY THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY ME!
KILL THEM, MY PET--NOW!
HAH! HULK DOES NOT KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE--
--BUT MONSTER ATTACKS HULK AND HULK'S FRIENDS--
--AND FIGHTING IS SOMETHING THAT HULK UNDERSTANDS!
HULK--DON'T! COME BACK HERE, BLAST IT!
MY DROOGI HOLDS THE FOOLS AT BAY, AS EXPECTED! THE TIME HAS COME TO MAKE MY EXIT--
--AND I FEAR I CANNOT LEAVE YOU IN THE AMERICANS' HANDS, COMRADE KRONSKI! THE INFORMATION YOUR MIND POSSESSES IS FAR TOO VALUABLE TO REMAIN UNGUARDED--!
THUS MY CEREBRO-RAY MUST ELIMINATE YOUR MIND-- PERMANENTLY!
GLENN--! IN GOD'S NAME-- NOOOO!
THE MIND OF GREGORI KRONSKI DIES SCREAMING, SCREAMING SILENTLY FOR IT HAS NO LIPS TO SPEAK.
AND WITH THAT, A STEEL DOOR SLAMS SHUT, SEALING THE GREMLIN OFF FROM ALL PURSUIT.
GO, ROSS--TAKE OTHERS AND FIND BETTY! HULK WILL STAY AND SMASH ORANGE MONSTER!
SMASHING IS WHAT HULK DOES BEST!

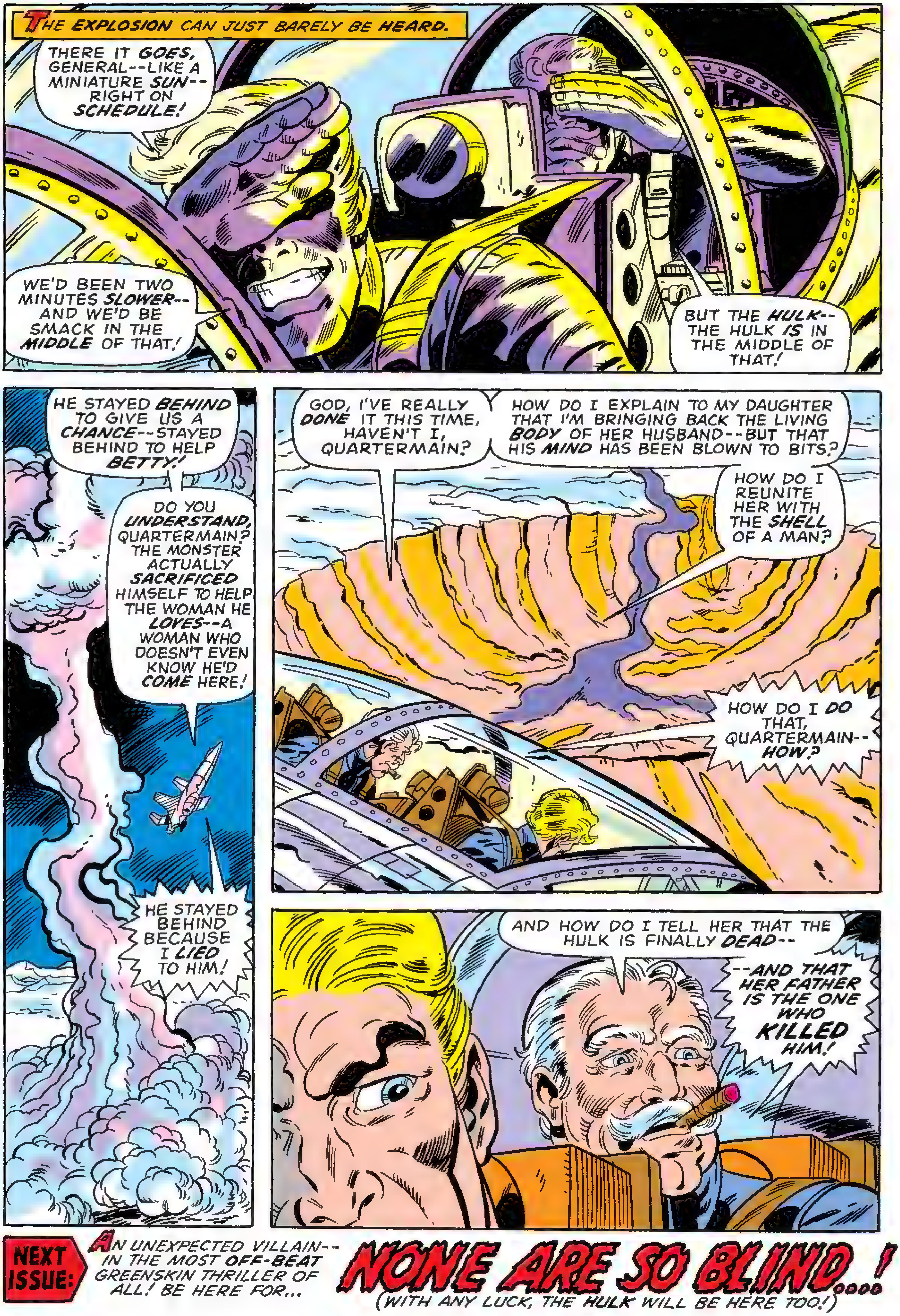

COME ON, HULK-- FORGET THAT THING! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE IF YOU STAY HERE!
NO! HULK DOES NOT MATTER! ONLY BETTY MATTERS!
GO, ROSS-- SAVE BETTY-- NOW!
YOU HEARD HIM, GENERAL--LET'S GO! THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO FOR HIM!
THE COUNTDOWN STANDS AT 21 MINUTES!
GREEN ONE, IT WAS WRONG TO WAIT! DOING SO, YOU'VE SEALED YOUR FATE!
NOW, MONSTER, HULK WILL... HUH?
HULK FALLS!
YOUR LIFE I MUST TERMINATE!
SO--HE TOPPLES TO THE FLOOR! HE WILL MOVE NOW NEVERMORE!
KWA-ROOM!
BAH! FALL CANNOT HURT HULK! NOTHING CAN HURT HULK!
BUT MONSTER TALKS IN STUPID RHYMES--TRIES TO CONFUSE HULK--
--AND THAT MAKES HULK MAD!
HOLD YOUR TEMPER, EMERALD ONE! DROOG'S ASSAULT HAS JUST BEGUN!
ARRGH!
THWAMM!

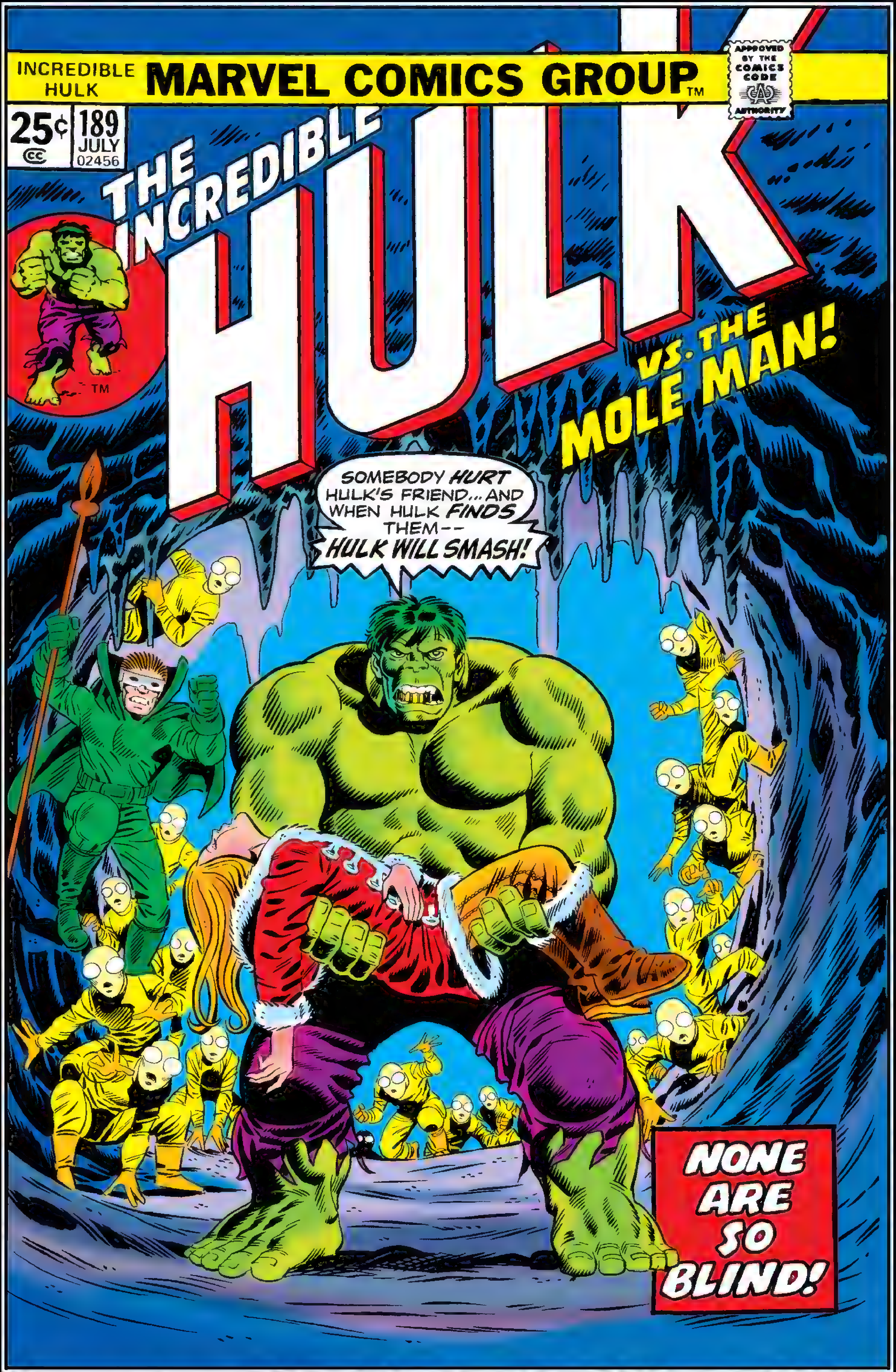

NO! MONSTER'S ASSAULT IS OVER-- RIGHT NOW!
MONSTER ATTACKED HULK--THOUGHT IT WAS STRONGER THAN HULK--
CHUD!
--BUT HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!
DREAMS OF POWER, EMERALD ONE, ARE NOT MUCH MORE THAN DREAMS AT ALL--
ARRGH!
TRULY, WHO IS STRONGEST HERE? DROOG? THE HULK? THAT STURDY WALL?
THWAMM!
THUS THE ANSWER HAS GROWN CLEAR: WALLS ALONE MUST PERSEVERE-- FOR WALLS ARE MADE OF CHISELED STONE--
UUHHNN!
WHILE YOU ARE FRAGILE FLESH AND BONE!
SCROOM!


BUT EVEN WALLS OF **STONE** CAN'T STAND WHEN **BATTERED** SO BY HEAD AND HAND OF EMERALD **BRUTE** AND ORANGE **BEAST:** BOTH QUITE **STRONG,** TO SAY THE LEAST.
THE MAN-BRUTE **SNARLS.** THE BEAST **RANTS ON.** THE WALKWAY **TREMBLES** 'NEATH THEIR TREAD, THEN **CRASHES DOWN**--AND BOTH ARE **GONE...**
KWOOOOOMM!
A GRANITE **SHROUD** ABOVE THEIR HEADS!*
*THE PRECEDING **QUATRAINS** HAVE BEEN PRESENTED JUST SO YOU WON'T THINK DROOG IS THE **ONLY** POET AROUND HERE, EFFENDI. --LEN W. (THE **W** STANDS FOR **WALT WHITMAN!**)**
WALT WHITMAN JUST **TURNED OVER IN HIS GRAVE. --STAN.
FOR A TIME, THERE IS ONLY THE SIFTING SOUND OF **DUST** SETTLING TO EARTH, THEN THE RUBBLE **MOVES**--
--AND A JADE-GREEN **HAND** STRAINS UPWARD FROM THE RUINS--
--REACHES FOR A TANGERINE-HUED **HORN** JUTTING FROM THE DEBRIS--
--AND THE BATTLE IS **ON** ONCE MORE!
NOW, MONSTER-- HULK WILL PUT AN **END** TO THIS!
HULK WILL PUT AN END TO **YOU!**
YOUR **THREATS** ALL HAVE A **HOLLOW** RING! DROOG DOES NOT FEAR **ANYTHING!**


I AM STRONGER THAN AN...
ARRGH!
MONSTER--SHUT UP!
NOTHING IS STRONGER THAN HULK--NOTHING!!
SKRAKK!
SO--I'VE STRUCK A TENDER SPOT, BUT I FEAR IT MATTERS NOT--FOR SMASHING STRONG THOUGH YOU MAY BE--DROOG WILL YET KNOW VICTORY!
THEN COME, MONSTER--ATTACK HULK!
THIS TIME HULK IS WAITING!
THE COUNTDOWN NOW STANDS AT 7 MINUTES!
OUTSIDE, BOOTED FEET CRUNCH DESPERATELY ACROSS THE FROZEN TUNDRA TOWARD THE CHAMELEON-CRAFT LOOMING DEAD AHEAD. THE INCIDENT WITH DROOG HAS COST THESE MEN TIME--
--AND TIME IS ONE THING THEY CANNOT AFFORD!
ANY SIGN OF THE HULK YET, QUARTERMAIN?
NONE, GENERAL --AND I HONESTLY DON'T EXPECT TO SEE ANY!
I DON'T THINK HE'S COMING, GENERAL--AND WE HAVE NO MORE TIME TO WAIT!
IT'S 3 MINUTES TO ZERO HOUR, GENERAL. WE'VE GOT TO SCRAMBLE OUT OF HERE--AND FAST!
WELL, NICKY--CLAY AND THE OTHERS ARE AIRBORNE BY NOW--AND THE SYSTEMS ON THE CONTRA-ENERGY TRANSVERSER ALL READ SOLID GREEN!
BASICALLY WHAT I'M SAYING IS--WE'RE READY WHENEVER YOU ARE, BOYCHICK!
THEN ACTIVATE THE BLASTED THING, YA GADGET-CRAZY GONIFF--NOW!


THE GAFFER'S EYES GLISTEN AS HE THROWS THE MASTER SWITCH-- THEN IN HIS MOST DRAMATIC VOICE, HE COMMENCES THE FINAL COUNTDOWN...
TEN SECONDS... NINE... EIGHT...
"...SEVEN...SIX... FIVE..."
EVERYBODY STRAPPED IN-- TALBOT INCLUDED?
THEN HANG ON TO YOUR TEETH, GENTS--
"...FOUR...THREE... TWO..."
--AND BLAST OFF!
...ONE... ZERO!
THE HELI-CARRIER SHUDDERS AS A BOLT OF UNIMAGINABLE POWER IS UNLEASHED--
--A BOLT WHICH RICOCHETS CLEANLY AND PRECISELY FROM THE SATELLITE ORBITING SILENTLY OVERHEAD--
--ITS POWER ALMOST INFINITELY MULTIPLIED, THEN SPED TOWARDS ITS UNSUSPECTING TARGET!
ONE INSTANT, BITTERFROST STANDS PROUD UPON THE HARSH SIBERIAN TUNDRA, ITS COLD STEEL TURRETS REACHING SKYWARD IN MUTE DEFIANCE OF THE PLAIN THAT SPRAWLS AROUND IT--
--A GRIM, GRAY SYMBOL THAT SEEMS SOMEHOW STRANGELY OUT-OF DATE--
--AND THE NEXT INSTANT, BITTERFROST IS GONE!


THE EXPLOSION CAN JUST BARELY BE HEARD.
THERE IT GOES, GENERAL--LIKE A MINIATURE SUN--RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
WE'D BEEN TWO MINUTES SLOWER--AND WE'D BE SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT!
BUT THE HULK--THE HULK IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT!
HE STAYED BEHIND TO GIVE US A CHANCE--STAYED BEHIND TO HELP BETTY!
DO YOU UNDERSTAND, QUARTERMAIN? THE MONSTER ACTUALLY SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO HELP THE WOMAN HE LOVES--A WOMAN WHO DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HE'D COME HERE!
HE STAYED BEHIND BECAUSE I LIED TO HIM!
GOD, I'VE REALLY DONE IT THIS TIME, HAVEN'T I, QUARTERMAIN?
HOW DO I EXPLAIN TO MY DAUGHTER THAT I'M BRINGING BACK THE LIVING BODY OF HER HUSBAND--BUT THAT HIS MIND HAS BEEN BLOWN TO BITS?
HOW DO I REUNITE HER WITH THE SHELL OF A MAN?
HOW DO I DO THAT, QUARTERMAIN--HOW?
AND HOW DO I TELL HER THAT THE HULK IS FINALLY DEAD--
--AND THAT HER FATHER IS THE ONE WHO KILLED HIM!
NEXT ISSUE:
AN UNEXPECTED VILLAIN--IN THE MOST OFF-BEAT GREENSKIN THRILLER OF ALL! BE HERE FOR...
NONE ARE SO BLIND..!
(WITH ANY LUCK, THE HULK WILL BE HERE TOO!)


INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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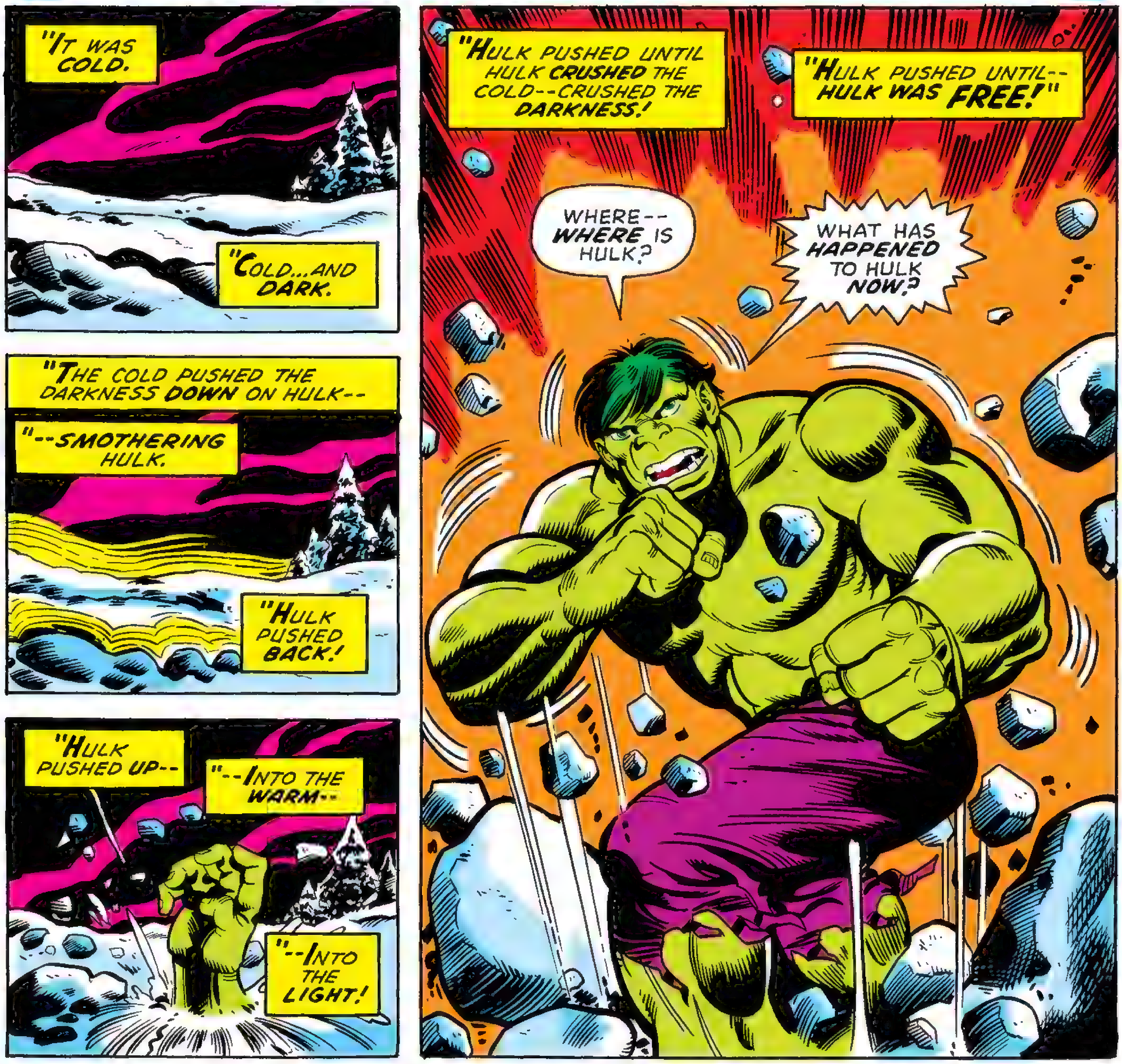
25¢
189
JULY
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
VS. THE MOLE MAN!
SOMEBODY HURT HULK'S FRIEND... AND WHEN HULK FINDS THEM-- HULK WILL SMASH!
NONE ARE SO BLIND!

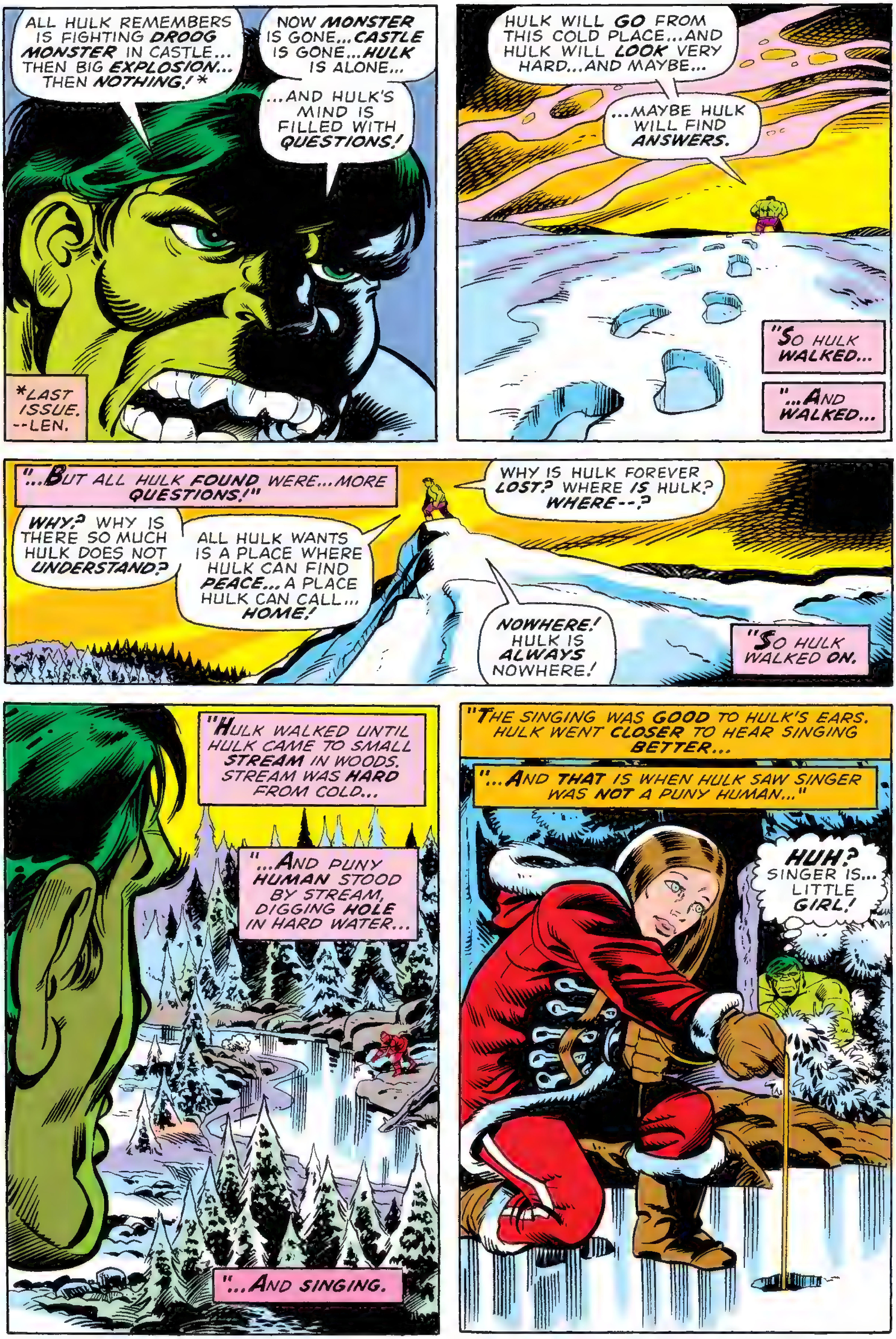
Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

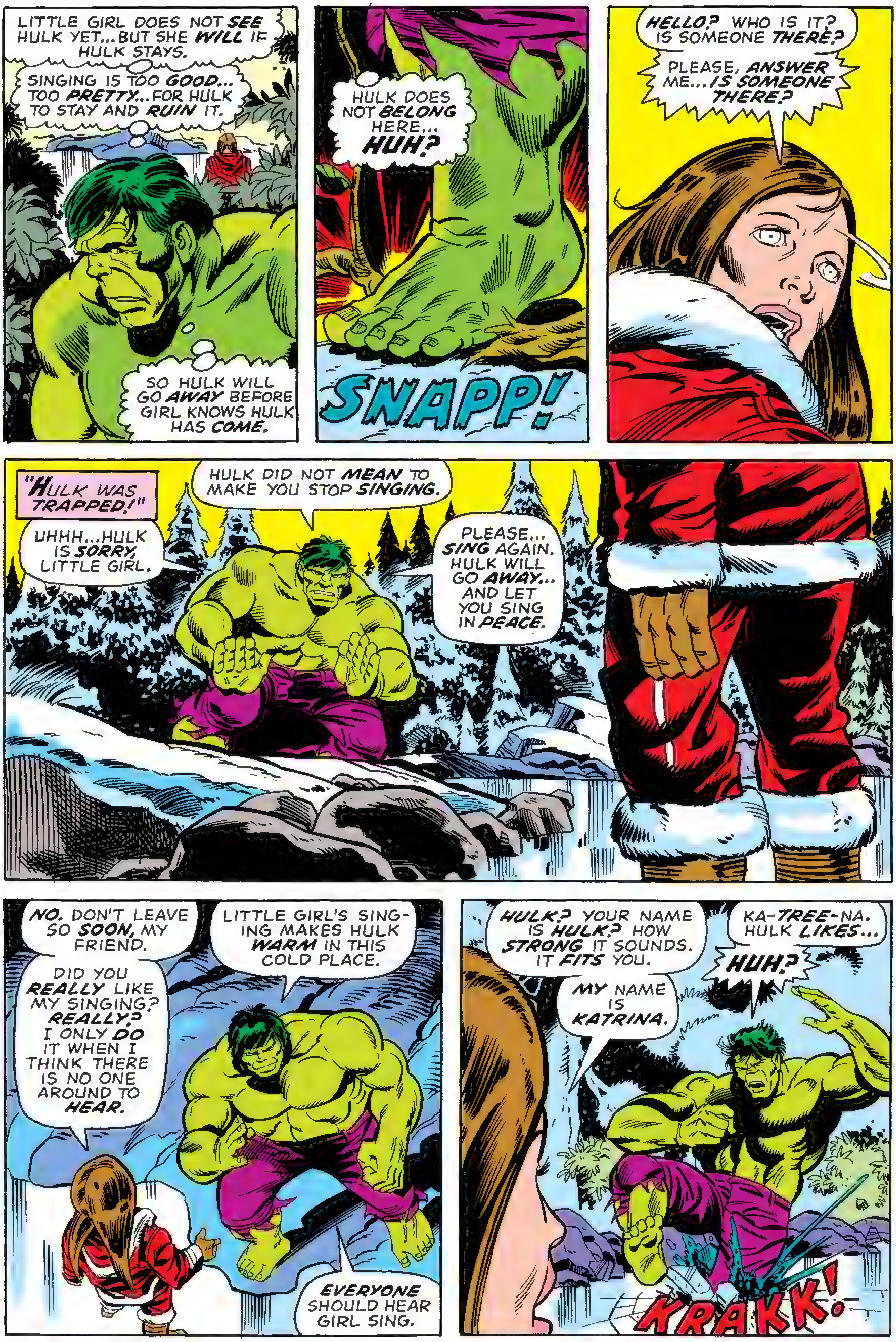
STAN LEE PRESENTS: **THE INCREDIBLE HULK!**™

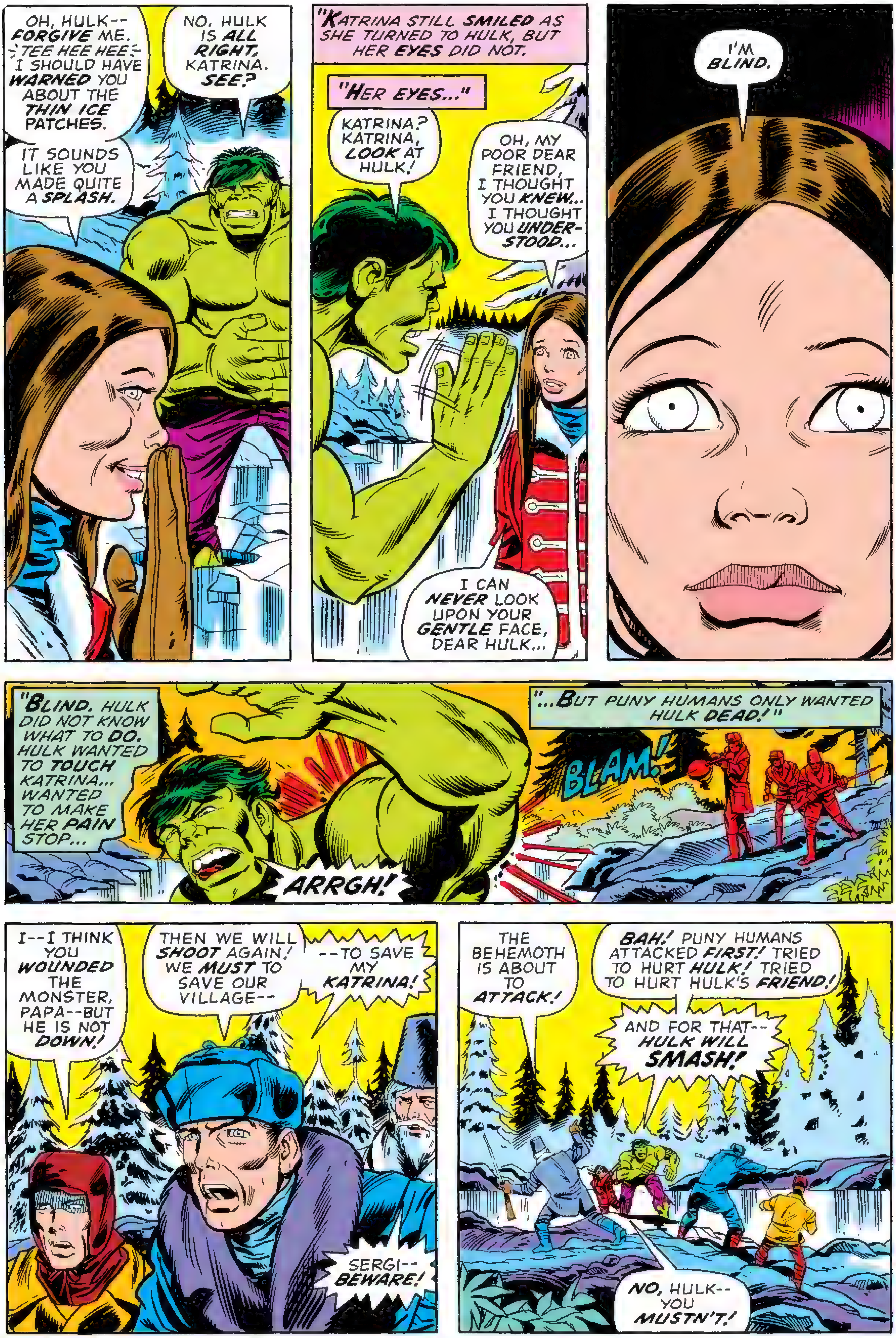
LEN WEIN *WRITER/EDITOR* ✶ **HERB TRIMPE & JOE STATON** *ILLUSTRATORS* ✶ **GLYNIS OLIVER WEIN** *COLORIST* ✶ **ARTY SIMEK** *LETTERER*

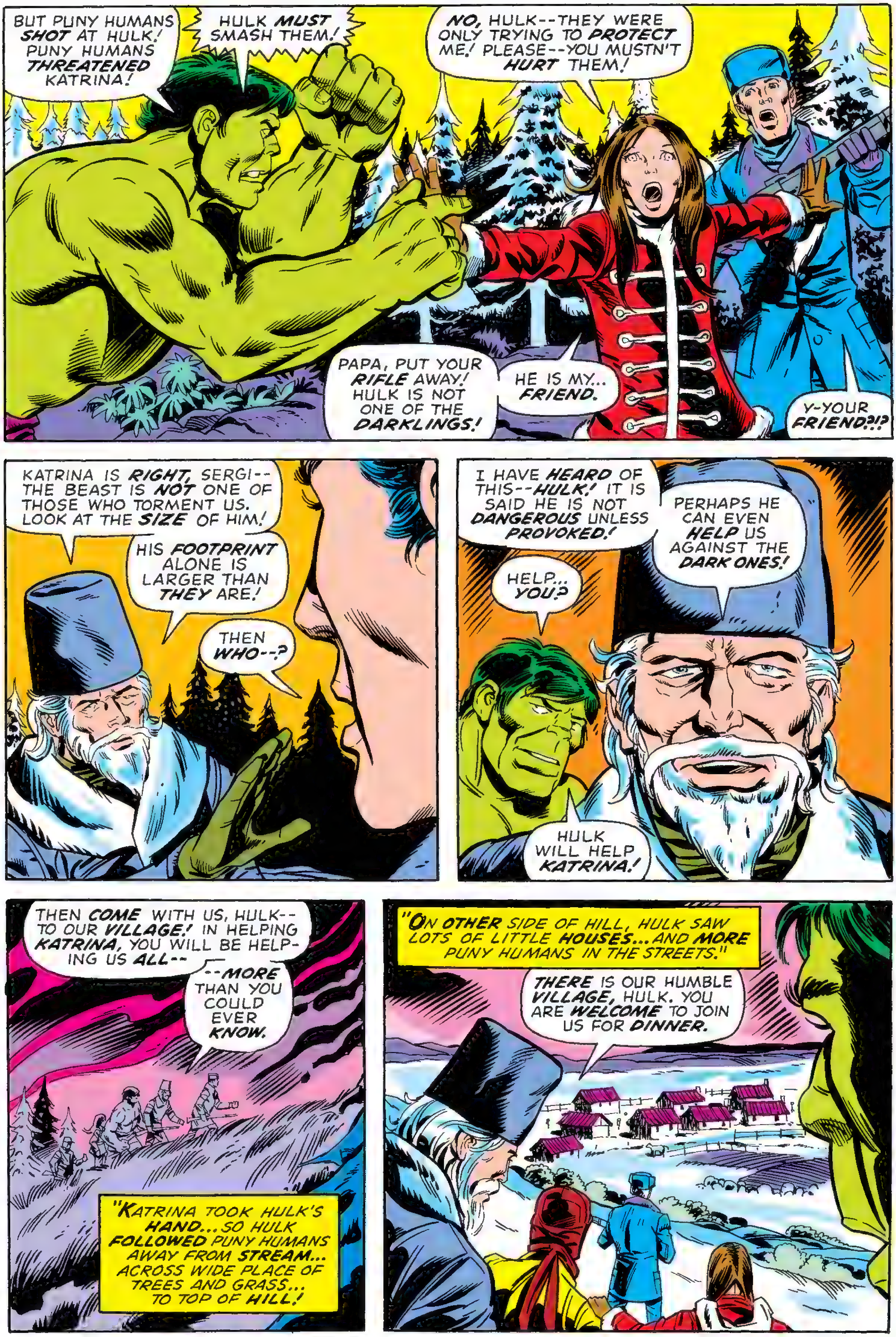
NONE ARE SO BLIND....!

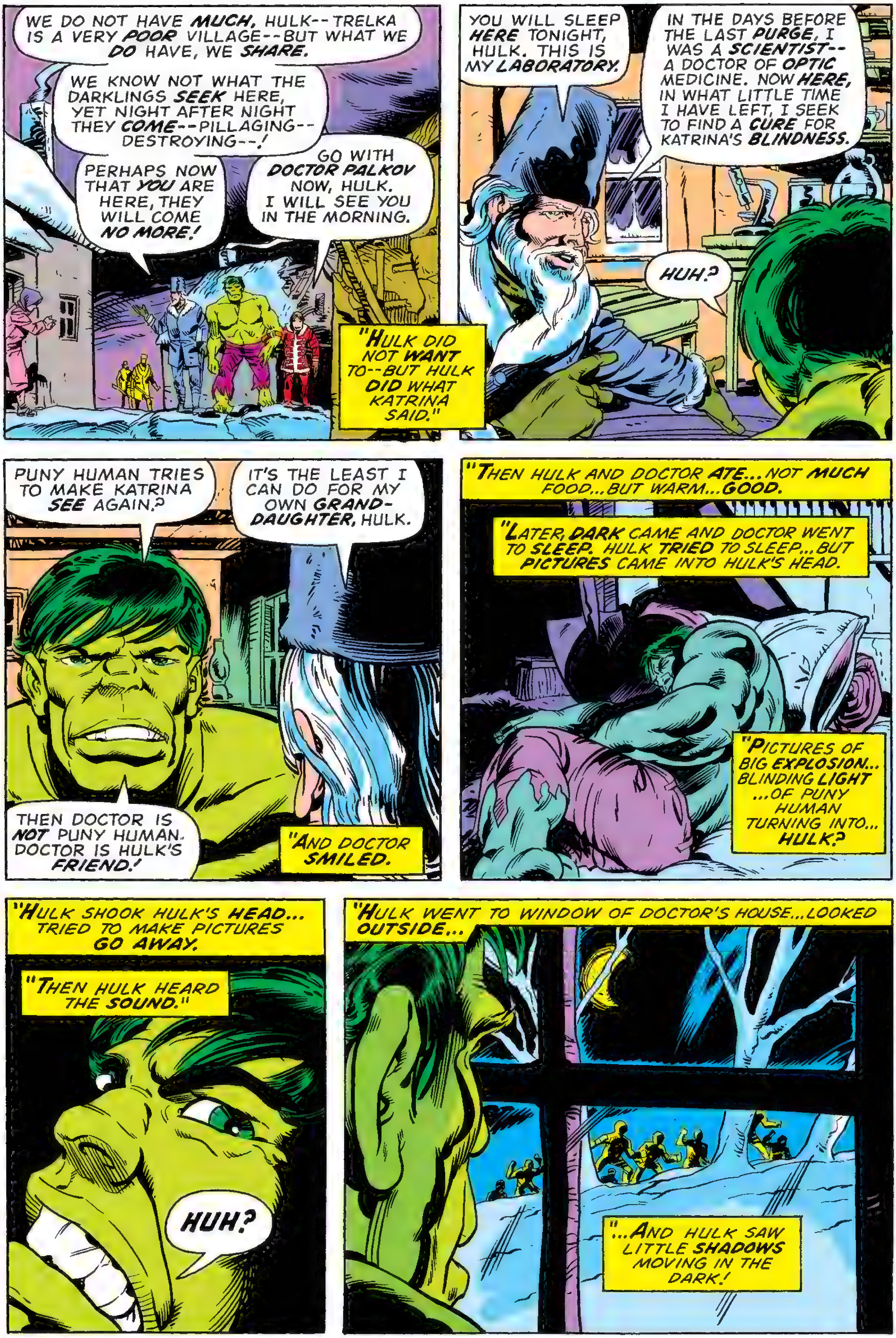

"IT WAS COLD.
"COLD...AND DARK.
"THE COLD PUSHED THE DARKNESS DOWN ON HULK--
"--SMOTHERING HULK.
"HULK PUSHED BACK!
"HULK PUSHED UP--
"--INTO THE WARM--
"--INTO THE LIGHT!
"HULK PUSHED UNTIL HULK CRUSHED THE COLD--CRUSHED THE DARKNESS!
"HULK PUSHED UNTIL--HULK WAS FREE!"
WHERE-- WHERE IS HULK?
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HULK NOW?

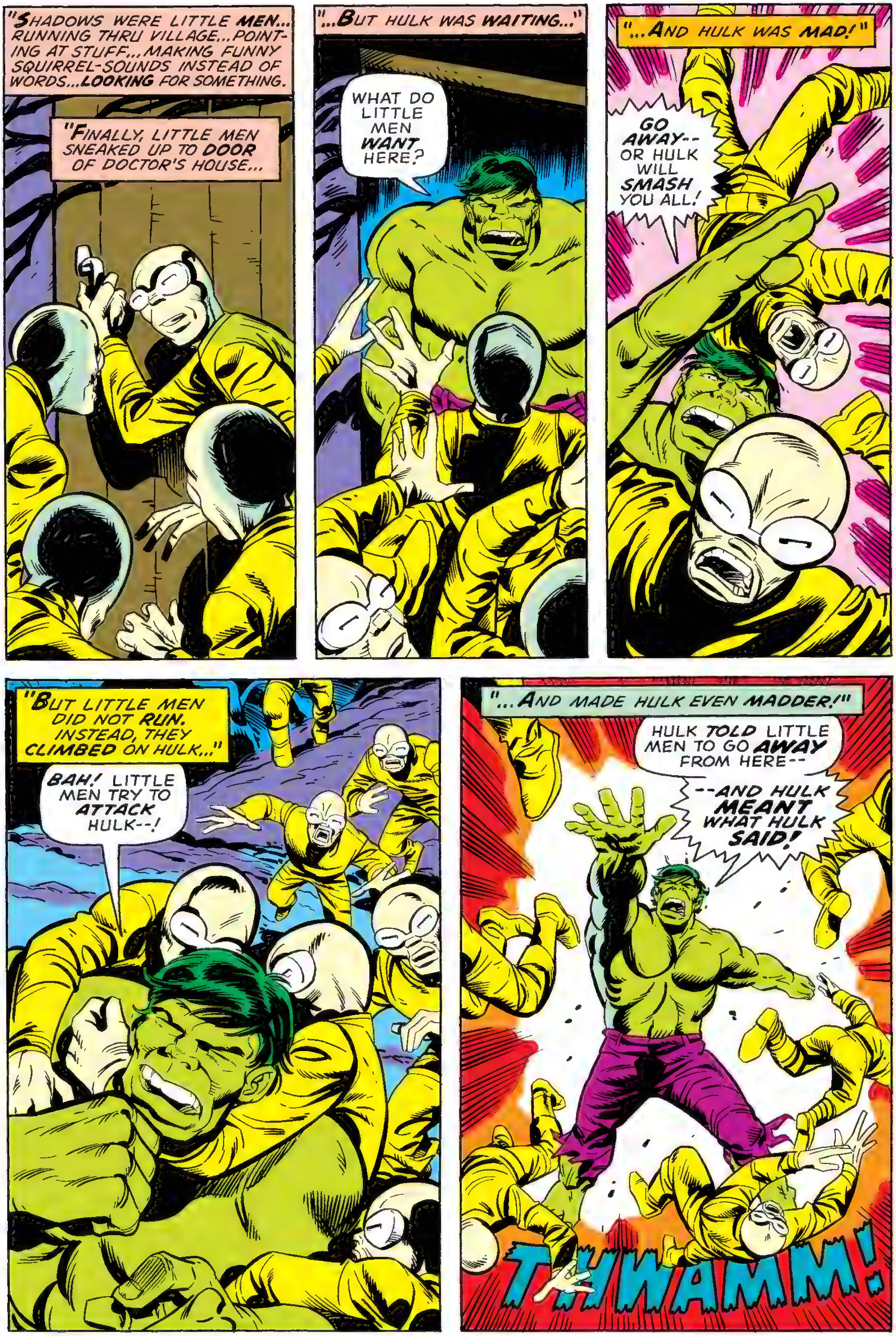

ALL HULK REMEMBERS IS FIGHTING DROOG MONSTER IN CASTLE... THEN BIG EXPLOSION... THEN NOTHING!*
NOW MONSTER IS GONE... CASTLE IS GONE... HULK IS ALONE...
...AND HULK'S MIND IS FILLED WITH QUESTIONS!
*LAST ISSUE. --LEN.
HULK WILL GO FROM THIS COLD PLACE... AND HULK WILL LOOK VERY HARD... AND MAYBE...
...MAYBE HULK WILL FIND ANSWERS.
"SO HULK WALKED...
"...AND WALKED...
"...BUT ALL HULK FOUND WERE... MORE QUESTIONS!"
WHY? WHY IS THERE SO MUCH HULK DOES NOT UNDERSTAND?
ALL HULK WANTS IS A PLACE WHERE HULK CAN FIND PEACE... A PLACE HULK CAN CALL... HOME!
WHY IS HULK FOREVER LOST? WHERE IS HULK? WHERE--?
NOWHERE! HULK IS ALWAYS NOWHERE!
"SO HULK WALKED ON.
"HULK WALKED UNTIL HULK CAME TO SMALL STREAM IN WOODS. STREAM WAS HARD FROM COLD...
"...AND PUNY HUMAN STOOD BY STREAM, DIGGING HOLE IN HARD WATER...
"...AND SINGING.
"THE SINGING WAS GOOD TO HULK'S EARS. HULK WENT CLOSER TO HEAR SINGING BETTER...
"...AND THAT IS WHEN HULK SAW SINGER WAS NOT A PUNY HUMAN..."
HUH? SINGER IS... LITTLE GIRL!

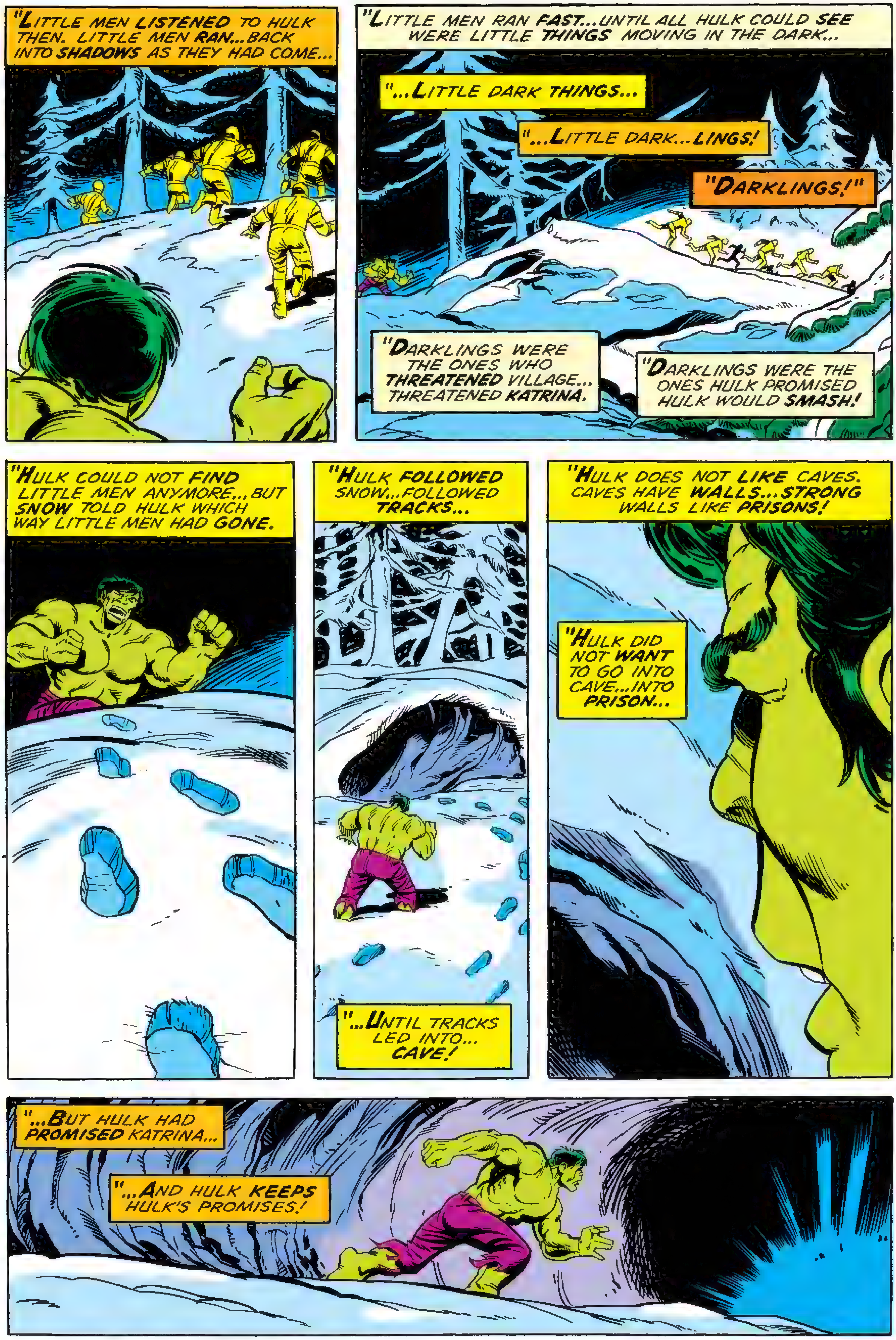

LITTLE GIRL DOES NOT SEE HULK YET... BUT SHE WILL IF HULK STAYS.
SINGING IS TOO GOOD... TOO PRETTY... FOR HULK TO STAY AND RUIN IT.
SO HULK WILL GO AWAY BEFORE GIRL KNOWS HULK HAS COME.
HULK DOES NOT BELONG HERE... HUH?
SNAPP!
HELLO? WHO IS IT? IS SOMEONE THERE?
PLEASE, ANSWER ME... IS SOMEONE THERE?
"HULK WAS TRAPPED!"
UHHH... HULK IS SORRY, LITTLE GIRL.
HULK DID NOT MEAN TO MAKE YOU STOP SINGING.
PLEASE... SING AGAIN. HULK WILL GO AWAY... AND LET YOU SING IN PEACE.
NO. DON'T LEAVE SO SOON, MY FRIEND.
DID YOU REALLY LIKE MY SINGING? REALLY? I ONLY DO IT WHEN I THINK THERE IS NO ONE AROUND TO HEAR.
LITTLE GIRL'S SINGING MAKES HULK WARM IN THIS COLD PLACE.
EVERYONE SHOULD HEAR GIRL SING.
HULK? YOUR NAME IS HULK? HOW STRONG IT SOUNDS. IT FITS YOU.
MY NAME IS KATRINA.
KA-TREE-NA. HULK LIKES...
HUH?
KRAKK!

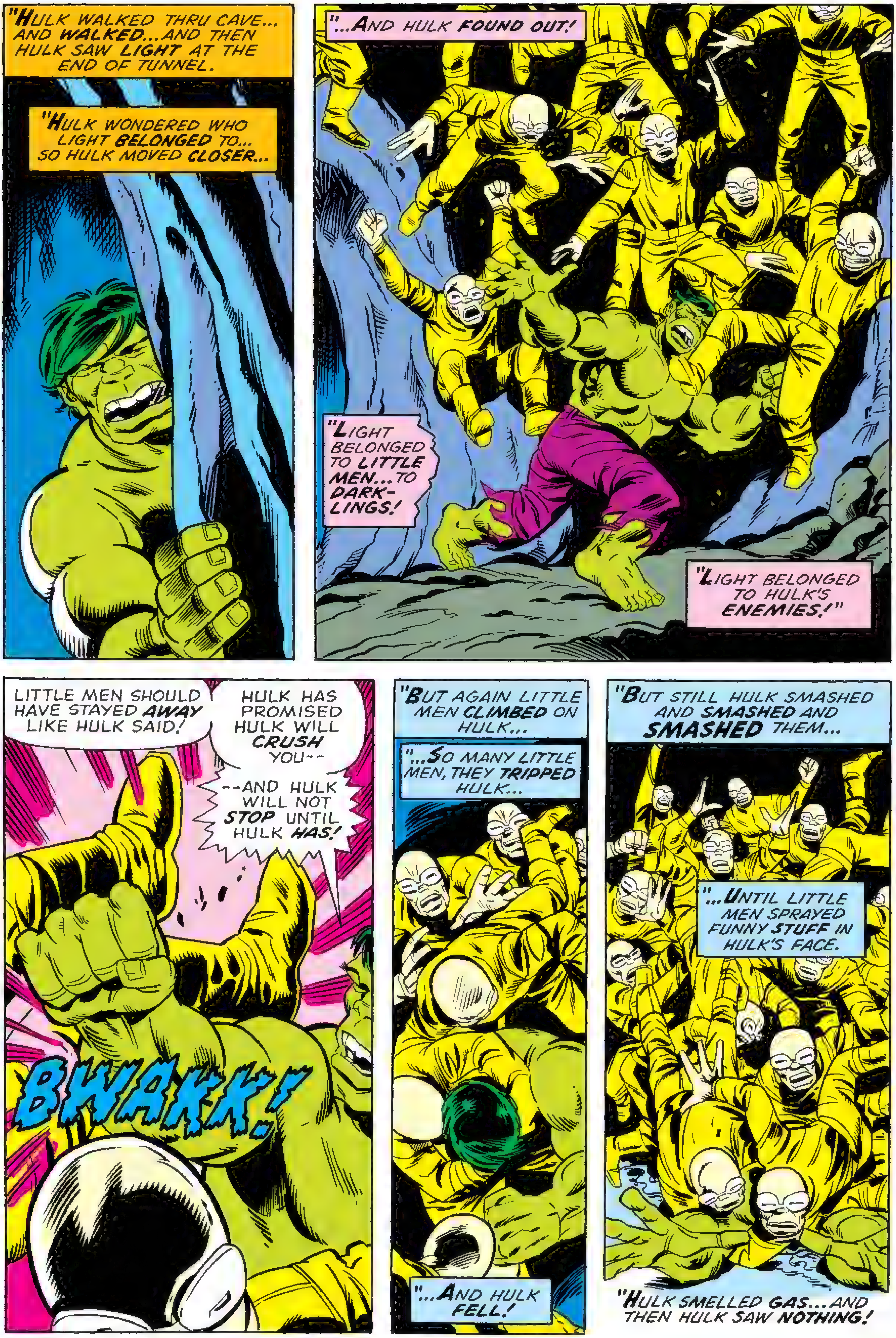

OH, HULK-- FORGIVE ME. TEE HEE HEE I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU ABOUT THE THIN ICE PATCHES.
NO. HULK IS ALL RIGHT, KATRINA. SEE?
IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU MADE QUITE A SPLASH.
"KATRINA STILL SMILED AS SHE TURNED TO HULK, BUT HER EYES DID NOT.
"HER EYES..."
KATRINA? KATRINA, LOOK AT HULK!
OH, MY POOR DEAR FRIEND, I THOUGHT YOU KNEW... I THOUGHT YOU UNDERSTOOD...
I CAN NEVER LOOK UPON YOUR GENTLE FACE, DEAR HULK...
I'M BLIND.
"BLIND. HULK DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO. HULK WANTED TO TOUCH KATRINA... WANTED TO MAKE HER PAIN STOP...
"...BUT PUNY HUMANS ONLY WANTED HULK DEAD!"
BLAM!
ARRGH!
I--I THINK YOU WOUNDED THE MONSTER, PAPA--BUT HE IS NOT DOWN!
THEN WE WILL SHOOT AGAIN! WE MUST TO SAVE OUR VILLAGE--
--TO SAVE MY KATRINA!
SERGI--BEWARE!
THE BEHEMOTH IS ABOUT TO ATTACK!
BAH! PUNY HUMANS ATTACKED FIRST! TRIED TO HURT HULK! TRIED TO HURT HULK'S FRIEND!
AND FOR THAT-- HULK WILL SMASH!
NO, HULK-- YOU MUSTN'T!

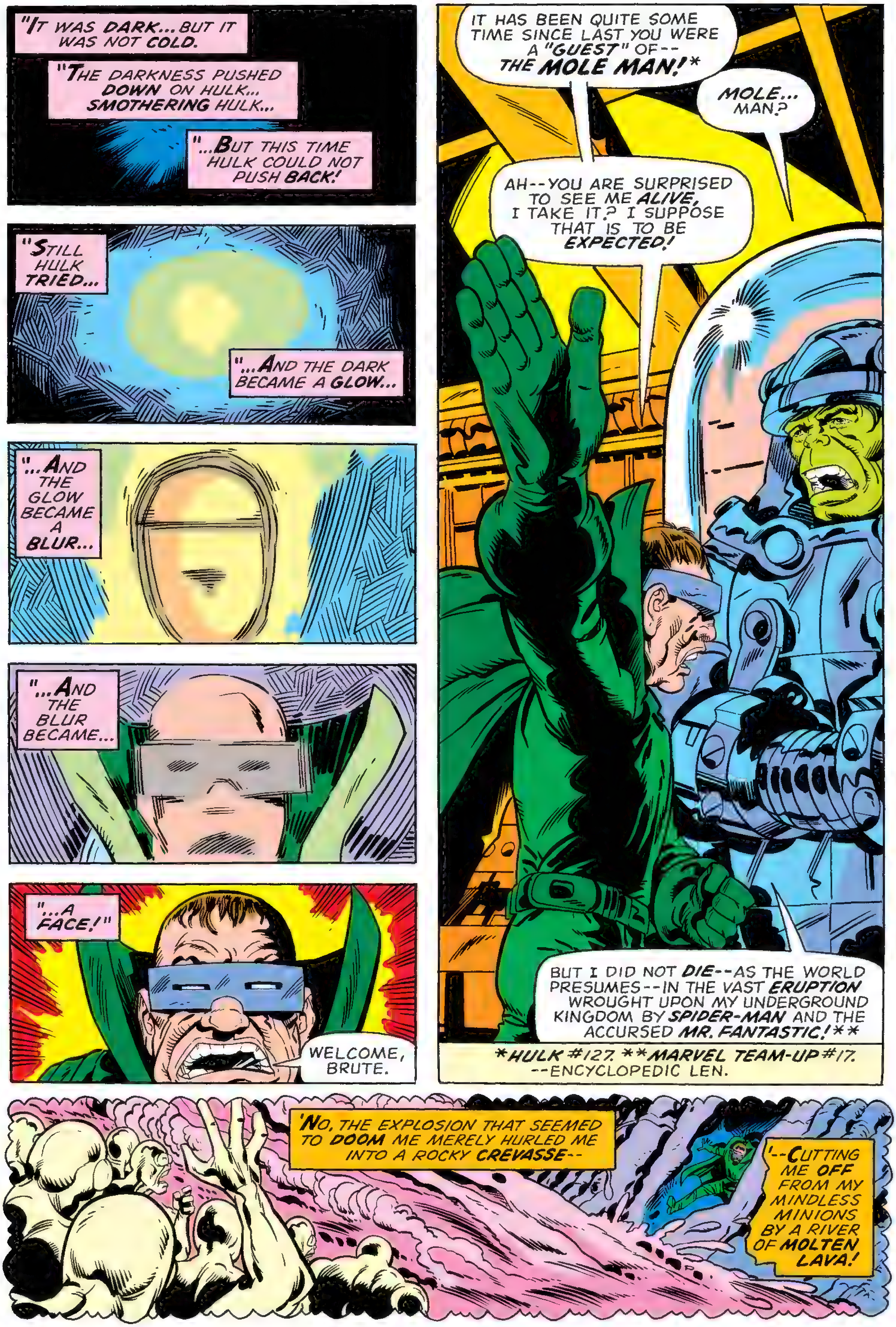

BUT PUNY HUMANS **SHOT** AT HULK! PUNY HUMANS **THREATENED** KATRINA!
HULK **MUST** SMASH THEM!
NO, HULK--THEY WERE ONLY TRYING TO **PROTECT** ME! PLEASE--YOU MUSTN'T **HURT** THEM!
PAPA, PUT YOUR **RIFLE** AWAY! HULK IS NOT ONE OF THE **DARKLINGS!**
HE IS MY... **FRIEND.**
Y-YOUR **FRIEND?!?**
KATRINA IS **RIGHT,** SERGI--THE BEAST IS **NOT** ONE OF THOSE WHO TORMENT US. LOOK AT THE **SIZE** OF HIM!
HIS **FOOTPRINT** ALONE IS LARGER THAN **THEY** ARE!
THEN **WHO--?**
I HAVE **HEARD** OF THIS--**HULK!** IT IS SAID HE IS NOT **DANGEROUS** UNLESS **PROVOKED!**
PERHAPS HE CAN EVEN **HELP** US AGAINST THE **DARK ONES!**
HELP... **YOU?**
HULK WILL HELP **KATRINA!**
THEN **COME** WITH US, HULK--TO OUR **VILLAGE!** IN HELPING **KATRINA,** YOU WILL BE HELPING US **ALL--**
--MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER **KNOW.**
"KATRINA TOOK HULK'S **HAND**... SO HULK **FOLLOWED** PUNY HUMANS AWAY FROM **STREAM**... ACROSS WIDE PLACE OF TREES AND GRASS... TO TOP OF **HILL!**
"**ON OTHER** SIDE OF HILL, HULK SAW LOTS OF LITTLE **HOUSES**... AND **MORE** PUNY HUMANS IN THE STREETS."
THERE IS OUR HUMBLE **VILLAGE,** HULK. YOU ARE **WELCOME** TO JOIN US FOR **DINNER.**

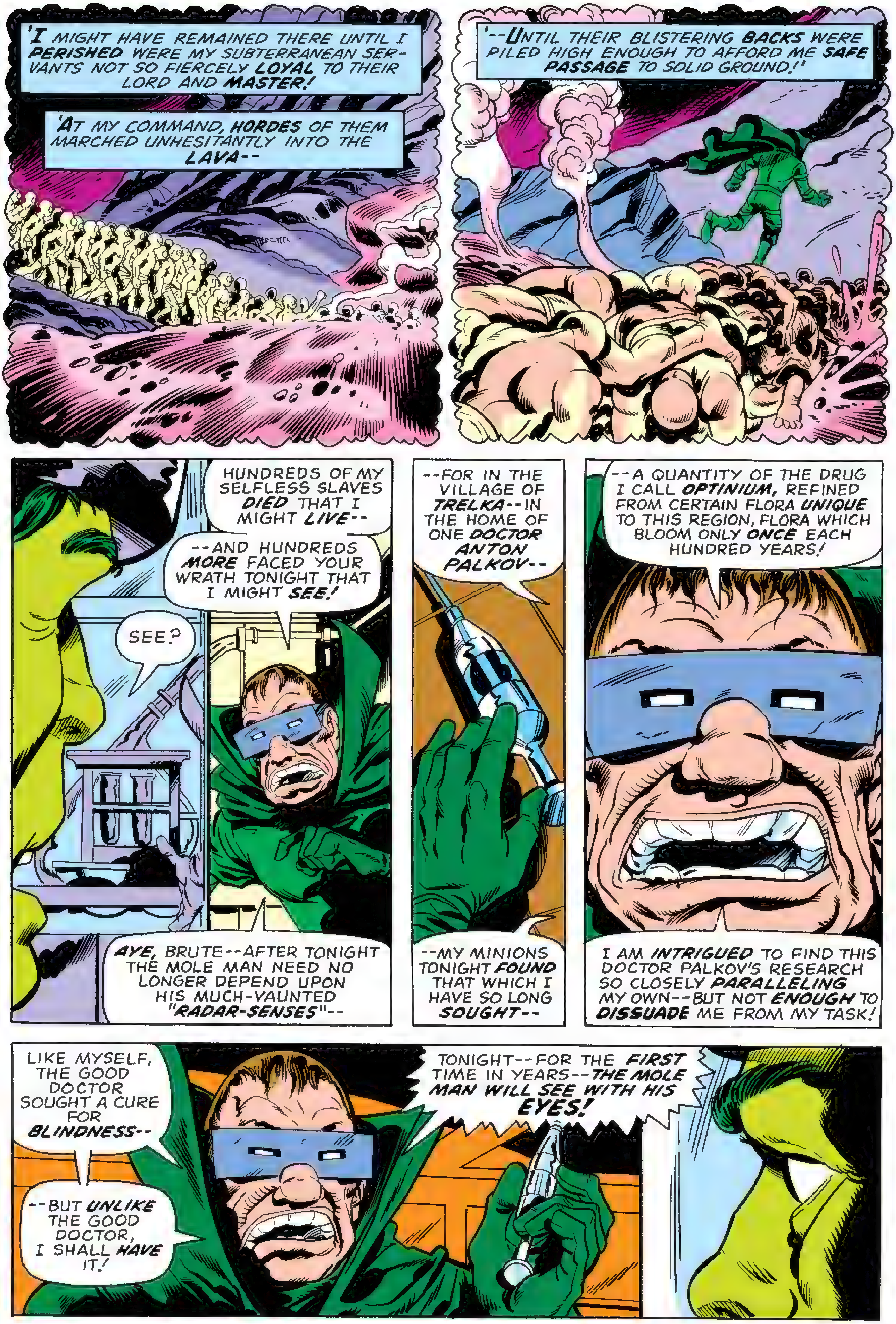

WE DO NOT HAVE MUCH, HULK--TRELKA IS A VERY POOR VILLAGE--BUT WHAT WE DO HAVE, WE SHARE.
WE KNOW NOT WHAT THE DARKLINGS SEEK HERE, YET NIGHT AFTER NIGHT THEY COME--PILLAGING--DESTROYING--!
PERHAPS NOW THAT YOU ARE HERE, THEY WILL COME NO MORE!
GO WITH DOCTOR PALKOV NOW, HULK. I WILL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.
"HULK DID NOT WANT TO--BUT HULK DID WHAT KATRINA SAID."
YOU WILL SLEEP HERE TONIGHT, HULK. THIS IS MY LABORATORY.
IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE LAST PURGE, I WAS A SCIENTIST--A DOCTOR OF OPTIC MEDICINE. NOW HERE, IN WHAT LITTLE TIME I HAVE LEFT, I SEEK TO FIND A CURE FOR KATRINA'S BLINDNESS.
HUH?
PUNY HUMAN TRIES TO MAKE KATRINA SEE AGAIN?
IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO FOR MY OWN GRAND-DAUGHTER, HULK.
THEN DOCTOR IS NOT PUNY HUMAN. DOCTOR IS HULK'S FRIEND!
"AND DOCTOR SMILED.
"THEN HULK AND DOCTOR ATE...NOT MUCH FOOD...BUT WARM...GOOD.
"LATER, DARK CAME AND DOCTOR WENT TO SLEEP. HULK TRIED TO SLEEP...BUT PICTURES CAME INTO HULK'S HEAD.
"PICTURES OF BIG EXPLOSION...BLINDING LIGHT...OF PUNY HUMAN TURNING INTO...HULK?
"HULK SHOOK HULK'S HEAD...TRIED TO MAKE PICTURES GO AWAY.
"THEN HULK HEARD THE SOUND."
HUH?
"HULK WENT TO WINDOW OF DOCTOR'S HOUSE...LOOKED OUTSIDE...
"...AND HULK SAW LITTLE SHADOWS MOVING IN THE DARK!

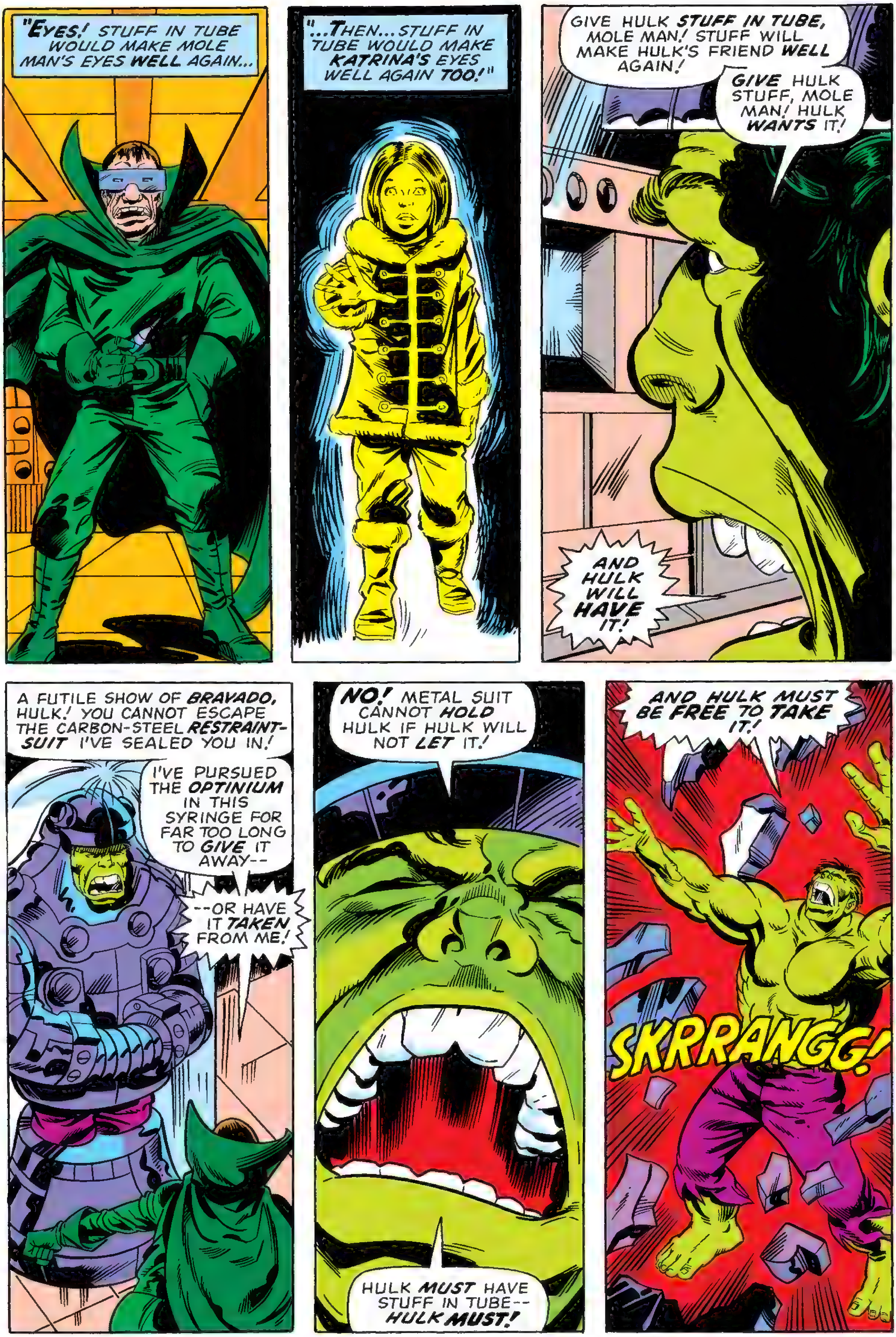

"SHADOWS WERE LITTLE MEN... RUNNING THRU VILLAGE... POINTING AT STUFF... MAKING FUNNY SQUIRREL-SOUNDS INSTEAD OF WORDS... LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.
"FINALLY, LITTLE MEN SNEAKED UP TO DOOR OF DOCTOR'S HOUSE...
"...BUT HULK WAS WAITING..."
WHAT DO LITTLE MEN WANT HERE?
"...AND HULK WAS MAD!"
GO AWAY-- OR HULK WILL SMASH YOU ALL!
"BUT LITTLE MEN DID NOT RUN. INSTEAD, THEY CLIMBED ON HULK..."
BAH! LITTLE MEN TRY TO ATTACK HULK--!
"...AND MADE HULK EVEN MADDER!"
HULK TOLD LITTLE MEN TO GO AWAY FROM HERE--
--AND HULK MEANT WHAT HULK SAID!
THWAMM!

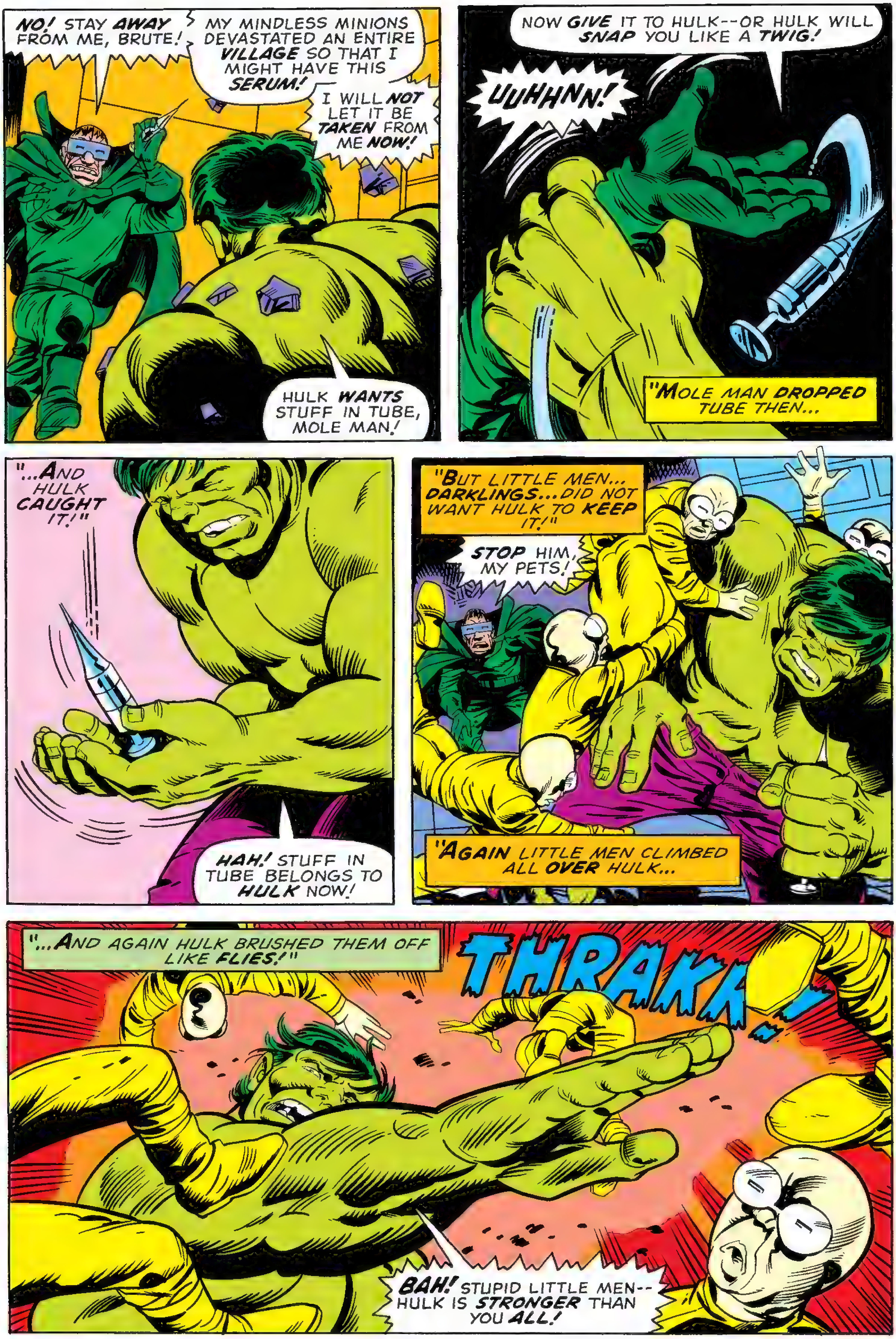

"LITTLE MEN LISTENED TO HULK THEN. LITTLE MEN RAN...BACK INTO SHADOWS AS THEY HAD COME...
"LITTLE MEN RAN FAST...UNTIL ALL HULK COULD SEE WERE LITTLE THINGS MOVING IN THE DARK...
"...LITTLE DARK THINGS...
"...LITTLE DARK...LINGS!
"DARKLINGS!"
"DARKLINGS WERE THE ONES WHO THREATENED VILLAGE...THREATENED KATRINA.
"DARKLINGS WERE THE ONES HULK PROMISED HULK WOULD SMASH!
"HULK COULD NOT FIND LITTLE MEN ANYMORE...BUT SNOW TOLD HULK WHICH WAY LITTLE MEN HAD GONE.
"HULK FOLLOWED SNOW...FOLLOWED TRACKS...
"...UNTIL TRACKS LED INTO...CAVE!
"HULK DOES NOT LIKE CAVES. CAVES HAVE WALLS...STRONG WALLS LIKE PRISONS!
"HULK DID NOT WANT TO GO INTO CAVE...INTO PRISON...
"...BUT HULK HAD PROMISED KATRINA...
"...AND HULK KEEPS HULK'S PROMISES!

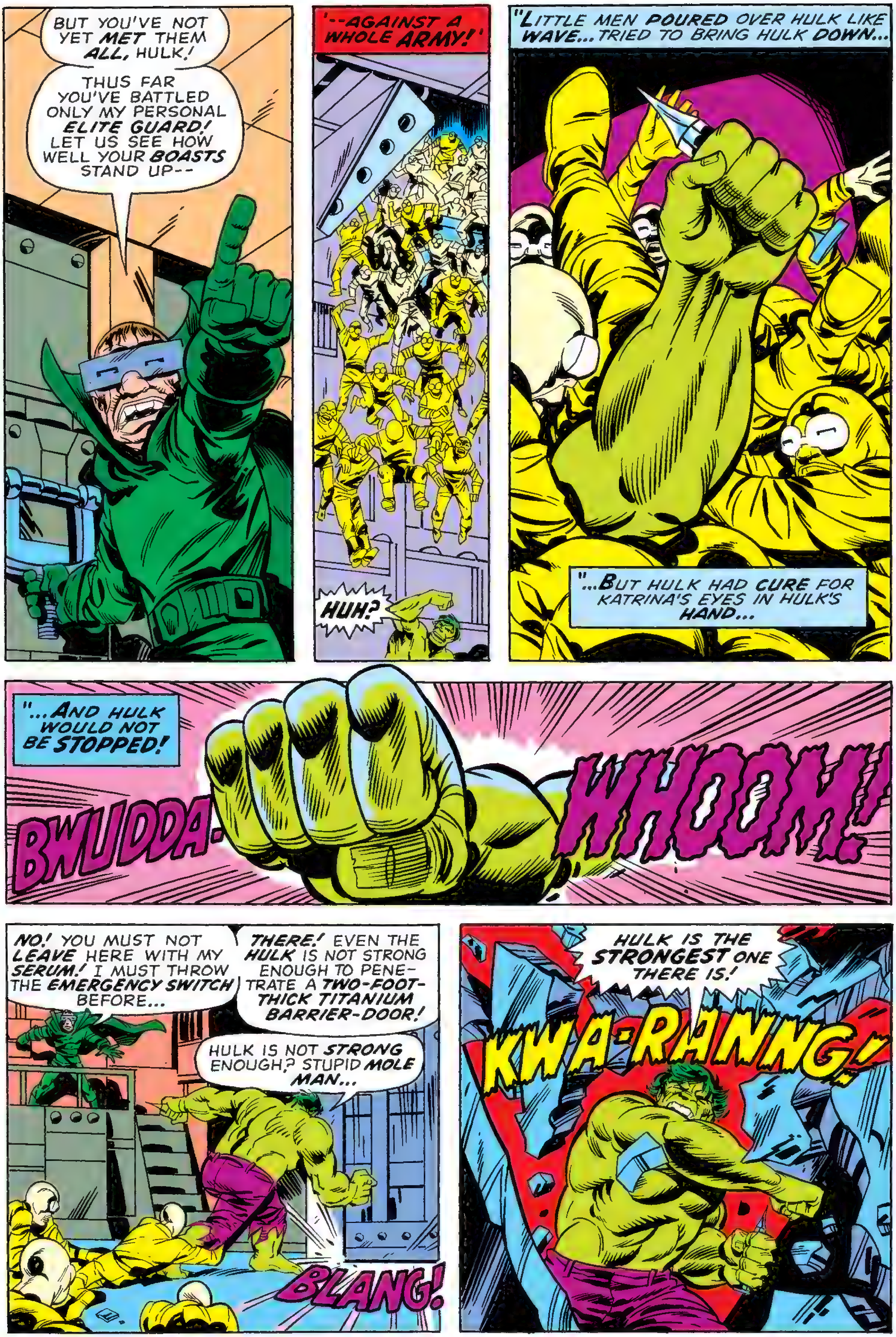

"HULK WALKED THRU CAVE... AND WALKED...AND THEN HULK SAW LIGHT AT THE END OF TUNNEL.
"HULK WONDERED WHO LIGHT BELONGED TO... SO HULK MOVED CLOSER...
"...AND HULK FOUND OUT!
"LIGHT BELONGED TO LITTLE MEN...TO DARKLINGS!
"LIGHT BELONGED TO HULK'S ENEMIES!"
LITTLE MEN SHOULD HAVE STAYED AWAY LIKE HULK SAID!
HULK HAS PROMISED HULK WILL CRUSH YOU--
--AND HULK WILL NOT STOP UNTIL HULK HAS!
BWAKK!
"BUT AGAIN LITTLE MEN CLIMBED ON HULK...
"...SO MANY LITTLE MEN, THEY TRIPPED HULK...
"...AND HULK FELL!
"BUT STILL HULK SMASHED AND SMASHED AND SMASHED THEM...
"...UNTIL LITTLE MEN SPRAYED FUNNY STUFF IN HULK'S FACE.
"HULK SMELLED GAS...AND THEN HULK SAW NOTHING!

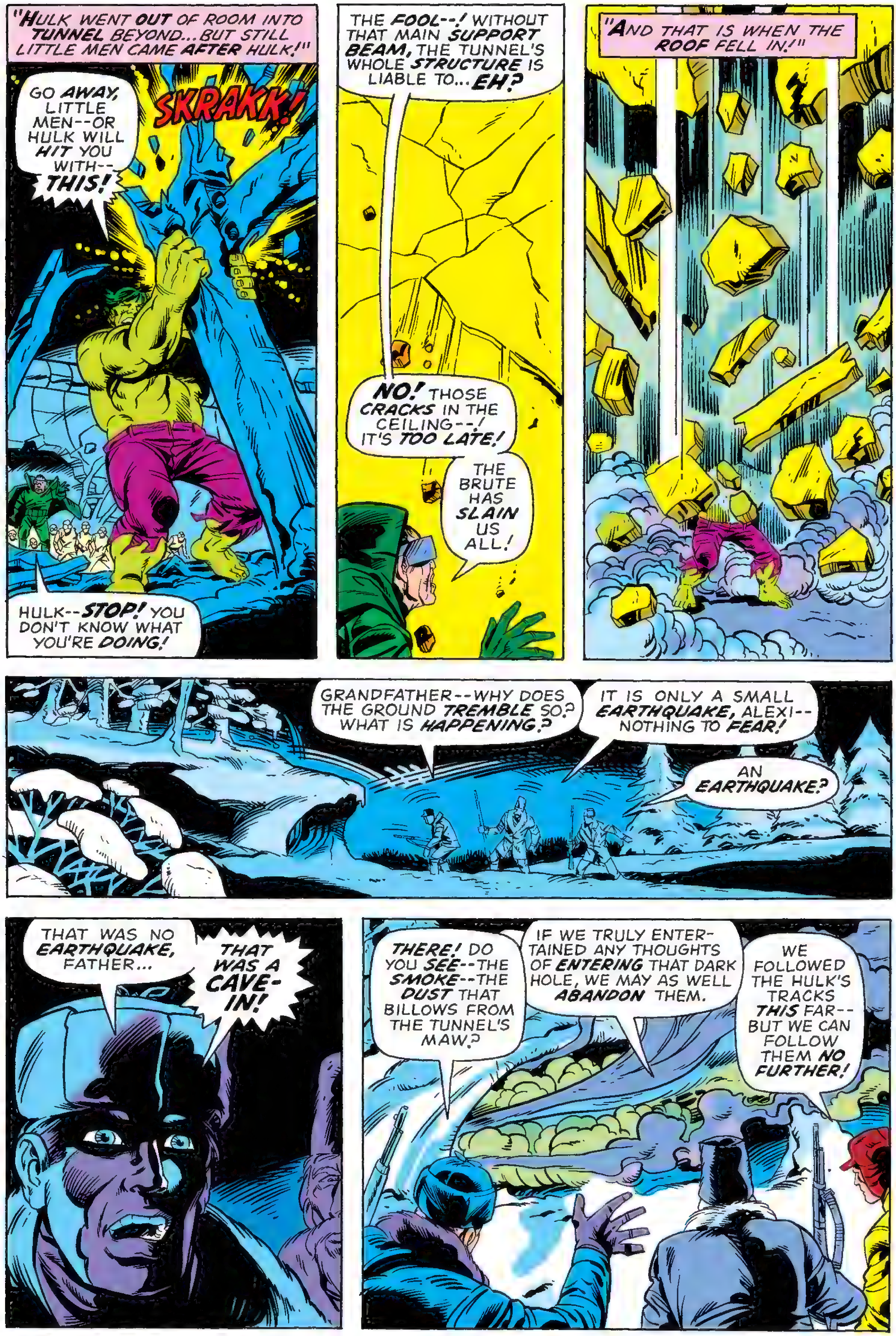

"IT WAS DARK... BUT IT WAS NOT COLD.
"THE DARKNESS PUSHED DOWN ON HULK... SMOTHERING HULK...
"...BUT THIS TIME HULK COULD NOT PUSH BACK!
"STILL HULK TRIED...
"...AND THE DARK BECAME A GLOW...
"...AND THE GLOW BECAME A BLUR...
"...AND THE BLUR BECAME...
"...A FACE!"
WELCOME, BRUTE.
IT HAS BEEN QUITE SOME TIME SINCE LAST YOU WERE A "GUEST" OF-- THE MOLE MAN!*
MOLE... MAN?
AH--YOU ARE SURPRISED TO SEE ME ALIVE, I TAKE IT? I SUPPOSE THAT IS TO BE EXPECTED!
BUT I DID NOT DIE--AS THE WORLD PRESUMES--IN THE VAST ERUPTION WROUGHT UPON MY UNDERGROUND KINGDOM BY SPIDER-MAN AND THE ACCURSED MR. FANTASTIC!**
*HULK #127. **MARVEL TEAM-UP #17. --ENCYCLOPEDIC LEN.
"NO, THE EXPLOSION THAT SEEMED TO DOOM ME MERELY HURLED ME INTO A ROCKY CREVASSE--
"--CUTTING ME OFF FROM MY MINDLESS MINIONS BY A RIVER OF MOLTEN LAVA!

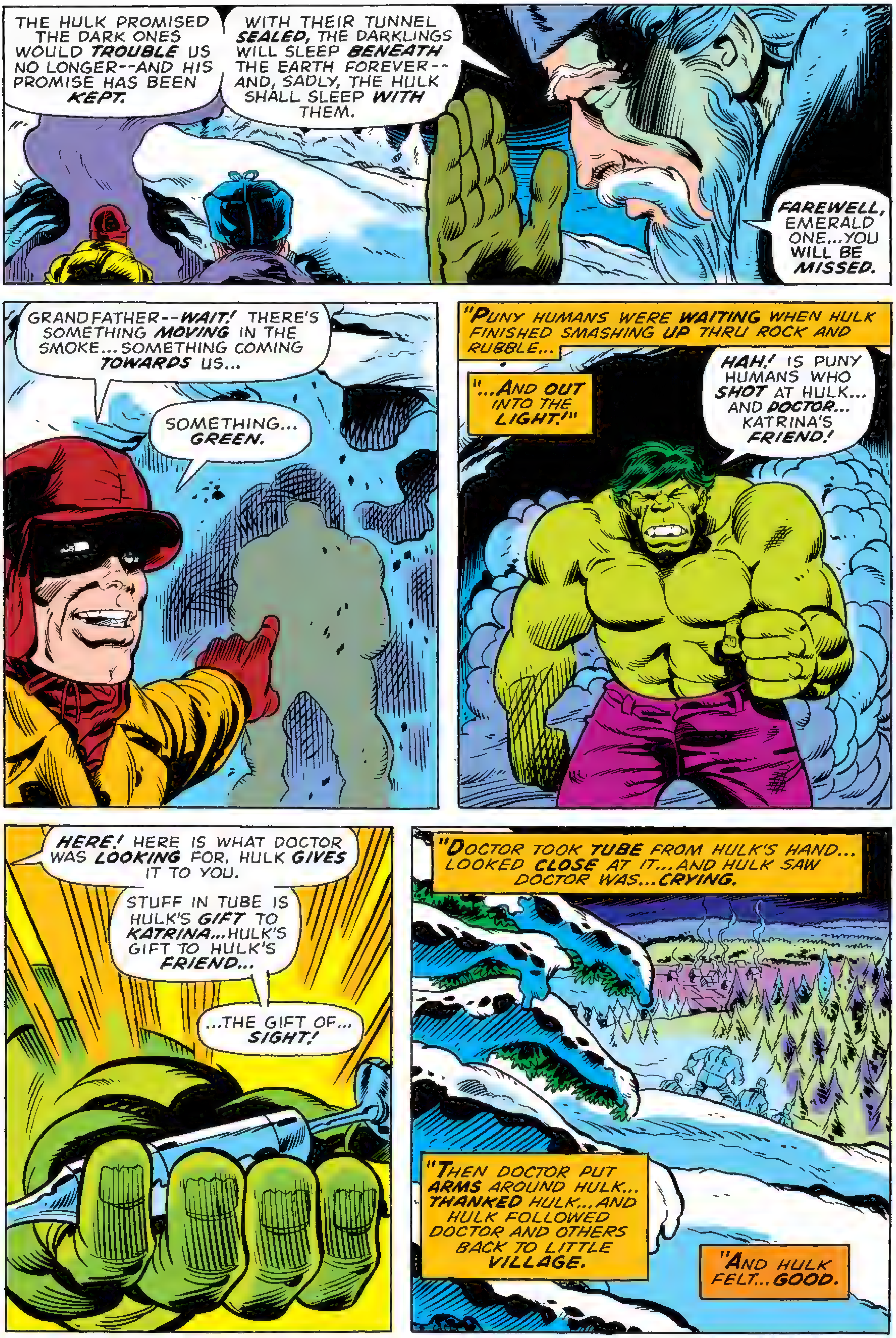

'I MIGHT HAVE REMAINED THERE UNTIL I **PERISHED** WERE MY SUBTERRANEAN SERVANTS NOT SO FIERCELY **LOYAL** TO THEIR LORD AND **MASTER!**
'AT MY COMMAND, **HORDES** OF THEM MARCHED UNHESITANTLY INTO THE **LAVA**--
'--UNTIL THEIR BLISTERING **BACKS** WERE PILED HIGH ENOUGH TO AFFORD ME **SAFE PASSAGE** TO SOLID GROUND!'
HUNDREDS OF MY SELFLESS SLAVES **DIED** THAT I MIGHT **LIVE**--
--AND HUNDREDS **MORE** FACED YOUR WRATH TONIGHT THAT I MIGHT **SEE!**
SEE?
AYE, BRUTE--AFTER TONIGHT THE MOLE MAN NEED NO LONGER DEPEND UPON HIS MUCH-VAUNTED "**RADAR-SENSES**"--
--FOR IN THE VILLAGE OF **TRELKA**--IN THE HOME OF ONE **DOCTOR ANTON PALKOV**--
--MY MINIONS TONIGHT **FOUND** THAT WHICH I HAVE SO LONG **SOUGHT**--
--A QUANTITY OF THE DRUG I CALL **OPTINIUM**, REFINED FROM CERTAIN FLORA **UNIQUE** TO THIS REGION, FLORA WHICH BLOOM ONLY **ONCE** EACH HUNDRED YEARS!
I AM **INTRIGUED** TO FIND THIS DOCTOR PALKOV'S RESEARCH SO CLOSELY **PARALLELING** MY OWN--BUT NOT **ENOUGH** TO **DISSUADE** ME FROM MY TASK!
LIKE MYSELF, THE GOOD DOCTOR SOUGHT A CURE FOR **BLINDNESS**--
--BUT **UNLIKE** THE GOOD DOCTOR, I SHALL **HAVE** IT!
TONIGHT--FOR THE **FIRST** TIME IN YEARS--**THE MOLE MAN WILL SEE WITH HIS EYES!**

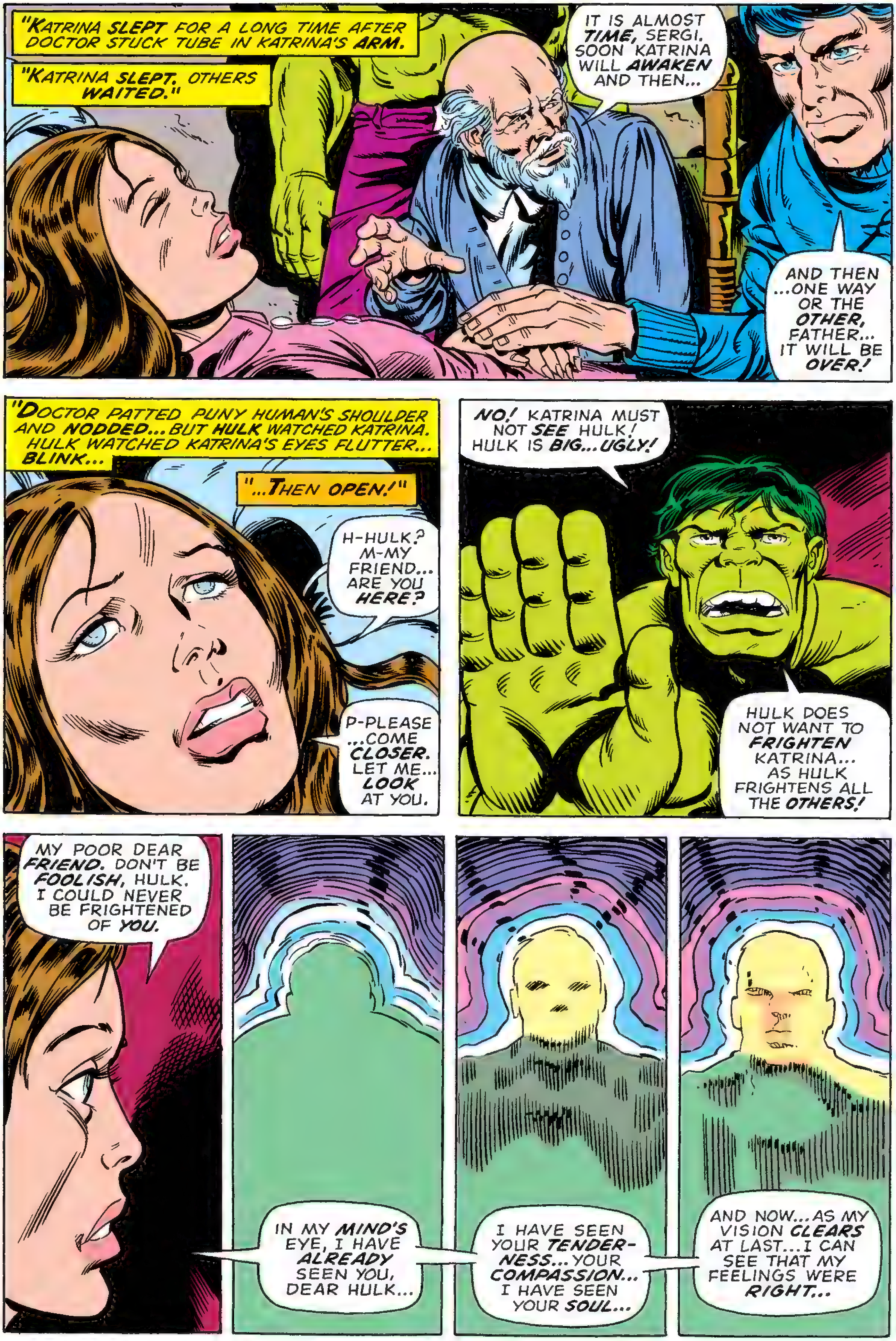

"EYES! STUFF IN TUBE WOULD MAKE MOLE MAN'S EYES WELL AGAIN...
"...THEN...STUFF IN TUBE WOULD MAKE KATRINA'S EYES WELL AGAIN TOO!"
GIVE HULK STUFF IN TUBE, MOLE MAN! STUFF WILL MAKE HULK'S FRIEND WELL AGAIN!
GIVE HULK STUFF, MOLE MAN! HULK WANTS IT!
AND HULK WILL HAVE IT!
A FUTILE SHOW OF BRAVADO, HULK! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE CARBON-STEEL RESTRAINT-SUIT I'VE SEALED YOU IN!
I'VE PURSUED THE OPTINIUM IN THIS SYRINGE FOR FAR TOO LONG TO GIVE IT AWAY--
--OR HAVE IT TAKEN FROM ME!
NO! METAL SUIT CANNOT HOLD HULK IF HULK WILL NOT LET IT!
HULK MUST HAVE STUFF IN TUBE-- HULK MUST!
AND HULK MUST BE FREE TO TAKE IT!
SKRRANGG!

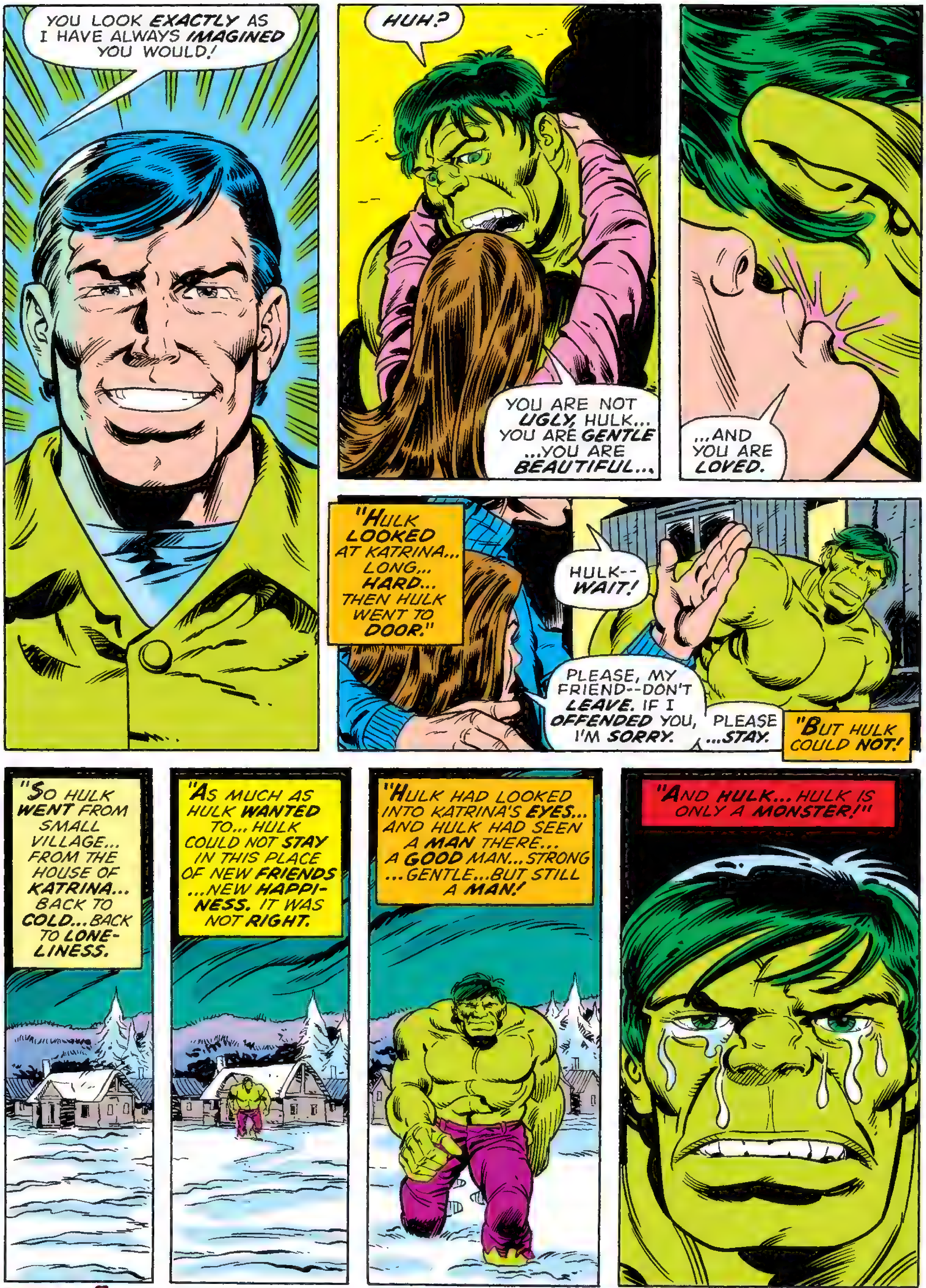

NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME, BRUTE!
MY MINDLESS MINIONS DEVASTATED AN ENTIRE VILLAGE SO THAT I MIGHT HAVE THIS SERUM!
I WILL NOT LET IT BE TAKEN FROM ME NOW!
HULK WANTS STUFF IN TUBE, MOLE MAN!
NOW GIVE IT TO HULK--OR HULK WILL SNAP YOU LIKE A TWIG!
UUHHNN!
"MOLE MAN DROPPED TUBE THEN...
"...AND HULK CAUGHT IT!"
HAH! STUFF IN TUBE BELONGS TO HULK NOW!
"BUT LITTLE MEN... DARKLINGS...DID NOT WANT HULK TO KEEP IT!"
STOP HIM, MY PETS!
"AGAIN LITTLE MEN CLIMBED ALL OVER HULK...
"...AND AGAIN HULK BRUSHED THEM OFF LIKE FLIES!"
THRAKK!
BAH! STUPID LITTLE MEN--HULK IS STRONGER THAN YOU ALL!


BUT YOU'VE NOT YET MET THEM ALL, HULK!
THUS FAR YOU'VE BATTLED ONLY MY PERSONAL ELITE GUARD! LET US SEE HOW WELL YOUR BOASTS STAND UP--
'--AGAINST A WHOLE ARMY!'
HUH?
"LITTLE MEN POURED OVER HULK LIKE WAVE...TRIED TO BRING HULK DOWN...
"...BUT HULK HAD CURE FOR KATRINA'S EYES IN HULK'S HAND...
"...AND HULK WOULD NOT BE STOPPED!
BWUDDA-
WHOOM!
NO! YOU MUST NOT LEAVE HERE WITH MY SERUM! I MUST THROW THE EMERGENCY SWITCH BEFORE...
THERE! EVEN THE HULK IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO PENETRATE A TWO-FOOT-THICK TITANIUM BARRIER-DOOR!
HULK IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH? STUPID MOLE MAN...
BLANG!
HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!
KWA-RANNG!


"HULK WENT OUT OF ROOM INTO TUNNEL BEYOND... BUT STILL LITTLE MEN CAME AFTER HULK!"
GO AWAY, LITTLE MEN--OR HULK WILL HIT YOU WITH-- THIS!
SKRAKK!
HULK--STOP! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
THE FOOL--! WITHOUT THAT MAIN SUPPORT BEAM, THE TUNNEL'S WHOLE STRUCTURE IS LIABLE TO... EH?
NO! THOSE CRACKS IN THE CEILING--! IT'S TOO LATE!
THE BRUTE HAS SLAIN US ALL!
"AND THAT IS WHEN THE ROOF FELL IN!"
GRANDFATHER--WHY DOES THE GROUND TREMBLE SO? WHAT IS HAPPENING?
IT IS ONLY A SMALL EARTHQUAKE, ALEXI-- NOTHING TO FEAR!
AN EARTHQUAKE?
THAT WAS NO EARTHQUAKE, FATHER...
THAT WAS A CAVE-IN!
THERE! DO YOU SEE--THE SMOKE--THE DUST THAT BILLOWS FROM THE TUNNEL'S MAW?
IF WE TRULY ENTERTAINED ANY THOUGHTS OF ENTERING THAT DARK HOLE, WE MAY AS WELL ABANDON THEM.
WE FOLLOWED THE HULK'S TRACKS THIS FAR-- BUT WE CAN FOLLOW THEM NO FURTHER!

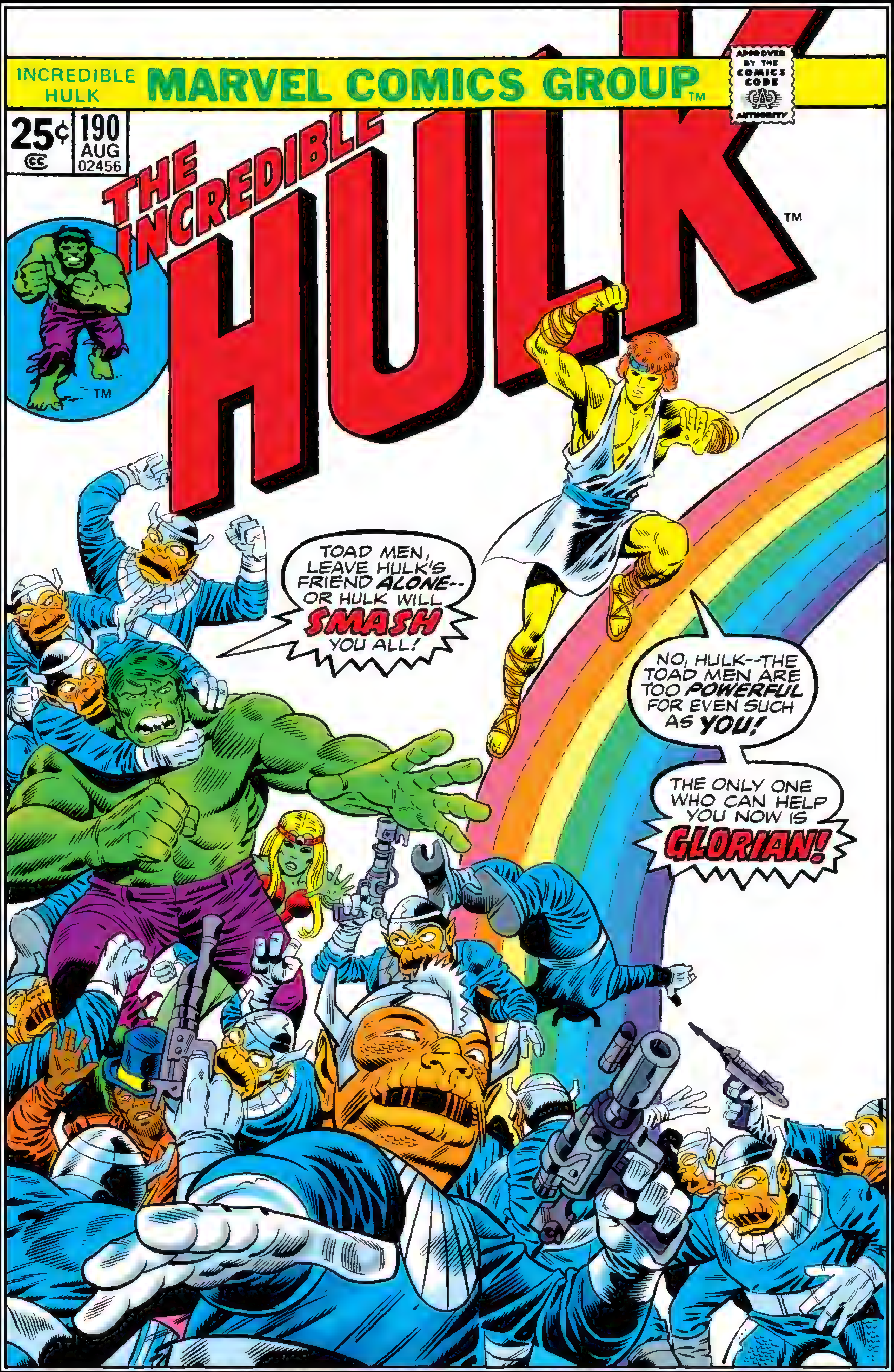

THE HULK PROMISED THE DARK ONES WOULD TROUBLE US NO LONGER--AND HIS PROMISE HAS BEEN KEPT.
WITH THEIR TUNNEL SEALED, THE DARKLINGS WILL SLEEP BENEATH THE EARTH FOREVER--AND, SADLY, THE HULK SHALL SLEEP WITH THEM.
FAREWELL, EMERALD ONE...YOU WILL BE MISSED.
GRANDFATHER--WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN THE SMOKE...SOMETHING COMING TOWARDS US...
SOMETHING... GREEN.
"PUNY HUMANS WERE WAITING WHEN HULK FINISHED SMASHING UP THRU ROCK AND RUBBLE...
"...AND OUT INTO THE LIGHT!"
HAH! IS PUNY HUMANS WHO SHOT AT HULK... AND DOCTOR... KATRINA'S FRIEND!
HERE! HERE IS WHAT DOCTOR WAS LOOKING FOR. HULK GIVES IT TO YOU.
STUFF IN TUBE IS HULK'S GIFT TO KATRINA...HULK'S GIFT TO HULK'S FRIEND...
...THE GIFT OF... SIGHT!
"DOCTOR TOOK TUBE FROM HULK'S HAND... LOOKED CLOSE AT IT...AND HULK SAW DOCTOR WAS...CRYING.
"THEN DOCTOR PUT ARMS AROUND HULK... THANKED HULK...AND HULK FOLLOWED DOCTOR AND OTHERS BACK TO LITTLE VILLAGE.
"AND HULK FELT...GOOD.


"KATRINA SLEPT FOR A LONG TIME AFTER DOCTOR STUCK TUBE IN KATRINA'S ARM.
"KATRINA SLEPT. OTHERS WAITED."
IT IS ALMOST TIME, SERGI. SOON KATRINA WILL AWAKEN AND THEN...
AND THEN ...ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, FATHER... IT WILL BE OVER!
"DOCTOR PATTED PUNY HUMAN'S SHOULDER AND NODDED... BUT HULK WATCHED KATRINA. HULK WATCHED KATRINA'S EYES FLUTTER... BLINK...
"...THEN OPEN!"
H-HULK? M-MY FRIEND... ARE YOU HERE?
P-PLEASE ...COME CLOSER. LET ME... LOOK AT YOU.
NO! KATRINA MUST NOT SEE HULK! HULK IS BIG... UGLY!
HULK DOES NOT WANT TO FRIGHTEN KATRINA... AS HULK FRIGHTENS ALL THE OTHERS!
MY POOR DEAR FRIEND. DON'T BE FOOLISH, HULK. I COULD NEVER BE FRIGHTENED OF YOU.
IN MY MIND'S EYE, I HAVE ALREADY SEEN YOU, DEAR HULK...
I HAVE SEEN YOUR TENDERNESS... YOUR COMPASSION... I HAVE SEEN YOUR SOUL...
AND NOW... AS MY VISION CLEARS AT LAST... I CAN SEE THAT MY FEELINGS WERE RIGHT...


YOU LOOK EXACTLY AS I HAVE ALWAYS IMAGINED YOU WOULD!
HUH?
YOU ARE NOT UGLY, HULK... YOU ARE GENTLE ...YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL...
...AND YOU ARE LOVED.
"HULK LOOKED AT KATRINA... LONG... HARD... THEN HULK WENT TO DOOR."
HULK-- WAIT!
PLEASE, MY FRIEND--DON'T LEAVE. IF I OFFENDED YOU, I'M SORRY.
PLEASE ...STAY.
"BUT HULK COULD NOT!
"SO HULK WENT FROM SMALL VILLAGE... FROM THE HOUSE OF KATRINA... BACK TO COLD... BACK TO LONELINESS.
"AS MUCH AS HULK WANTED TO... HULK COULD NOT STAY IN THIS PLACE OF NEW FRIENDS ...NEW HAPPINESS. IT WAS NOT RIGHT.
"HULK HAD LOOKED INTO KATRINA'S EYES... AND HULK HAD SEEN A MAN THERE... A GOOD MAN... STRONG ...GENTLE... BUT STILL A MAN!
"AND HULK... HULK IS ONLY A MONSTER!"

NEXT ISSUE: FOLLOW THE HULK THRU THOSE **PEARLY GATES** FOR THE MOST ASTONISHING ADVENTURE OF HIS STAR-CROSSED CAREER. **BE HERE** TO MEET **GLORIAN**...

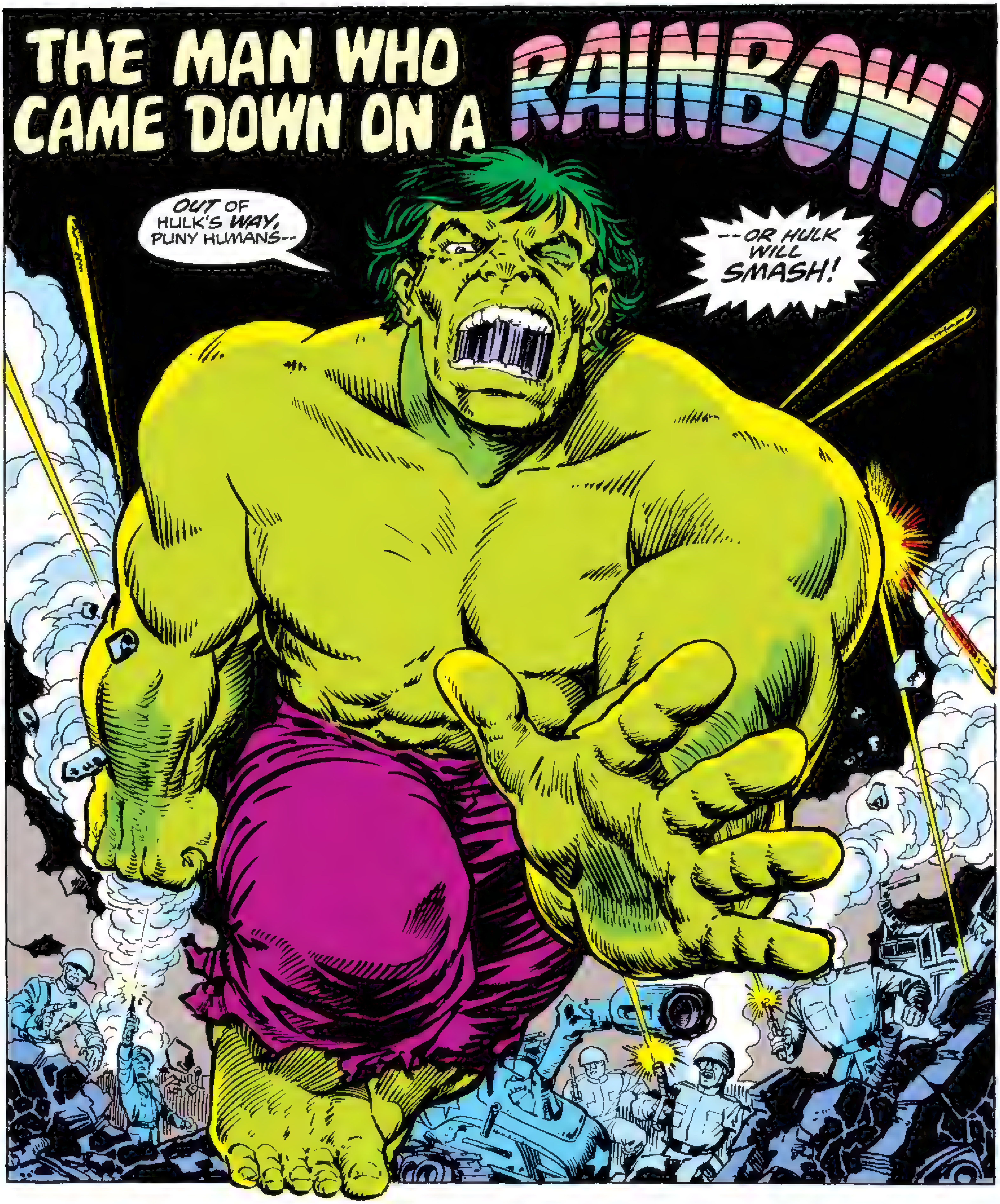
"THE MAN WHO CAME DOWN ON A RAINBOW"

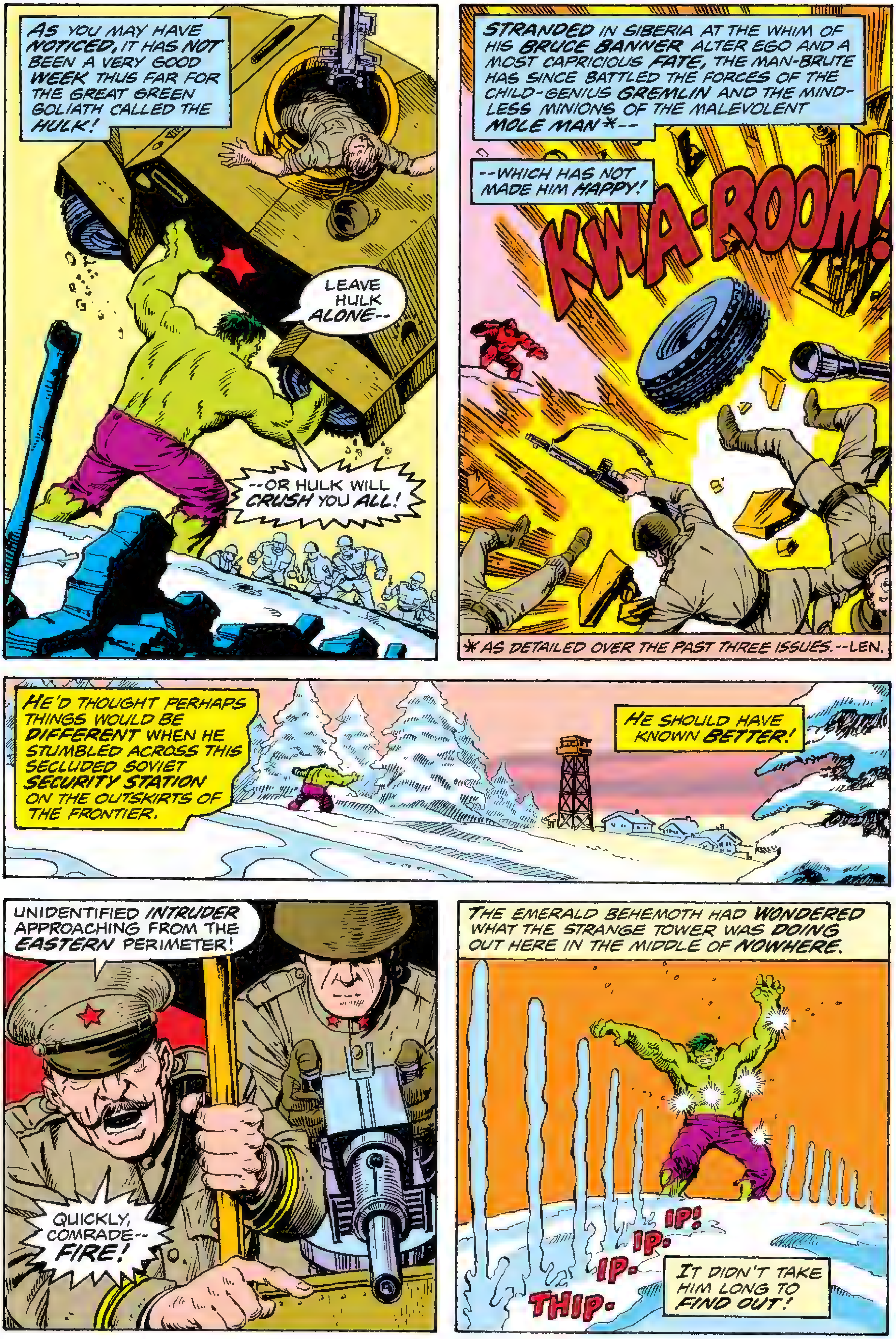

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
190 AUG
02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK™
TOAD MEN, LEAVE HULK'S FRIEND ALONE-- OR HULK WILL SMASH YOU ALL!
NO, HULK--THE TOAD MEN ARE TOO POWERFUL FOR EVEN SUCH AS YOU!
THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP YOU NOW IS GLORIAN!

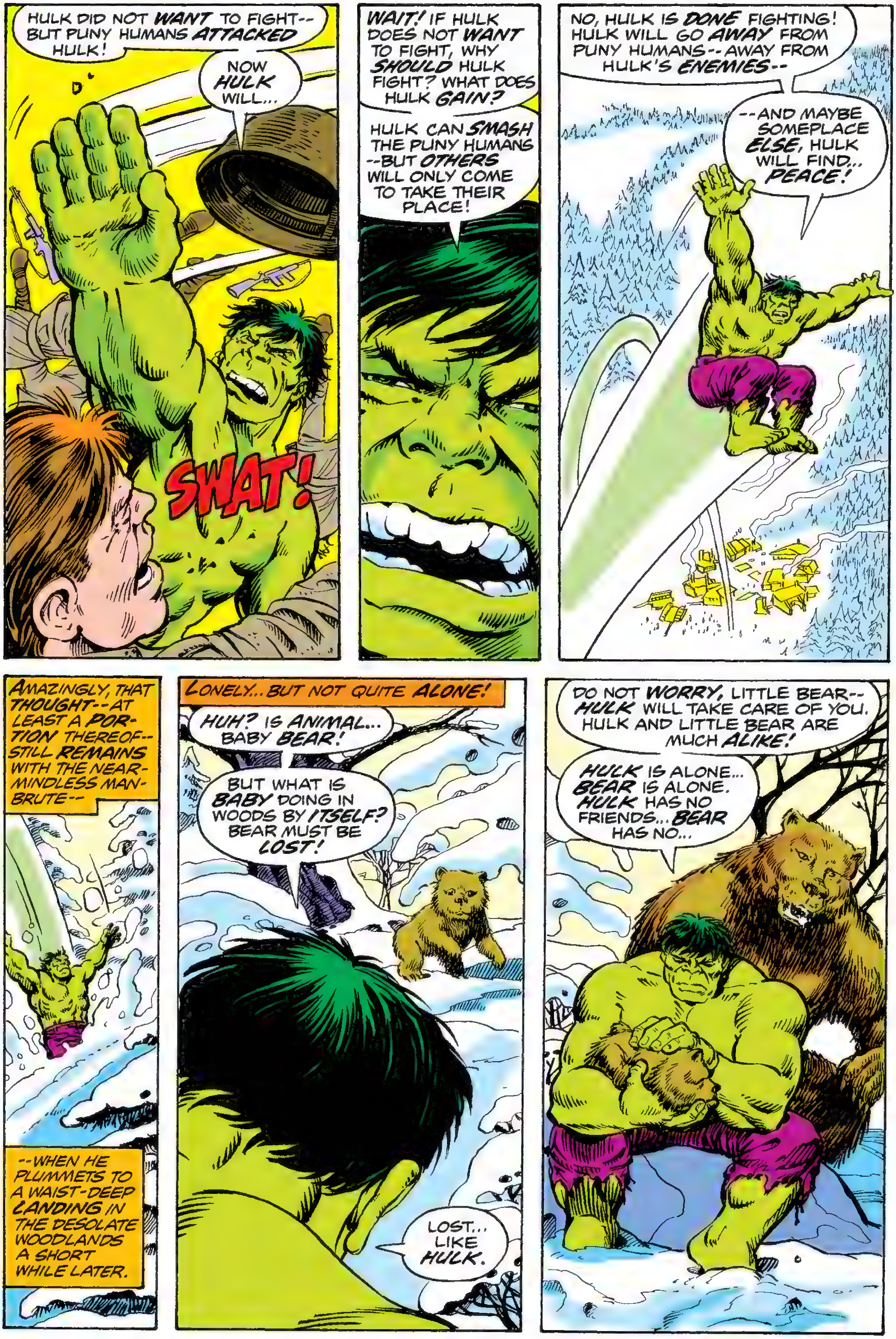
STAN LEE PRESENTS: **THE INCREDIBLE HULK!**™

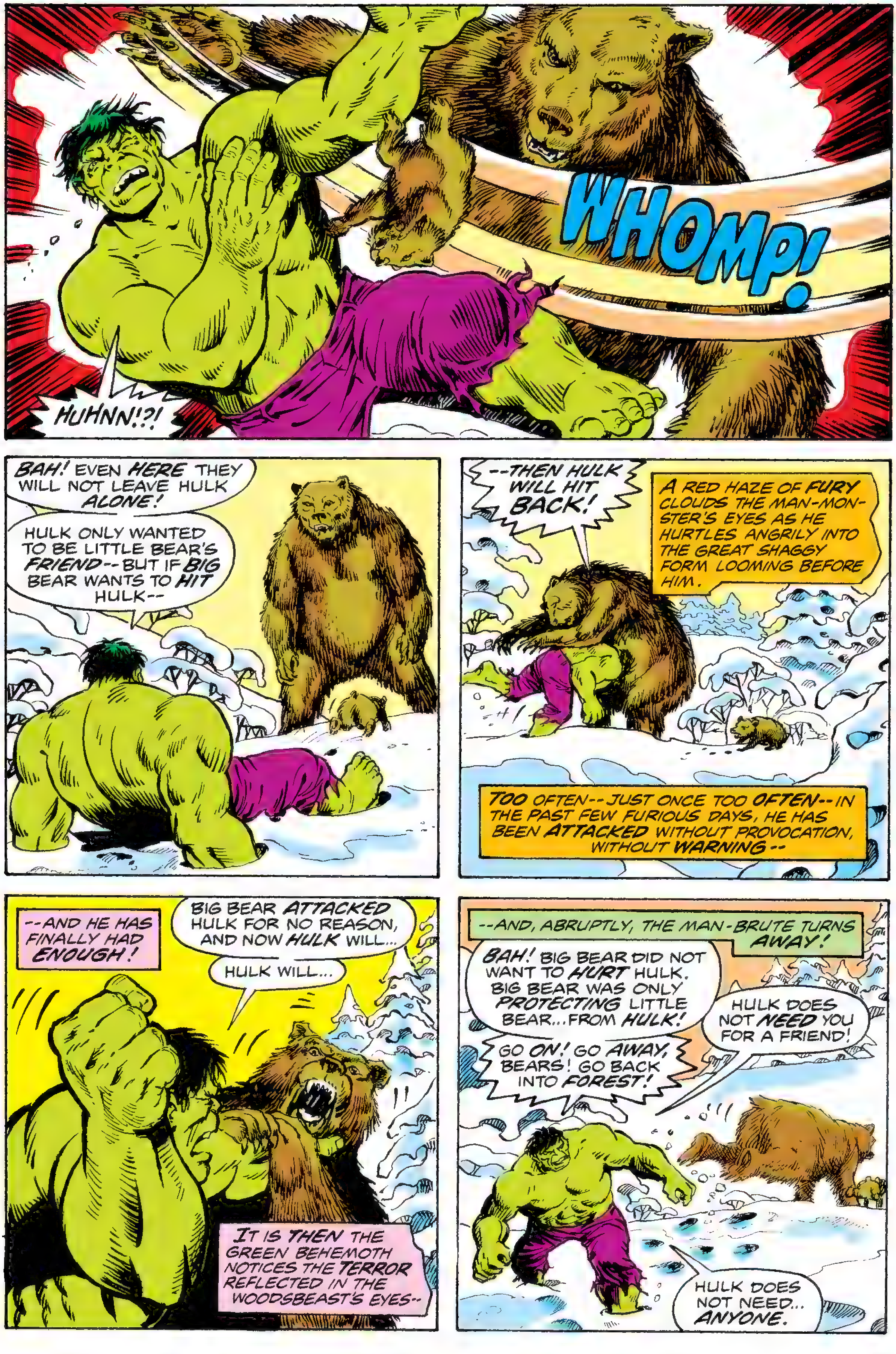
LEN WEIN WRITER/EDITOR | HERB TRIMPE & MARIE SEVERIN ILLUSTRATORS | GLYNIS OLIVER WEIN colorist | JOHN COSTANZA letterer

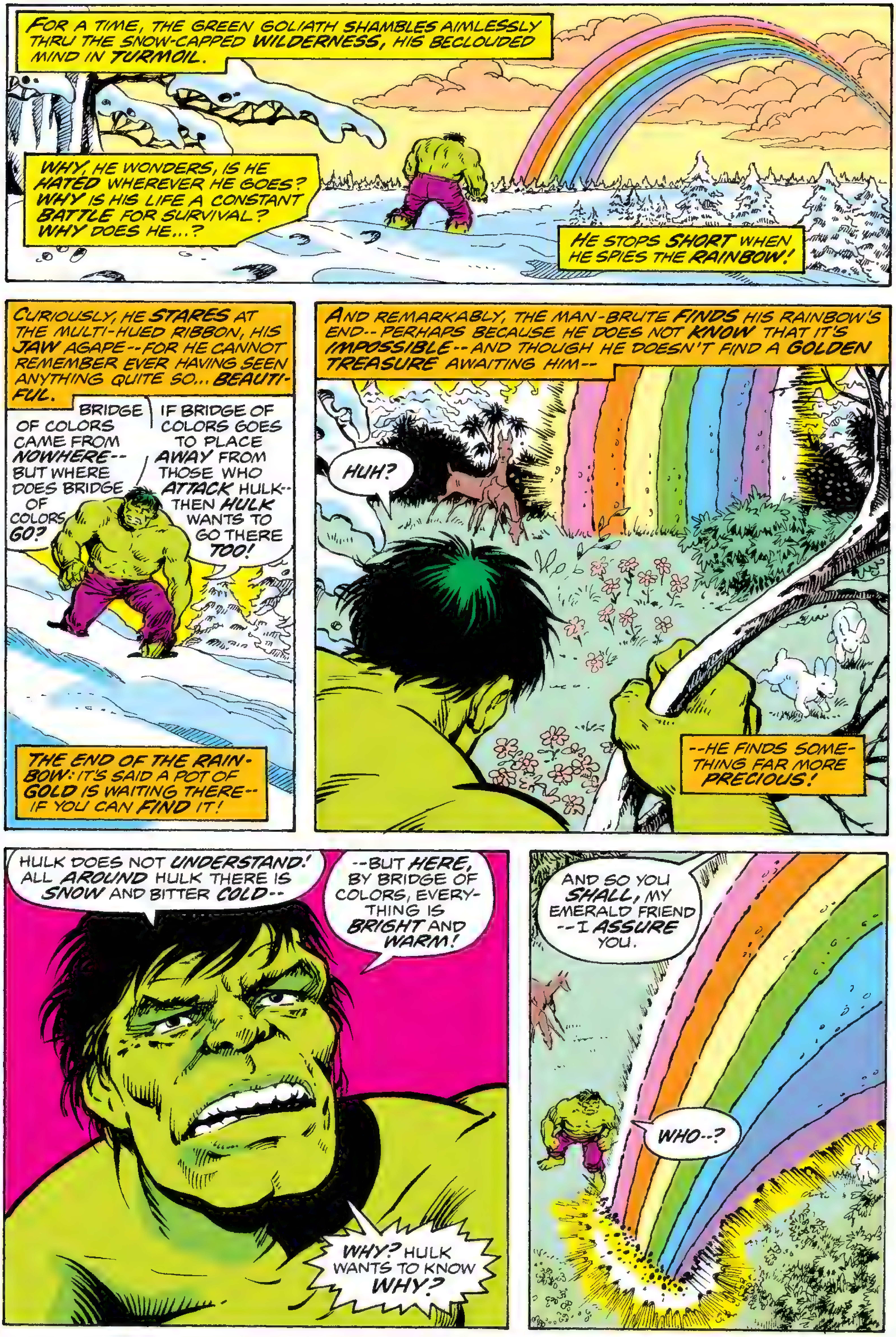
THE MAN WHO CAME DOWN ON A RAINBOW!

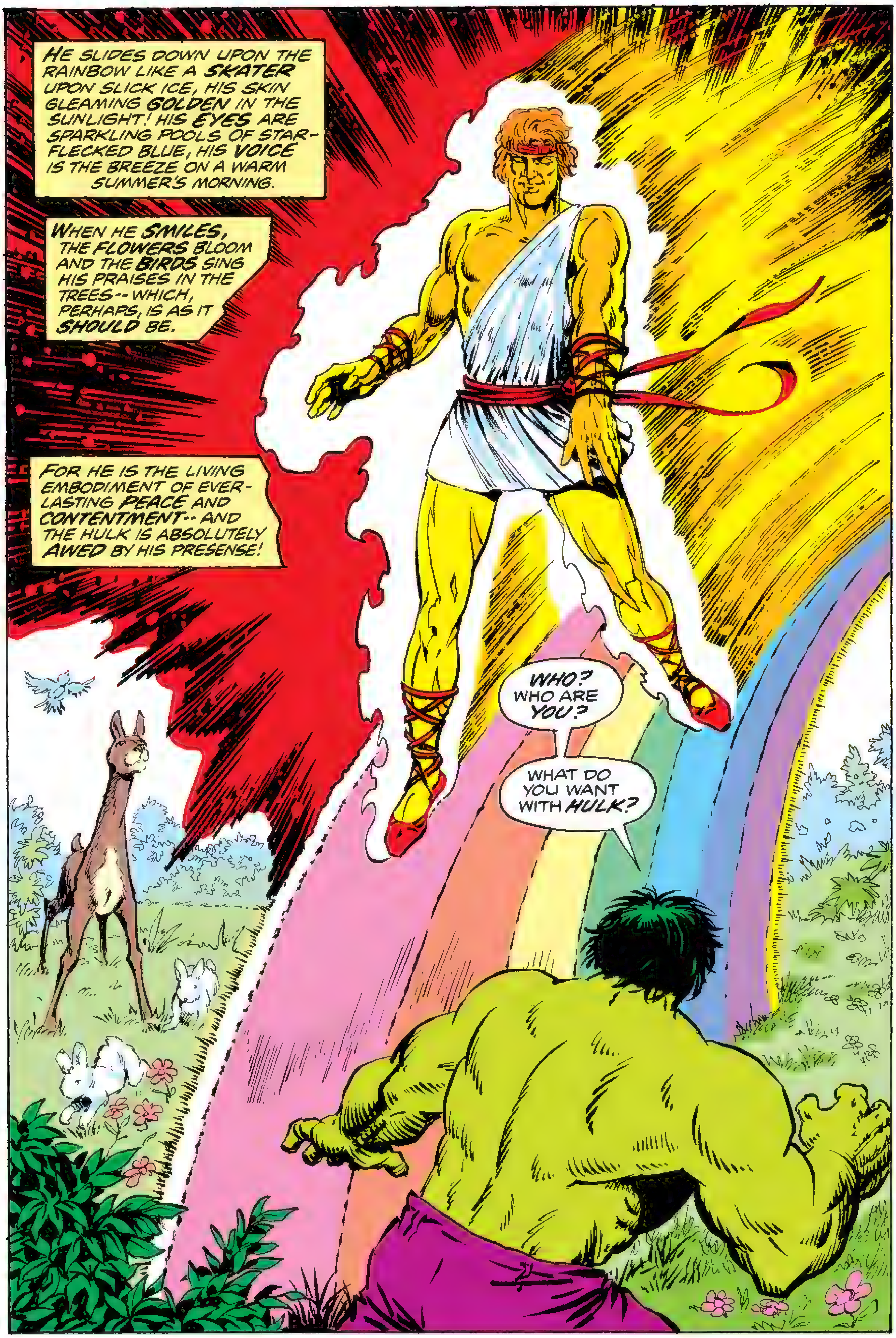

OUT OF HULK'S WAY, PUNY HUMANS--
--OR HULK WILL SMASH!

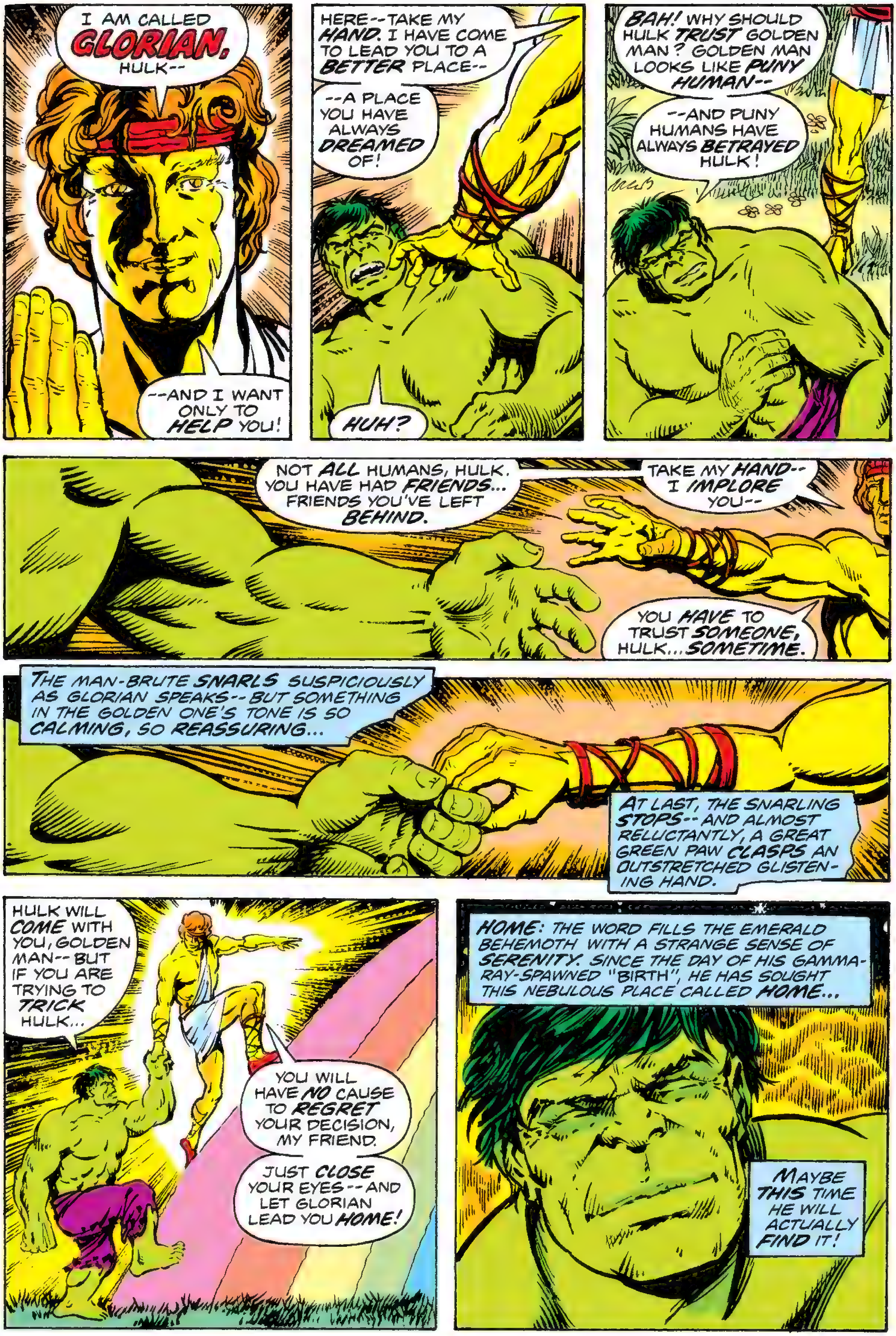

AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED, IT HAS NOT BEEN A VERY GOOD WEEK THUS FAR FOR THE GREAT GREEN GOLIATH CALLED THE HULK!
LEAVE HULK ALONE--
--OR HULK WILL CRUSH YOU ALL!
STRANDED IN SIBERIA AT THE WHIM OF HIS BRUCE BANNER ALTER EGO AND A MOST CAPRICIOUS FATE, THE MAN-BRUTE HAS SINCE BATTLED THE FORCES OF THE CHILD-GENIUS GREMLIN AND THE MINDLESS MINIONS OF THE MALEVOLENT MOLE MAN*--
--WHICH HAS NOT MADE HIM HAPPY!
KWA-ROOM!
*AS DETAILED OVER THE PAST THREE ISSUES.--LEN.
HE'D THOUGHT PERHAPS THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT WHEN HE STUMBLED ACROSS THIS SECLUDED SOVIET SECURITY STATION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE FRONTIER.
HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER!
UNIDENTIFIED INTRUDER APPROACHING FROM THE EASTERN PERIMETER!
QUICKLY, COMRADE-- FIRE!
THE EMERALD BEHEMOTH HAD WONDERED WHAT THE STRANGE TOWER WAS DOING OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.
THIP- IP- IP- IP!
IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO FIND OUT!

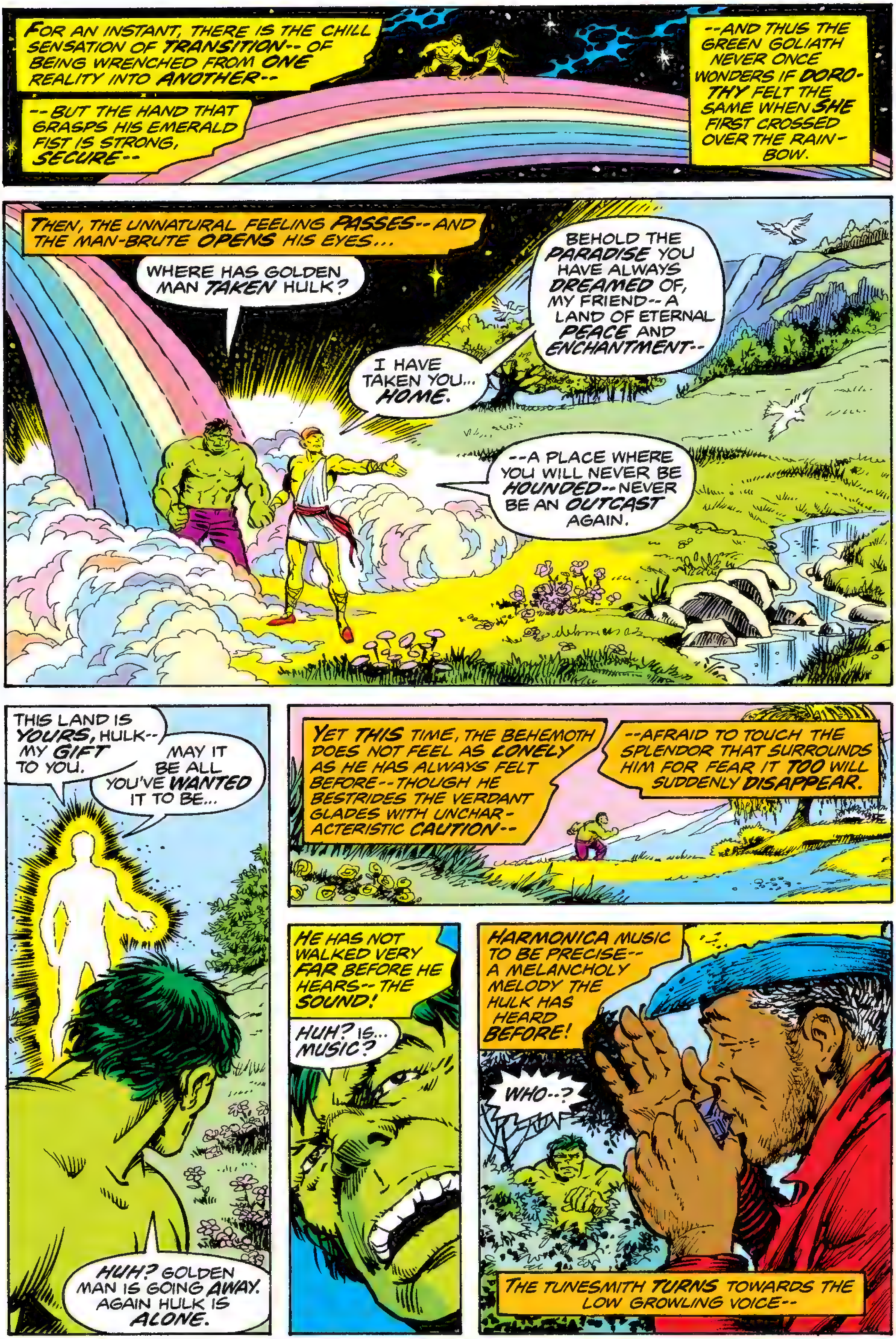

HULK DID NOT WANT TO FIGHT-- BUT PUNY HUMANS ATTACKED HULK!
NOW HULK WILL...
SWAT!
WAIT! IF HULK DOES NOT WANT TO FIGHT, WHY SHOULD HULK FIGHT? WHAT DOES HULK GAIN?
HULK CAN SMASH THE PUNY HUMANS --BUT OTHERS WILL ONLY COME TO TAKE THEIR PLACE!
NO, HULK IS DONE FIGHTING! HULK WILL GO AWAY FROM PUNY HUMANS--AWAY FROM HULK'S ENEMIES--
--AND MAYBE SOMEPLACE ELSE, HULK WILL FIND... PEACE!
AMAZINGLY, THAT THOUGHT--AT LEAST A PORTION THEREOF--STILL REMAINS WITH THE NEAR-MINDLESS MAN-BRUTE--
--WHEN HE PLUMMETS TO A WAIST-DEEP LANDING IN THE DESOLATE WOODLANDS A SHORT WHILE LATER.
LONELY... BUT NOT QUITE ALONE!
HUH? IS ANIMAL... BABY BEAR!
BUT WHAT IS BABY DOING IN WOODS BY ITSELF? BEAR MUST BE LOST!
LOST... LIKE HULK.
DO NOT WORRY, LITTLE BEAR-- HULK WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU. HULK AND LITTLE BEAR ARE MUCH ALIKE!
HULK IS ALONE... BEAR IS ALONE. HULK HAS NO FRIENDS... BEAR HAS NO...

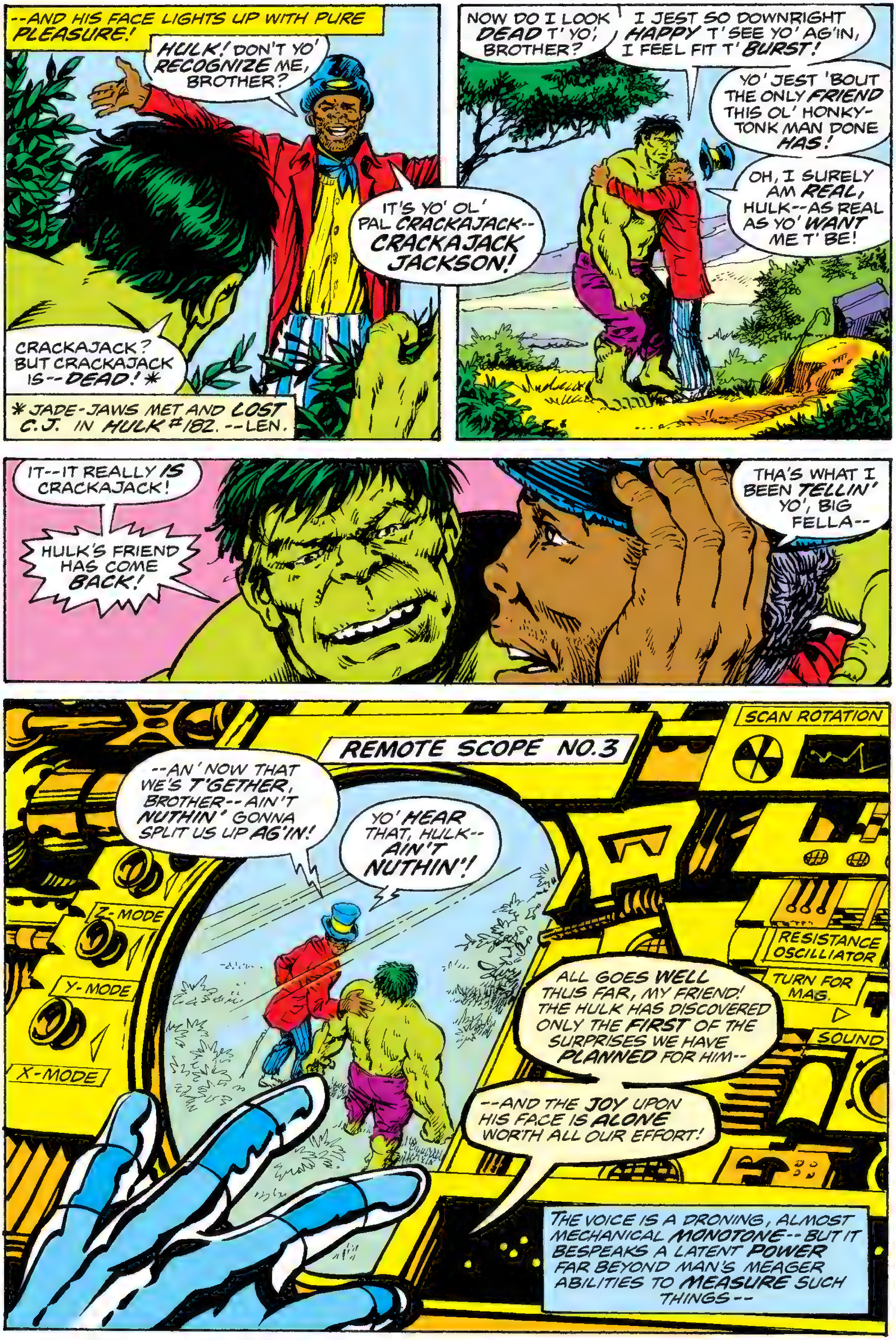

WHOMP!
HUHNN!?!
BAH! EVEN HERE THEY WILL NOT LEAVE HULK ALONE!
HULK ONLY WANTED TO BE LITTLE BEAR'S FRIEND--BUT IF BIG BEAR WANTS TO HIT HULK--
--THEN HULK WILL HIT BACK!
A RED HAZE OF FURY CLOUDS THE MAN-MONSTER'S EYES AS HE HURTLES ANGRILY INTO THE GREAT SHAGGY FORM LOOMING BEFORE HIM.
TOO OFTEN--JUST ONCE TOO OFTEN--IN THE PAST FEW FURIOUS DAYS, HE HAS BEEN ATTACKED WITHOUT PROVOCATION, WITHOUT WARNING--
--AND HE HAS FINALLY HAD ENOUGH!
BIG BEAR ATTACKED HULK FOR NO REASON, AND NOW HULK WILL...
HULK WILL...
IT IS THEN THE GREEN BEHEMOTH NOTICES THE TERROR REFLECTED IN THE WOODSBEAST'S EYES--
--AND, ABRUPTLY, THE MAN-BRUTE TURNS AWAY!
BAH! BIG BEAR DID NOT WANT TO HURT HULK. BIG BEAR WAS ONLY PROTECTING LITTLE BEAR...FROM HULK!
HULK DOES NOT NEED YOU FOR A FRIEND!
GO ON! GO AWAY, BEARS! GO BACK INTO FOREST!
HULK DOES NOT NEED... ANYONE.

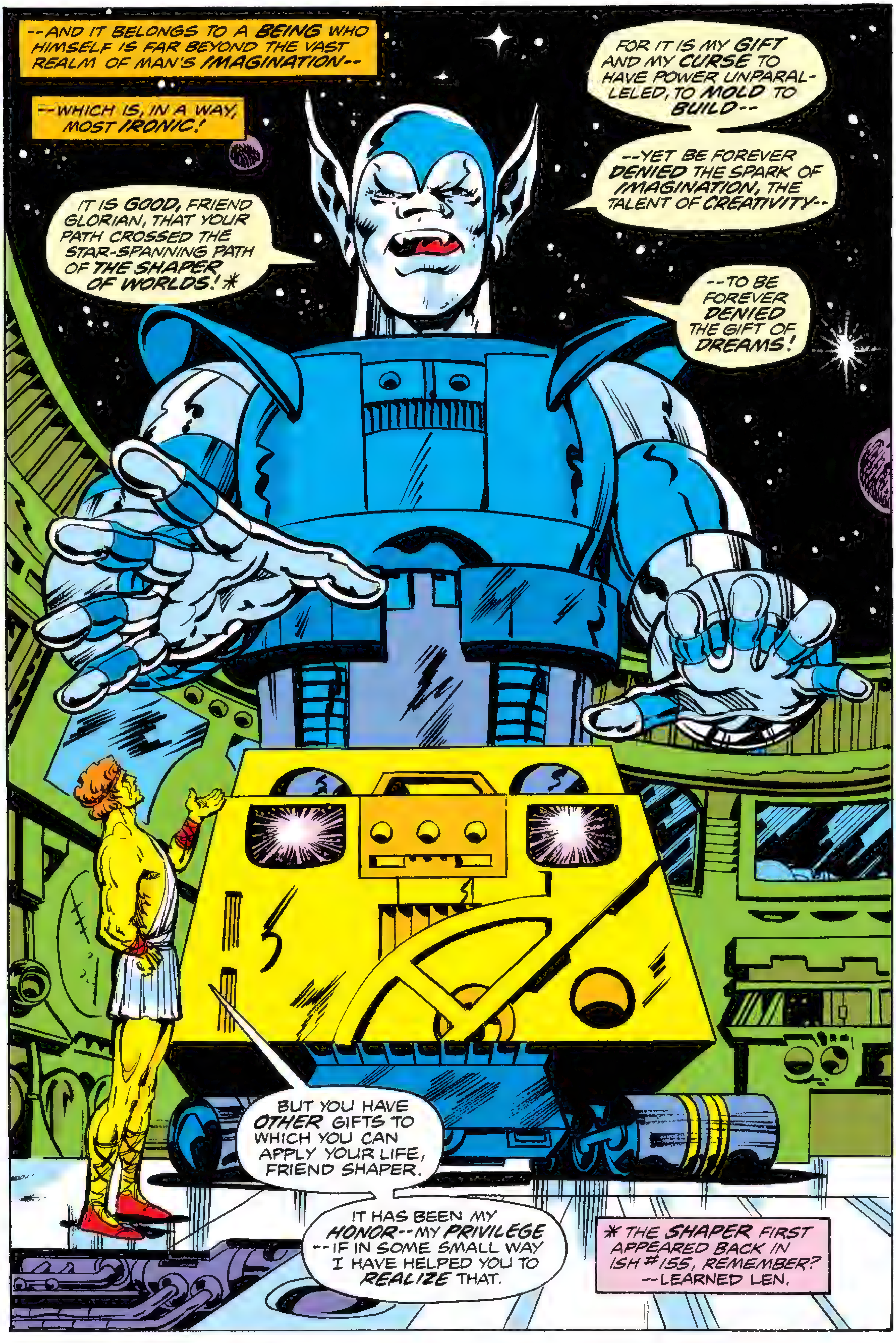

FOR A TIME, THE GREEN GOLIATH SHAMBLES AIMLESSLY THRU THE SNOW-CAPPED WILDERNESS, HIS BECLOUDED MIND IN TURMOIL.
WHY, HE WONDERS, IS HE HATED WHEREVER HE GOES? WHY IS HIS LIFE A CONSTANT BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL? WHY DOES HE...?
HE STOPS SHORT WHEN HE SPIES THE RAINBOW!
CURIOUSLY, HE STARES AT THE MULTI-HUED RIBBON, HIS JAW AGAPE--FOR HE CANNOT REMEMBER EVER HAVING SEEN ANYTHING QUITE SO... BEAUTIFUL.
BRIDGE OF COLORS CAME FROM NOWHERE--BUT WHERE DOES BRIDGE OF COLORS GO?
IF BRIDGE OF COLORS GOES TO PLACE AWAY FROM THOSE WHO ATTACK HULK--THEN HULK WANTS TO GO THERE TOO!
THE END OF THE RAINBOW: IT'S SAID A POT OF GOLD IS WAITING THERE--IF YOU CAN FIND IT!
AND REMARKABLY, THE MAN-BRUTE FINDS HIS RAINBOW'S END--PERHAPS BECAUSE HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--AND THOUGH HE DOESN'T FIND A GOLDEN TREASURE AWAITING HIM--
HUH?
--HE FINDS SOMETHING FAR MORE PRECIOUS!
HULK DOES NOT UNDERSTAND! ALL AROUND HULK THERE IS SNOW AND BITTER COLD--
--BUT HERE, BY BRIDGE OF COLORS, EVERYTHING IS BRIGHT AND WARM!
WHY? HULK WANTS TO KNOW WHY?
AND SO YOU SHALL, MY EMERALD FRIEND--I ASSURE YOU.
WHO--?

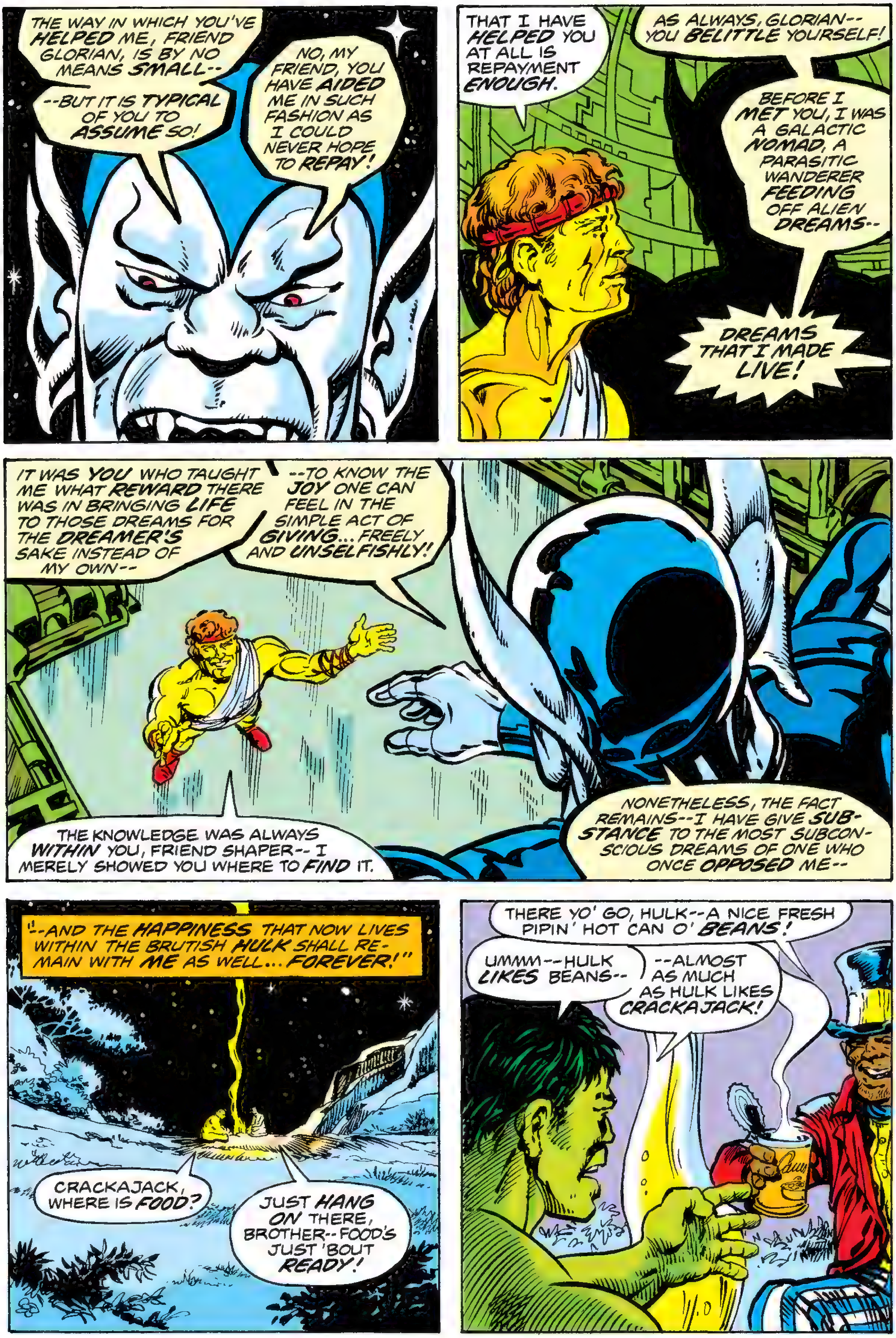

HE SLIDES DOWN UPON THE RAINBOW LIKE A SKATER UPON SLICK ICE, HIS SKIN GLEAMING GOLDEN IN THE SUNLIGHT! HIS EYES ARE SPARKLING POOLS OF STAR-FLECKED BLUE, HIS VOICE IS THE BREEZE ON A WARM SUMMER'S MORNING.
WHEN HE SMILES, THE FLOWERS BLOOM AND THE BIRDS SING HIS PRAISES IN THE TREES--WHICH, PERHAPS, IS AS IT SHOULD BE.
FOR HE IS THE LIVING EMBODIMENT OF EVERLASTING PEACE AND CONTENTMENT-- AND THE HULK IS ABSOLUTELY AWED BY HIS PRESENSE!
WHO? WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HULK?

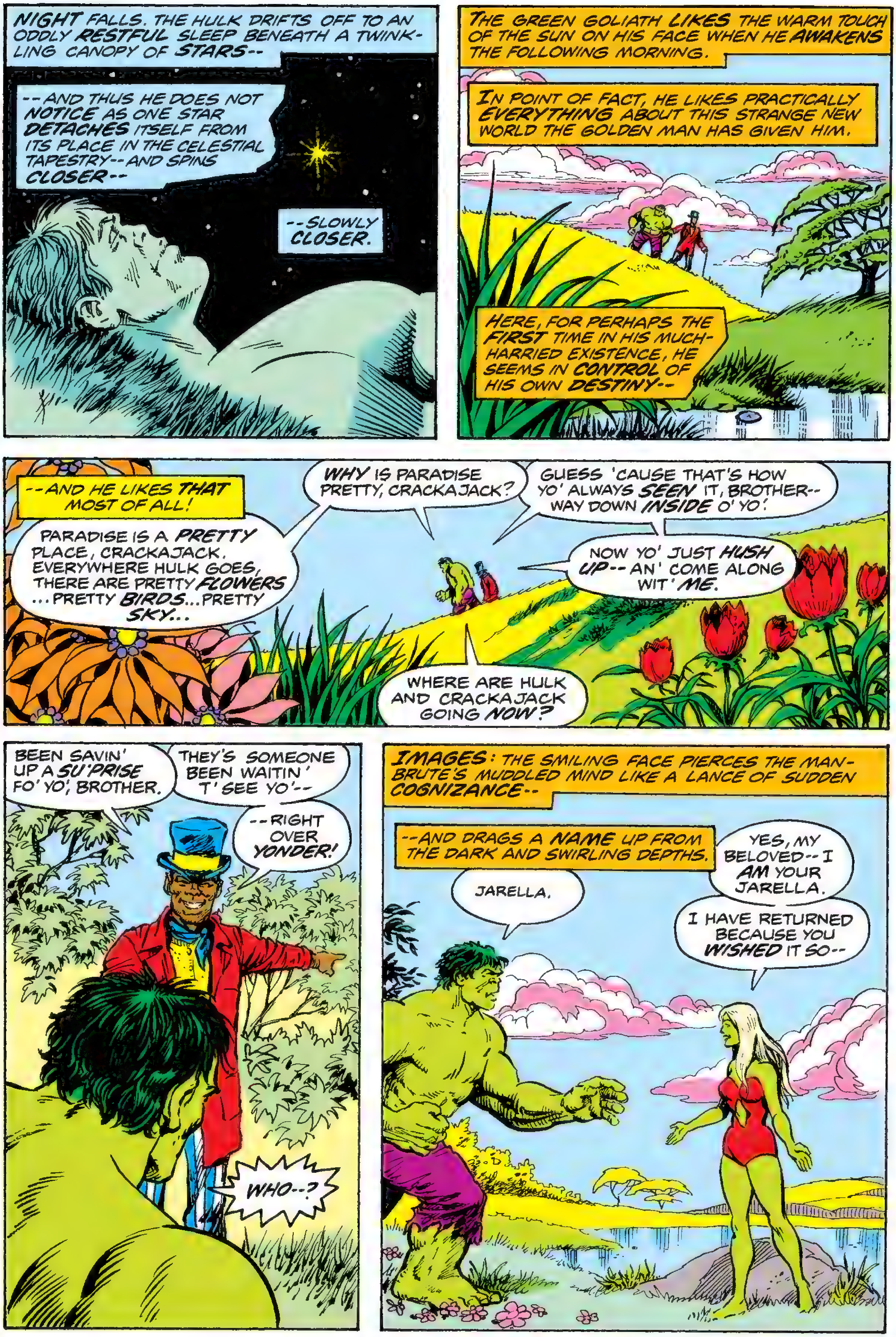

I AM CALLED **GLORIAN,** HULK--
--AND I WANT ONLY TO **HELP** YOU!
HERE--TAKE MY **HAND.** I HAVE COME TO LEAD YOU TO A **BETTER** PLACE--
--A PLACE YOU HAVE ALWAYS **DREAMED** OF!
HUH?
BAH! WHY SHOULD HULK **TRUST** GOLDEN MAN? GOLDEN MAN LOOKS LIKE **PUNY HUMAN--**
--AND PUNY HUMANS HAVE ALWAYS **BETRAYED** HULK!
NOT **ALL** HUMANS, HULK. YOU HAVE HAD **FRIENDS...** FRIENDS YOU'VE LEFT **BEHIND.**
TAKE MY **HAND--** I **IMPLORE** YOU--
YOU **HAVE** TO TRUST **SOMEONE,** HULK... **SOMETIME.**
THE MAN-BRUTE **SNARLS** SUSPICIOUSLY AS GLORIAN SPEAKS--BUT SOMETHING IN THE GOLDEN ONE'S TONE IS SO **CALMING,** SO **REASSURING...**
AT LAST, THE SNARLING **STOPS--** AND ALMOST RELUCTANTLY, A GREAT GREEN PAW **CLASPS** AN OUTSTRETCHED GLISTENING HAND.
HULK WILL **COME** WITH YOU, GOLDEN MAN--BUT IF YOU ARE TRYING TO **TRICK** HULK...
YOU WILL HAVE **NO** CAUSE TO **REGRET** YOUR DECISION, MY FRIEND.
JUST **CLOSE** YOUR EYES--AND LET GLORIAN LEAD YOU **HOME!**
HOME: THE WORD FILLS THE EMERALD BEHEMOTH WITH A STRANGE SENSE OF **SERENITY.** SINCE THE DAY OF HIS GAMMA-RAY-SPAWNED "BIRTH", HE HAS SOUGHT THIS NEBULOUS PLACE CALLED **HOME...**
MAYBE **THIS** TIME HE WILL ACTUALLY **FIND** IT!

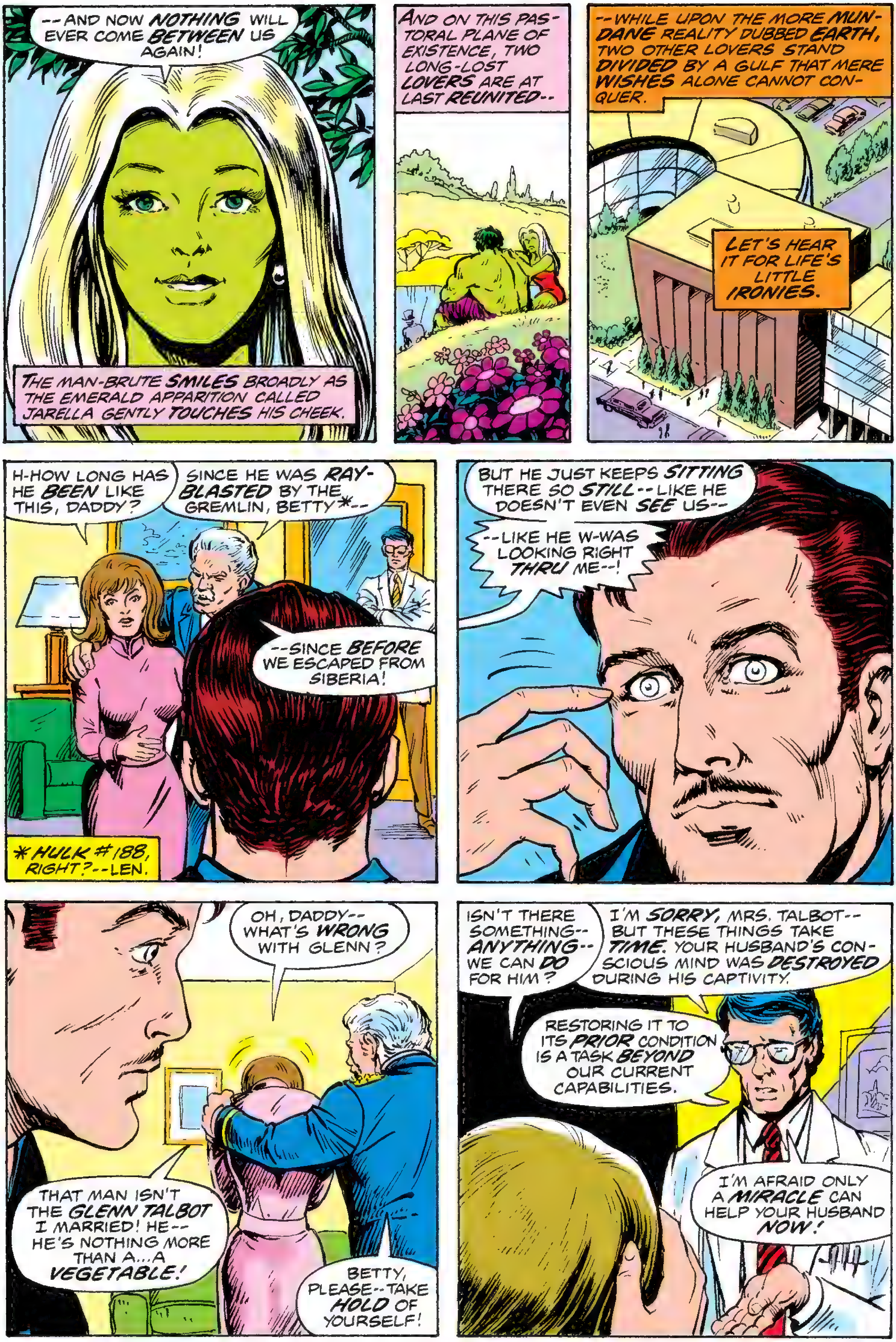

FOR AN INSTANT, THERE IS THE CHILL SENSATION OF TRANSITION-- OF BEING WRENCHED FROM ONE REALITY INTO ANOTHER--
-- BUT THE HAND THAT GRASPS HIS EMERALD FIST IS STRONG, SECURE--
--AND THUS THE GREEN GOLIATH NEVER ONCE WONDERS IF DOROTHY FELT THE SAME WHEN SHE FIRST CROSSED OVER THE RAINBOW.
THEN, THE UNNATURAL FEELING PASSES-- AND THE MAN-BRUTE OPENS HIS EYES...
WHERE HAS GOLDEN MAN TAKEN HULK?
I HAVE TAKEN YOU... HOME.
BEHOLD THE PARADISE YOU HAVE ALWAYS DREAMED OF, MY FRIEND-- A LAND OF ETERNAL PEACE AND ENCHANTMENT--
--A PLACE WHERE YOU WILL NEVER BE HOUNDED-- NEVER BE AN OUTCAST AGAIN.
THIS LAND IS YOURS, HULK-- MY GIFT TO YOU.
MAY IT BE ALL YOU'VE WANTED IT TO BE...
HUH? GOLDEN MAN IS GOING AWAY. AGAIN HULK IS ALONE.
YET THIS TIME, THE BEHEMOTH DOES NOT FEEL AS LONELY AS HE HAS ALWAYS FELT BEFORE-- THOUGH HE BESTRIDES THE VERDANT GLADES WITH UNCHARACTERISTIC CAUTION--
--AFRAID TO TOUCH THE SPLENDOR THAT SURROUNDS HIM FOR FEAR IT TOO WILL SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR.
HE HAS NOT WALKED VERY FAR BEFORE HE HEARS-- THE SOUND!
HUH? IS... MUSIC?
HARMONICA MUSIC TO BE PRECISE-- A MELANCHOLY MELODY THE HULK HAS HEARD BEFORE!
WHO--?
THE TUNESMITH TURNS TOWARDS THE LOW GROWLING VOICE--

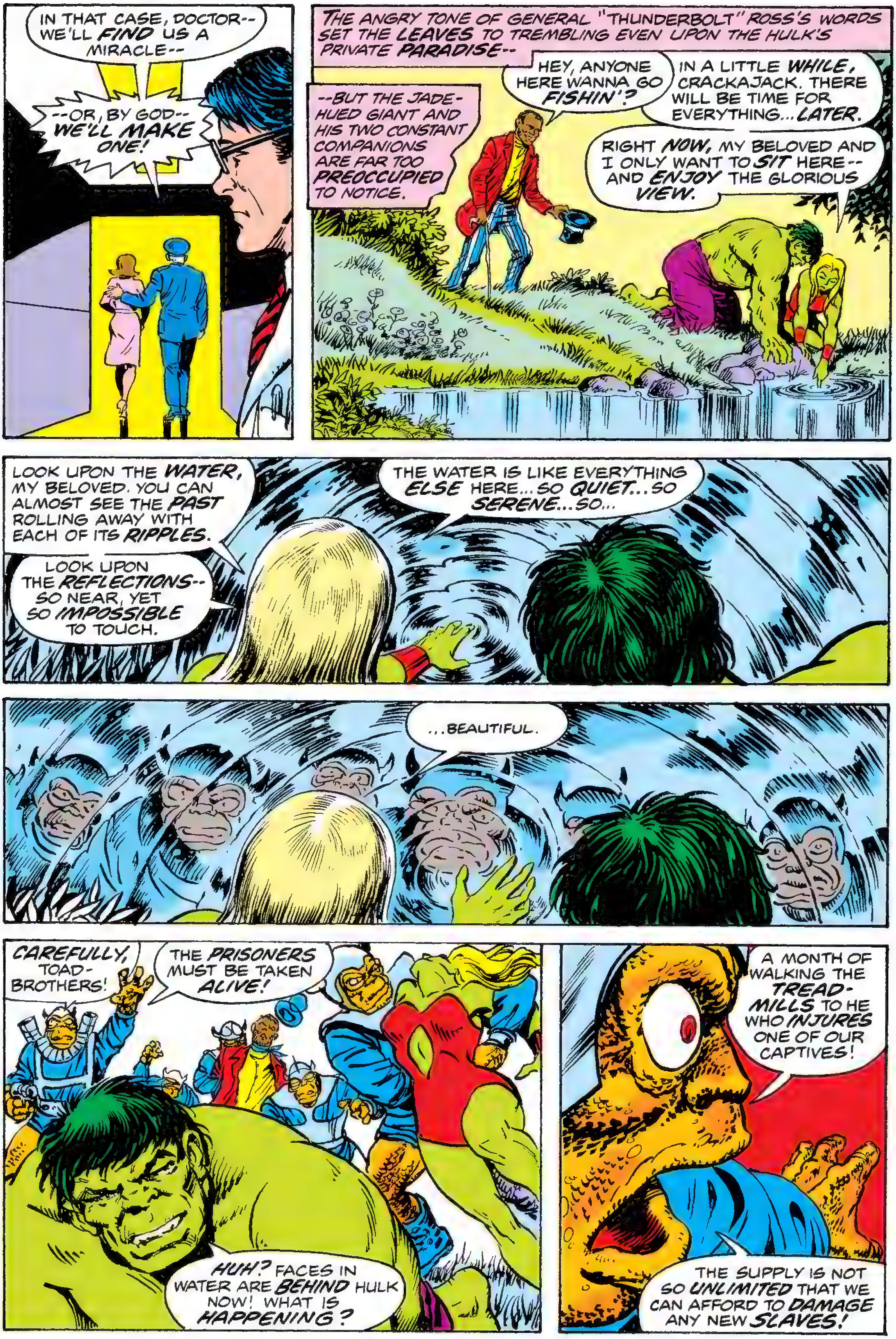

--AND HIS FACE LIGHTS UP WITH PURE PLEASURE!
HULK! DON'T YO' RECOGNIZE ME, BROTHER?
IT'S YO' OL' PAL CRACKAJACK-- CRACKAJACK JACKSON!
CRACKAJACK? BUT CRACKAJACK IS--DEAD! *
* JADE-JAWS MET AND LOST C.J. IN HULK #182. --LEN.
NOW DO I LOOK DEAD T' YO', BROTHER?
I JEST SO DOWNRIGHT HAPPY T' SEE YO' AG'IN, I FEEL FIT T' BURST!
YO' JEST 'BOUT THE ONLY FRIEND THIS OL' HONKY-TONK MAN DONE HAS!
OH, I SURELY AM REAL, HULK--AS REAL AS YO' WANT ME T' BE!
IT--IT REALLY IS CRACKAJACK!
HULK'S FRIEND HAS COME BACK!
THA'S WHAT I BEEN TELLIN' YO', BIG FELLA--
REMOTE SCOPE NO.3
SCAN ROTATION
--AN' NOW THAT WE'S T'GETHER, BROTHER-- AIN'T NUTHIN' GONNA SPLIT US UP AG'IN!
YO' HEAR THAT, HULK-- AIN'T NUTHIN'!
Z-MODE
Y-MODE
X-MODE
RESISTANCE OSCILLATOR
TURN FOR MAG.
SOUND
ALL GOES WELL THUS FAR, MY FRIEND! THE HULK HAS DISCOVERED ONLY THE FIRST OF THE SURPRISES WE HAVE PLANNED FOR HIM--
--AND THE JOY UPON HIS FACE IS ALONE WORTH ALL OUR EFFORT!
THE VOICE IS A DRONING, ALMOST MECHANICAL MONOTONE-- BUT IT BESPEAKS A LATENT POWER FAR BEYOND MAN'S MEAGER ABILITIES TO MEASURE SUCH THINGS--

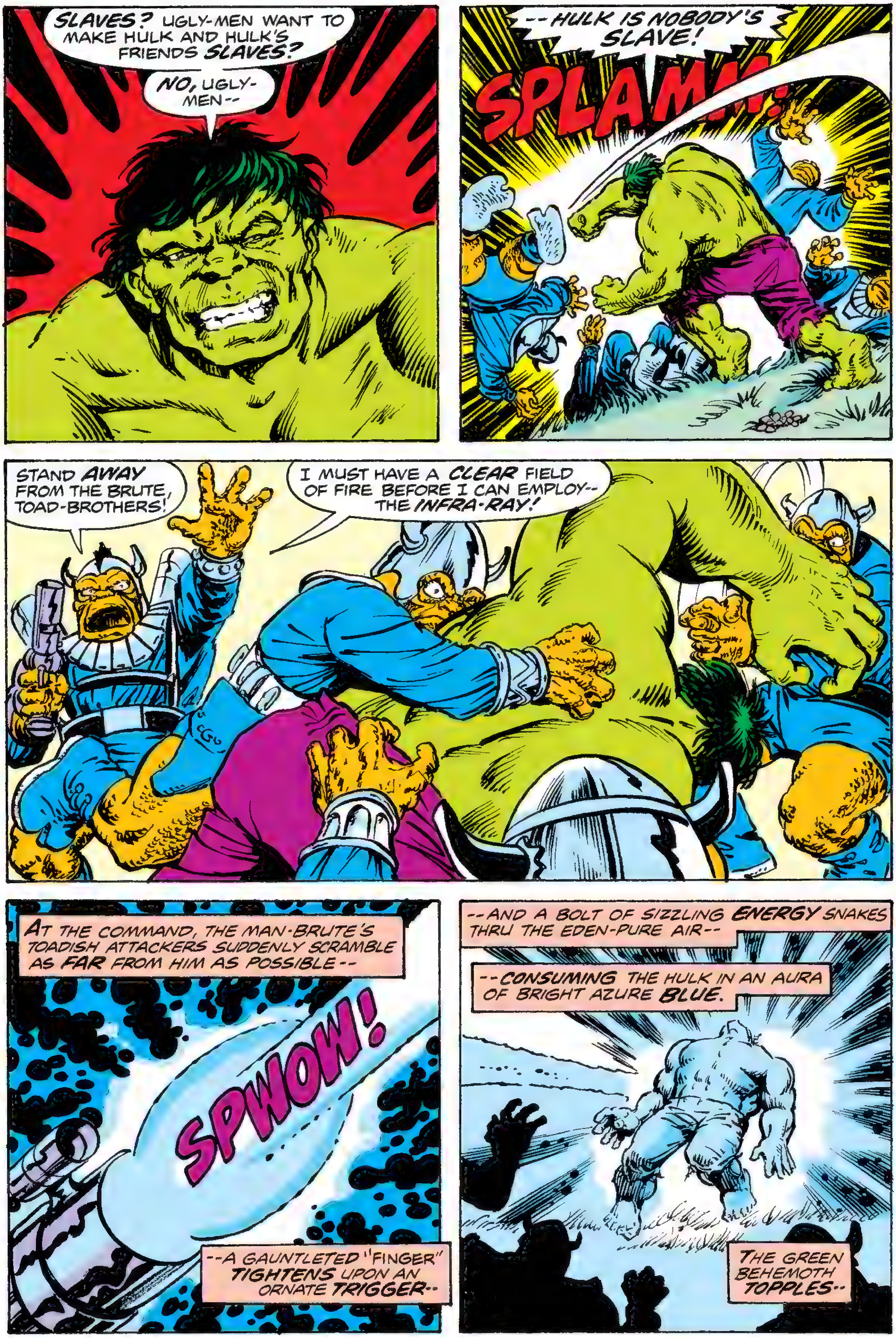

--AND IT BELONGS TO A BEING WHO HIMSELF IS FAR BEYOND THE VAST REALM OF MAN'S IMAGINATION--
--WHICH IS, IN A WAY, MOST IRONIC!
FOR IT IS MY GIFT AND MY CURSE TO HAVE POWER UNPARALLELED, TO MOLD TO BUILD--
--YET BE FOREVER DENIED THE SPARK OF IMAGINATION, THE TALENT OF CREATIVITY--
--TO BE FOREVER DENIED THE GIFT OF DREAMS!
IT IS GOOD, FRIEND GLORIAN, THAT YOUR PATH CROSSED THE STAR-SPANNING PATH OF THE SHAPER OF WORLDS! *
BUT YOU HAVE OTHER GIFTS TO WHICH YOU CAN APPLY YOUR LIFE, FRIEND SHAPER.
IT HAS BEEN MY HONOR--MY PRIVILEGE--IF IN SOME SMALL WAY I HAVE HELPED YOU TO REALIZE THAT.
* THE SHAPER FIRST APPEARED BACK IN ISH #155, REMEMBER? --LEARNED LEN.

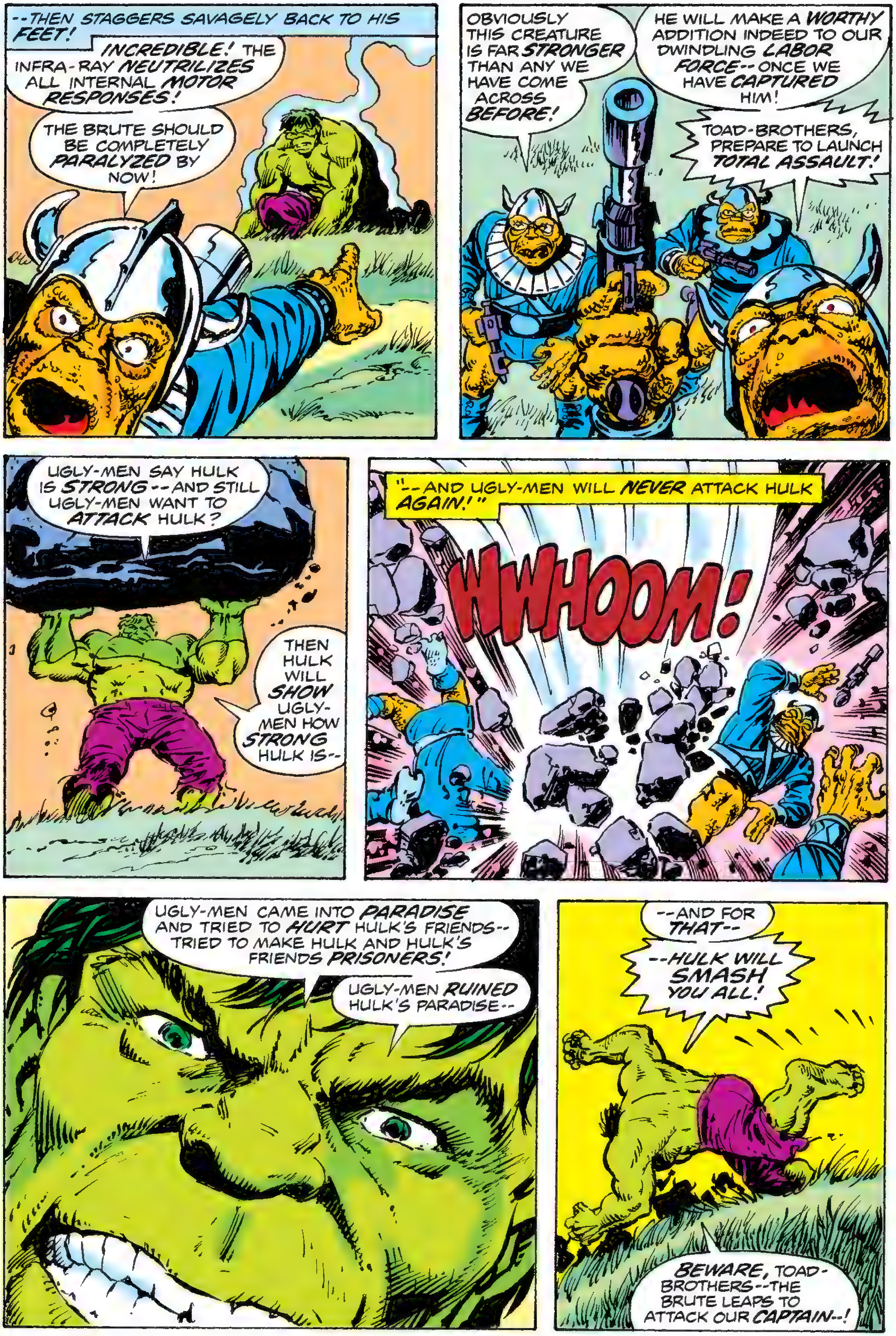

THE WAY IN WHICH YOU'VE HELPED ME, FRIEND GLORIAN, IS BY NO MEANS SMALL--
--BUT IT IS TYPICAL OF YOU TO ASSUME SO!
NO, MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE AIDED ME IN SUCH FASHION AS I COULD NEVER HOPE TO REPAY!
THAT I HAVE HELPED YOU AT ALL IS REPAYMENT ENOUGH.
AS ALWAYS, GLORIAN-- YOU BELITTLE YOURSELF!
BEFORE I MET YOU, I WAS A GALACTIC NOMAD, A PARASITIC WANDERER FEEDING OFF ALIEN DREAMS--
DREAMS THAT I MADE LIVE!
IT WAS YOU WHO TAUGHT ME WHAT REWARD THERE WAS IN BRINGING LIFE TO THOSE DREAMS FOR THE DREAMER'S SAKE INSTEAD OF MY OWN--
--TO KNOW THE JOY ONE CAN FEEL IN THE SIMPLE ACT OF GIVING... FREELY AND UNSELFISHLY!
THE KNOWLEDGE WAS ALWAYS WITHIN YOU, FRIEND SHAPER-- I MERELY SHOWED YOU WHERE TO FIND IT.
NONETHELESS, THE FACT REMAINS-- I HAVE GIVE SUBSTANCE TO THE MOST SUBCONSCIOUS DREAMS OF ONE WHO ONCE OPPOSED ME--
"--AND THE HAPPINESS THAT NOW LIVES WITHIN THE BRUTISH HULK SHALL REMAIN WITH ME AS WELL... FOREVER!"
CRACKAJACK, WHERE IS FOOD?
JUST HANG ON THERE, BROTHER-- FOOD'S JUST 'BOUT READY!
THERE YO' GO, HULK-- A NICE FRESH PIPIN' HOT CAN O' BEANS!
UMMM-- HULK LIKES BEANS--
--ALMOST AS MUCH AS HULK LIKES CRACKAJACK!

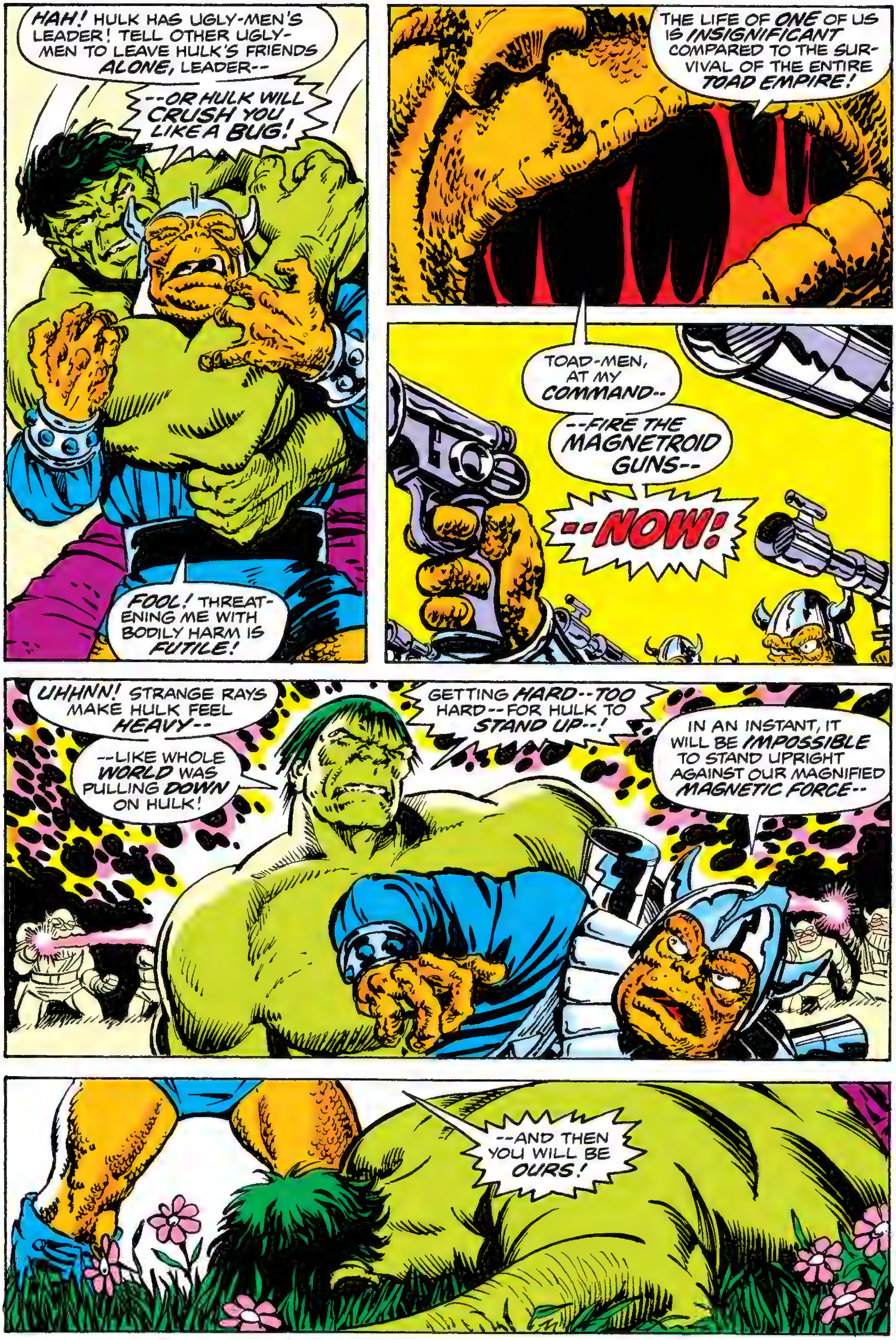

NIGHT FALLS. THE HULK DRIFTS OFF TO AN ODDLY RESTFUL SLEEP BENEATH A TWINKLING CANOPY OF STARS--
--AND THUS HE DOES NOT NOTICE AS ONE STAR DETACHES ITSELF FROM ITS PLACE IN THE CELESTIAL TAPESTRY--AND SPINS CLOSER--
--SLOWLY CLOSER.
THE GREEN GOLIATH LIKES THE WARM TOUCH OF THE SUN ON HIS FACE WHEN HE AWAKENS THE FOLLOWING MORNING.
IN POINT OF FACT, HE LIKES PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS STRANGE NEW WORLD THE GOLDEN MAN HAS GIVEN HIM.
HERE, FOR PERHAPS THE FIRST TIME IN HIS MUCH-HARRIED EXISTENCE, HE SEEMS IN CONTROL OF HIS OWN DESTINY--
--AND HE LIKES THAT MOST OF ALL!
PARADISE IS A PRETTY PLACE, CRACKAJACK. EVERYWHERE HULK GOES, THERE ARE PRETTY FLOWERS ...PRETTY BIRDS...PRETTY SKY...
WHY IS PARADISE PRETTY, CRACKAJACK?
GUESS 'CAUSE THAT'S HOW YO' ALWAYS SEEN IT, BROTHER--WAY DOWN INSIDE O' YO'.
NOW YO' JUST HUSH UP--AN' COME ALONG WIT' ME.
WHERE ARE HULK AND CRACKAJACK GOING NOW?
BEEN SAVIN' UP A SU'PRISE FO' YO', BROTHER.
THEY'S SOMEONE BEEN WAITIN' T' SEE YO'--
--RIGHT OVER YONDER!
WHO--?
IMAGES: THE SMILING FACE PIERCES THE MAN-BRUTE'S MUDDLED MIND LIKE A LANCE OF SUDDEN COGNIZANCE--
--AND DRAGS A NAME UP FROM THE DARK AND SWIRLING DEPTHS.
JARELLA.
YES, MY BELOVED--I AM YOUR JARELLA.
I HAVE RETURNED BECAUSE YOU WISHED IT SO--

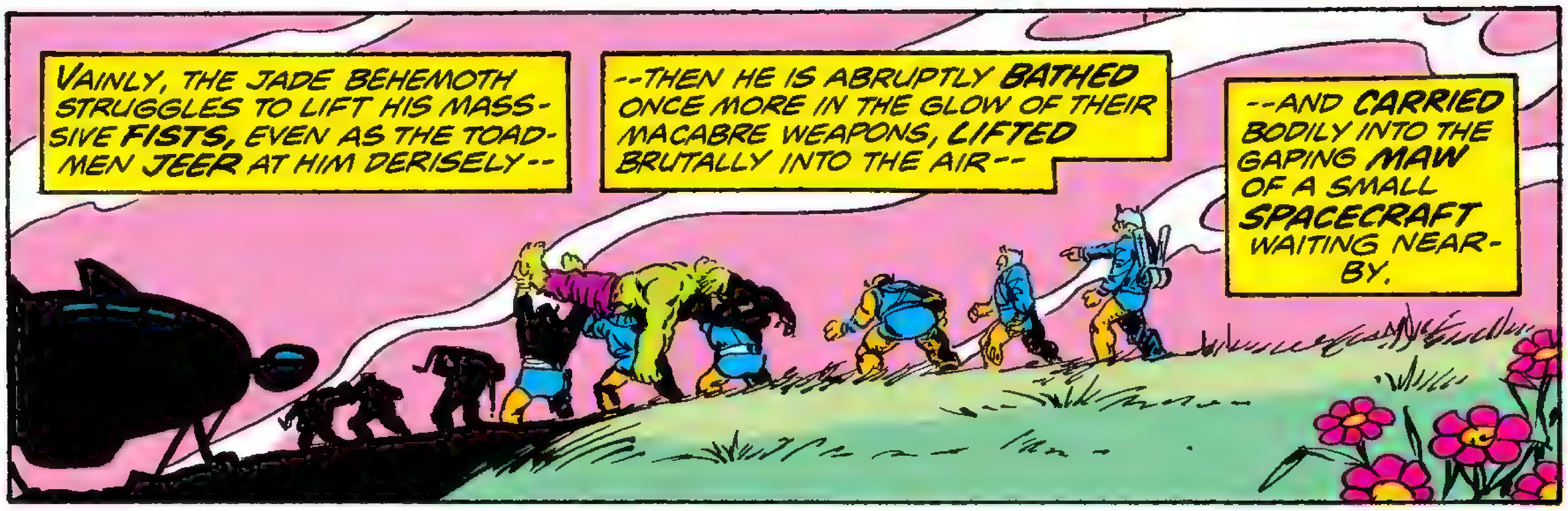

--AND NOW NOTHING WILL EVER COME BETWEEN US AGAIN!
THE MAN-BRUTE SMILES BROADLY AS THE EMERALD APPARITION CALLED JARELLA GENTLY TOUCHES HIS CHEEK.
AND ON THIS PASTORAL PLANE OF EXISTENCE, TWO LONG-LOST LOVERS ARE AT LAST REUNITED--
--WHILE UPON THE MORE MUNDANE REALITY DUBBED EARTH, TWO OTHER LOVERS STAND DIVIDED BY A GULF THAT MERE WISHES ALONE CANNOT CONQUER.
LET'S HEAR IT FOR LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.
H-HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN LIKE THIS, DADDY?
SINCE HE WAS RAY-BLASTED BY THE GREMLIN, BETTY*--
--SINCE BEFORE WE ESCAPED FROM SIBERIA!
*HULK #188, RIGHT?--LEN.
BUT HE JUST KEEPS SITTING THERE SO STILL--LIKE HE DOESN'T EVEN SEE US--
--LIKE HE W-WAS LOOKING RIGHT THRU ME--!
OH, DADDY--WHAT'S WRONG WITH GLENN?
THAT MAN ISN'T THE GLENN TALBOT I MARRIED! HE--HE'S NOTHING MORE THAN A...A VEGETABLE!
BETTY, PLEASE--TAKE HOLD OF YOURSELF!
ISN'T THERE SOMETHING--ANYTHING--WE CAN DO FOR HIM?
I'M SORRY, MRS. TALBOT--BUT THESE THINGS TAKE TIME. YOUR HUSBAND'S CONSCIOUS MIND WAS DESTROYED DURING HIS CAPTIVITY.
RESTORING IT TO ITS PRIOR CONDITION IS A TASK BEYOND OUR CURRENT CAPABILITIES.
I'M AFRAID ONLY A MIRACLE CAN HELP YOUR HUSBAND NOW!

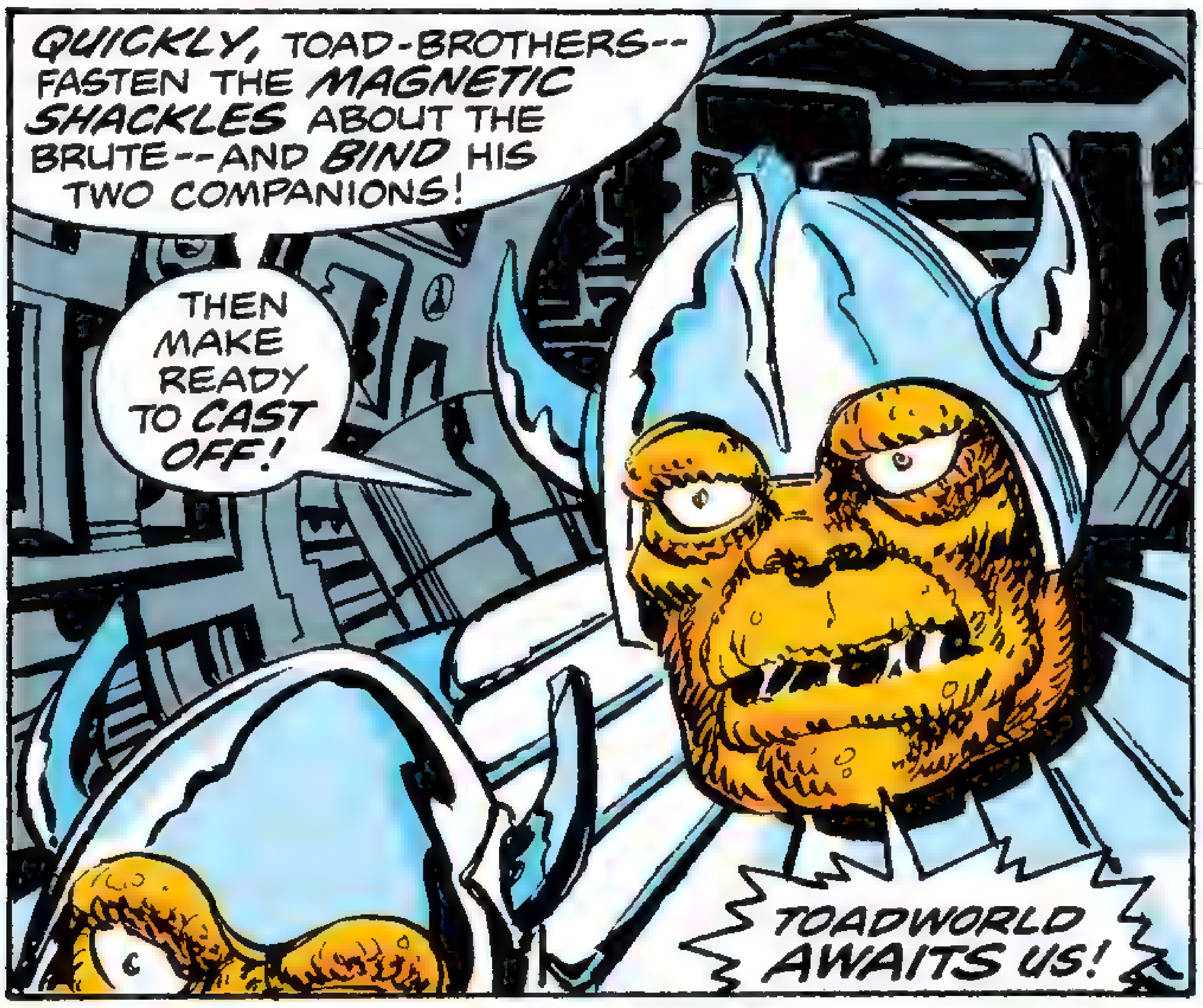

IN THAT CASE, DOCTOR-- WE'LL FIND US A MIRACLE--
--OR, BY GOD-- WE'LL MAKE ONE!
THE ANGRY TONE OF GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS'S WORDS SET THE LEAVES TO TREMBLING EVEN UPON THE HULK'S PRIVATE PARADISE--
--BUT THE JADE-HUED GIANT AND HIS TWO CONSTANT COMPANIONS ARE FAR TOO PREOCCUPIED TO NOTICE.
HEY, ANYONE HERE WANNA GO FISHIN'?
IN A LITTLE WHILE, CRACKAJACK. THERE WILL BE TIME FOR EVERYTHING... LATER.
RIGHT NOW, MY BELOVED AND I ONLY WANT TO SIT HERE-- AND ENJOY THE GLORIOUS VIEW.
LOOK UPON THE WATER, MY BELOVED. YOU CAN ALMOST SEE THE PAST ROLLING AWAY WITH EACH OF ITS RIPPLES.
LOOK UPON THE REFLECTIONS-- SO NEAR, YET SO IMPOSSIBLE TO TOUCH.
THE WATER IS LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE HERE... SO QUIET... SO SERENE... SO...
...BEAUTIFUL.
CAREFULLY, TOAD-BROTHERS!
THE PRISONERS MUST BE TAKEN ALIVE!
HUH? FACES IN WATER ARE BEHIND HULK NOW! WHAT IS HAPPENING?
A MONTH OF WALKING THE TREAD-MILLS TO HE WHO INJURES ONE OF OUR CAPTIVES!
THE SUPPLY IS NOT SO UNLIMITED THAT WE CAN AFFORD TO DAMAGE ANY NEW SLAVES!

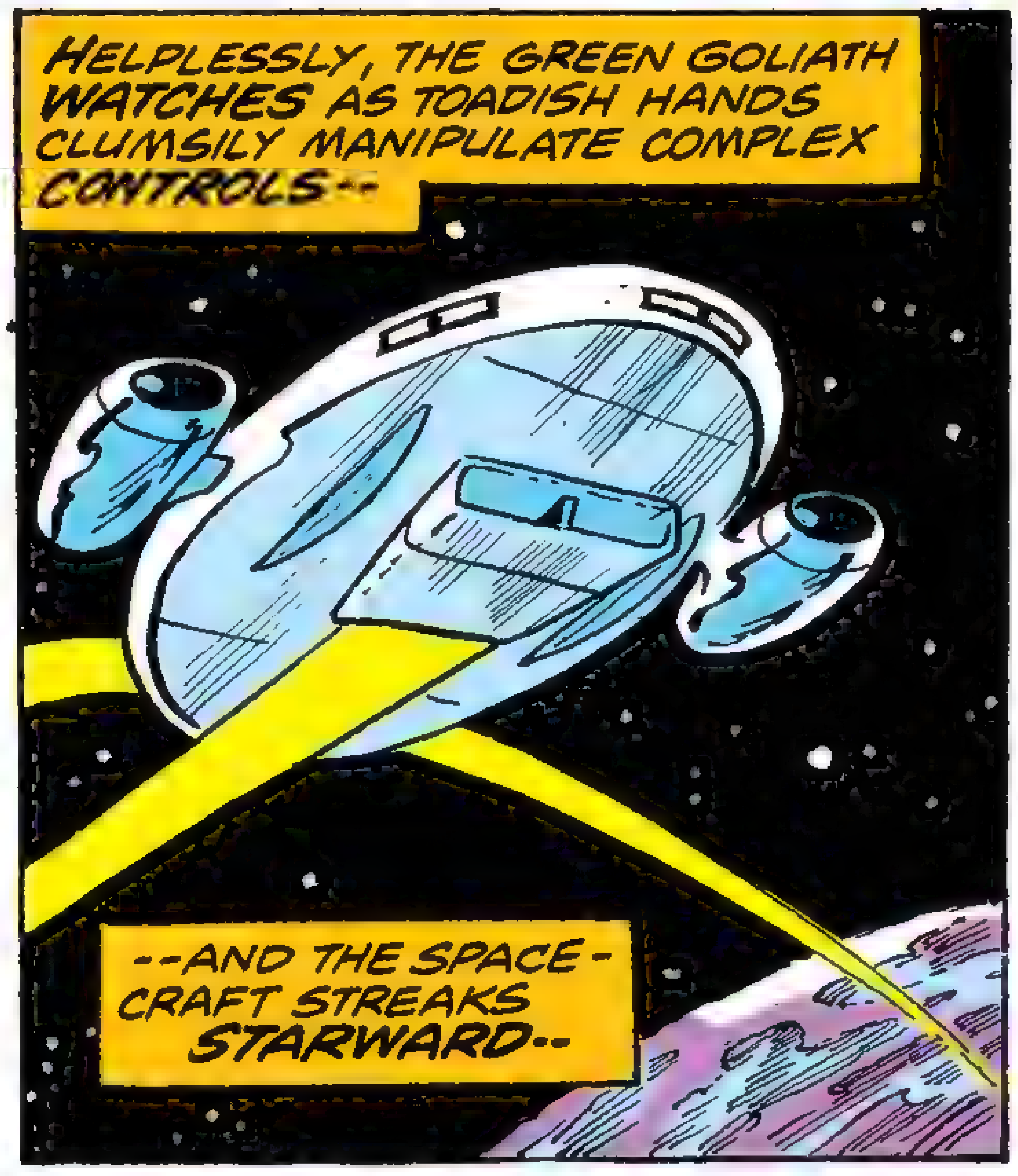

SLAVES? UGLY-MEN WANT TO MAKE HULK AND HULK'S FRIENDS SLAVES?
NO, UGLY-MEN--
--HULK IS NOBODY'S SLAVE!
SPLAMM!
STAND AWAY FROM THE BRUTE, TOAD-BROTHERS!
I MUST HAVE A CLEAR FIELD OF FIRE BEFORE I CAN EMPLOY--THE INFRA-RAY!
AT THE COMMAND, THE MAN-BRUTE'S TOADISH ATTACKERS SUDDENLY SCRAMBLE AS FAR FROM HIM AS POSSIBLE--
SPWOW!
--A GAUNTLETED "FINGER" TIGHTENS UPON AN ORNATE TRIGGER--
--AND A BOLT OF SIZZLING ENERGY SNAKES THRU THE EDEN-PURE AIR--
--CONSUMING THE HULK IN AN AURA OF BRIGHT AZURE BLUE.
THE GREEN BEHEMOTH TOPPLES--

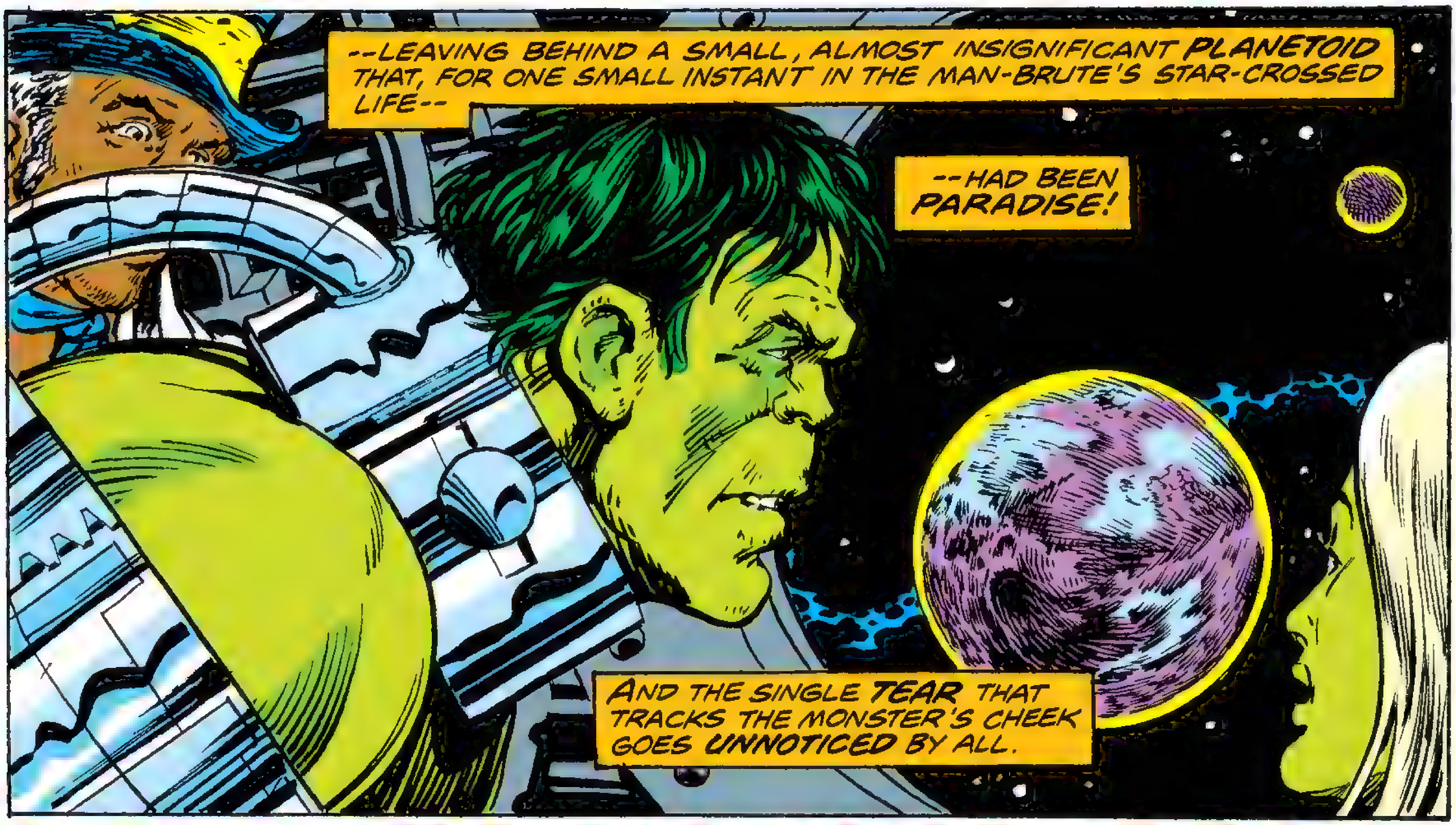

--THEN STAGGERS SAVAGELY BACK TO HIS FEET!
INCREDIBLE! THE INFRA-RAY NEUTRILIZES ALL INTERNAL MOTOR RESPONSES!
THE BRUTE SHOULD BE COMPLETELY PARALYZED BY NOW!
OBVIOUSLY THIS CREATURE IS FAR STRONGER THAN ANY WE HAVE COME ACROSS BEFORE!
HE WILL MAKE A WORTHY ADDITION INDEED TO OUR DWINDLING LABOR FORCE--ONCE WE HAVE CAPTURED HIM!
TOAD-BROTHERS, PREPARE TO LAUNCH TOTAL ASSAULT!
UGLY-MEN SAY HULK IS STRONG--AND STILL UGLY-MEN WANT TO ATTACK HULK?
THEN HULK WILL SHOW UGLY-MEN HOW STRONG HULK IS--
"--AND UGLY-MEN WILL NEVER ATTACK HULK AGAIN!"
WHHOOM!
UGLY-MEN CAME INTO PARADISE AND TRIED TO HURT HULK'S FRIENDS--TRIED TO MAKE HULK AND HULK'S FRIENDS PRISONERS!
UGLY-MEN RUINED HULK'S PARADISE--
--AND FOR THAT--
--HULK WILL SMASH YOU ALL!
BEWARE, TOAD-BROTHERS--THE BRUTE LEAPS TO ATTACK OUR CAPTAIN--!


HAH! HULK HAS UGLY-MEN'S LEADER! TELL OTHER UGLY-MEN TO LEAVE HULK'S FRIENDS ALONE, LEADER--
--OR HULK WILL CRUSH YOU LIKE A BUG!
FOOL! THREATENING ME WITH BODILY HARM IS FUTILE!
THE LIFE OF ONE OF US IS INSIGNIFICANT COMPARED TO THE SURVIVAL OF THE ENTIRE TOAD EMPIRE!
TOAD-MEN, AT MY COMMAND--
--FIRE THE MAGNETROID GUNS--
--NOW!
UHHNN! STRANGE RAYS MAKE HULK FEEL HEAVY--
--LIKE WHOLE WORLD WAS PULLING DOWN ON HULK!
GETTING HARD--TOO HARD--FOR HULK TO STAND UP--!
IN AN INSTANT, IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO STAND UPRIGHT AGAINST OUR MAGNIFIED MAGNETIC FORCE--
--AND THEN YOU WILL BE OURS!

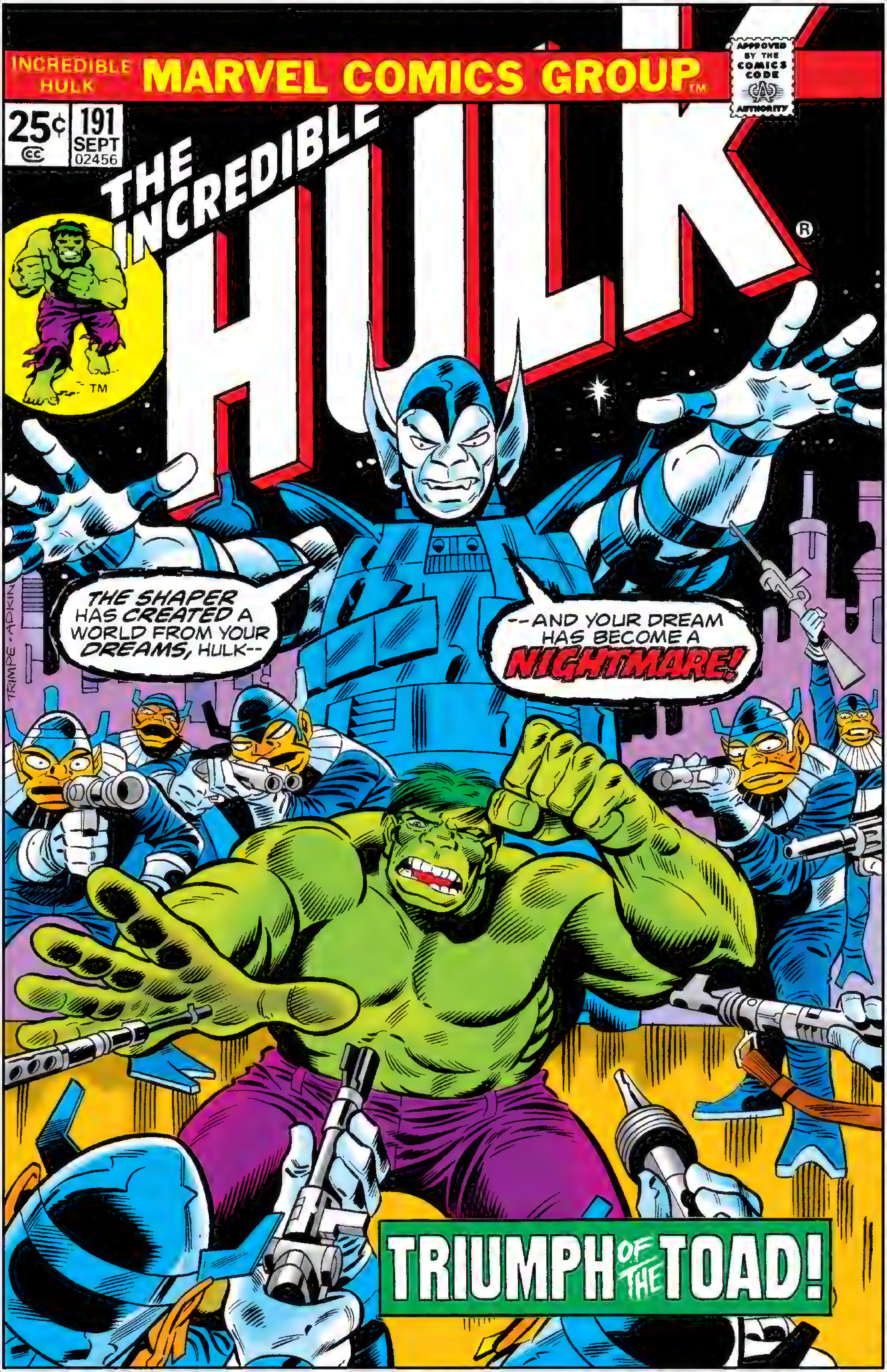

VAINLY, THE JADE BEHEMOTH STRUGGLES TO LIFT HIS MASSSIVE FISTS, EVEN AS THE TOADMEN JEER AT HIM DERISELY--
--THEN HE IS ABRUPTLY BATHED ONCE MORE IN THE GLOW OF THEIR MACABRE WEAPONS, LIFTED BRUTALLY INTO THE AIR--
--AND CARRIED BODILY INTO THE GAPING MAW OF A SMALL SPACECRAFT WAITING NEARBY.


QUICKLY, TOAD-BROTHERS--FASTEN THE MAGNETIC SHACKLES ABOUT THE BRUTE--AND BIND HIS TWO COMPANIONS!
THEN MAKE READY TO CAST OFF!
TOADWORLD AWAITS US!


HELPLESSLY, THE GREEN GOLIATH WATCHES AS TOADISH HANDS CLUMSILY MANIPULATE COMPLEX CONTROLS--
--AND THE SPACECRAFT STREAKS STARWARD--


--LEAVING BEHIND A SMALL, ALMOST INSIGNIFICANT PLANETOID THAT, FOR ONE SMALL INSTANT IN THE MAN-BRUTE'S STAR-CROSSED LIFE--
--HAD BEEN PARADISE!
AND THE SINGLE TEAR THAT TRACKS THE MONSTER'S CHEEK GOES UNNOTICED BY ALL.

NEXT ISSUE: THE TRIUMPH OF THE TOAD!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THE INCREDIBLE HULK®
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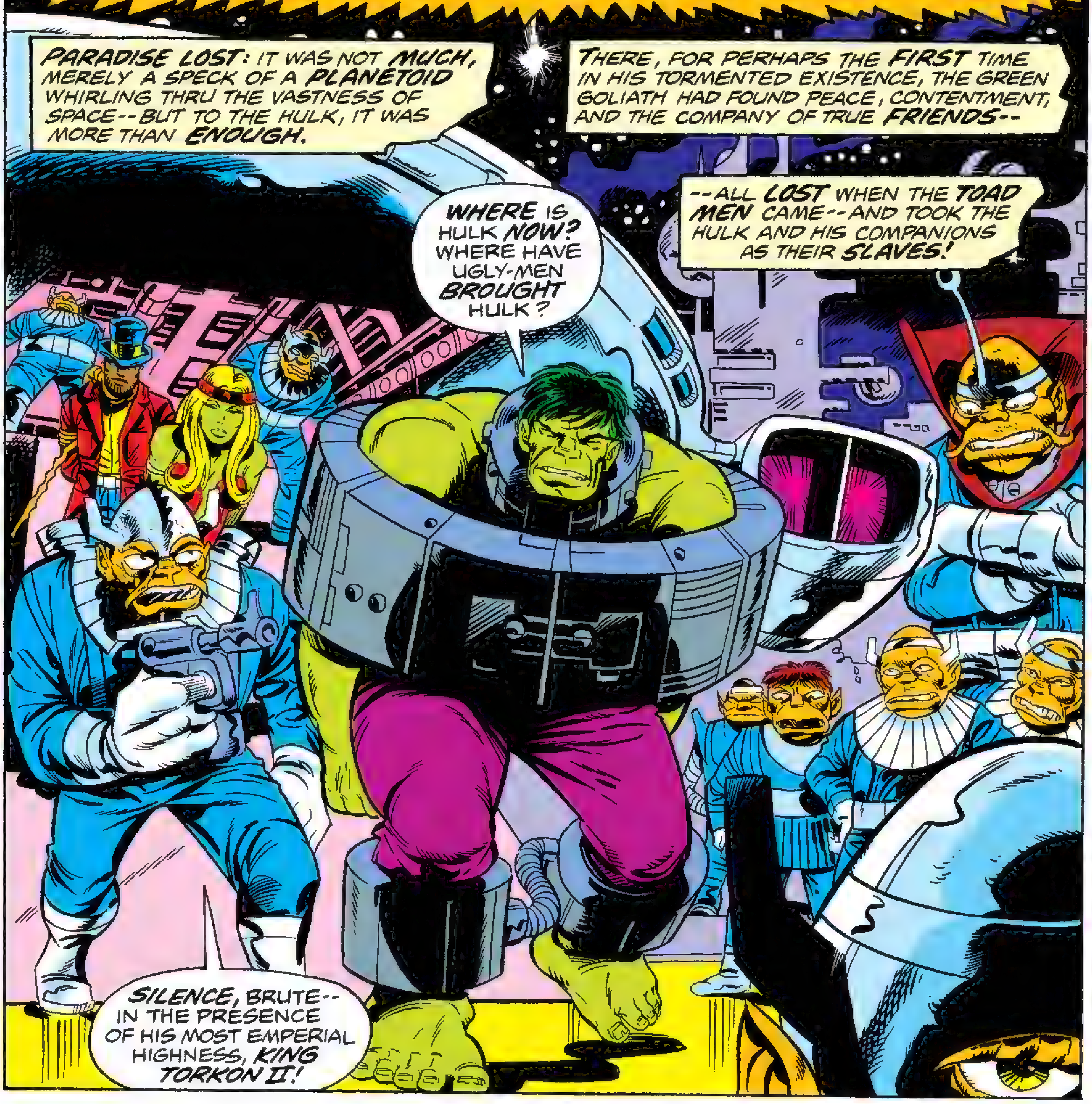
TRIMPE · ADKIN
THE SHAPER HAS CREATED A WORLD FROM YOUR DREAMS, HULK--
--AND YOUR DREAM HAS BECOME A NIGHTMARE!
TRIUMPH OF THE TOAD!

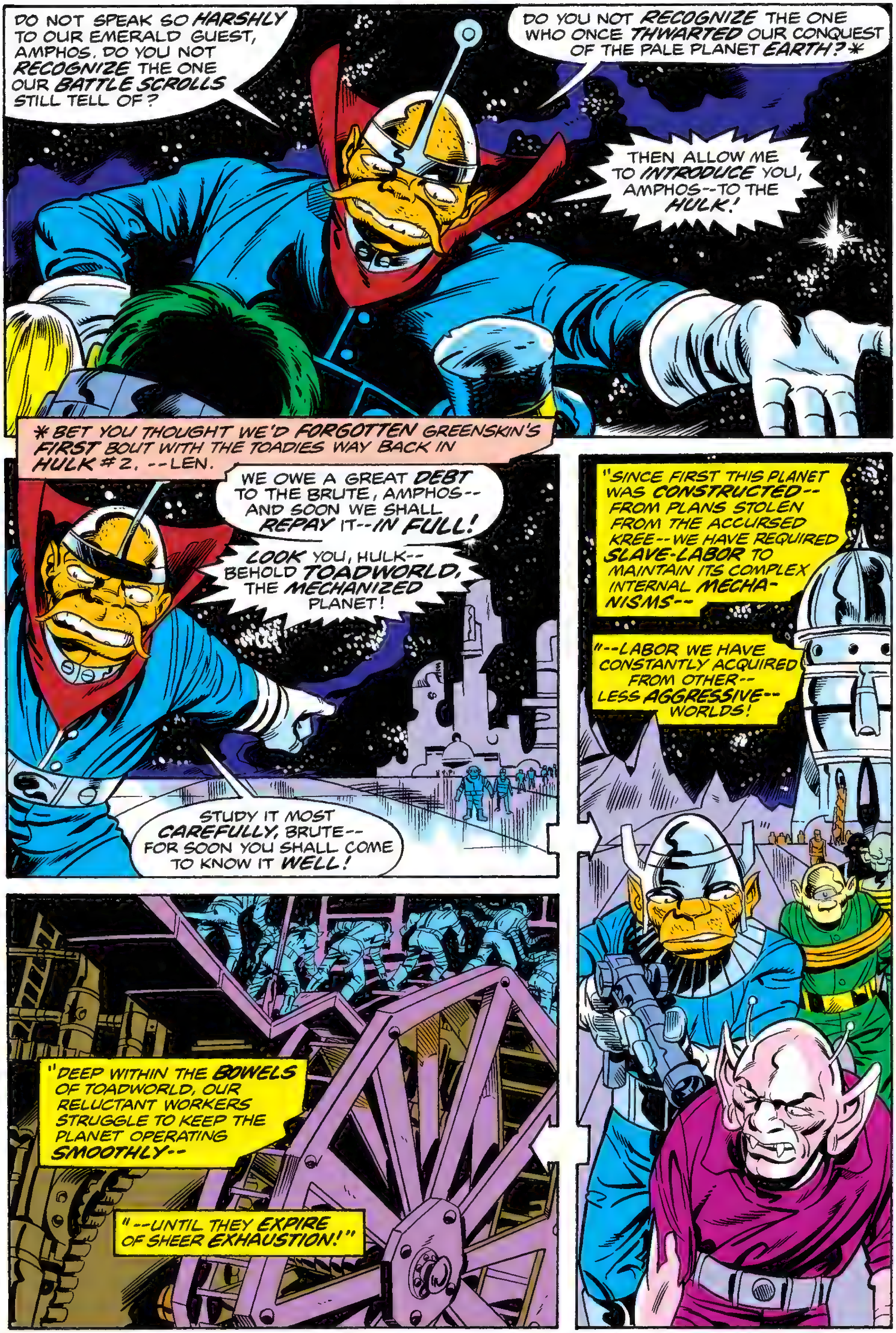
Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

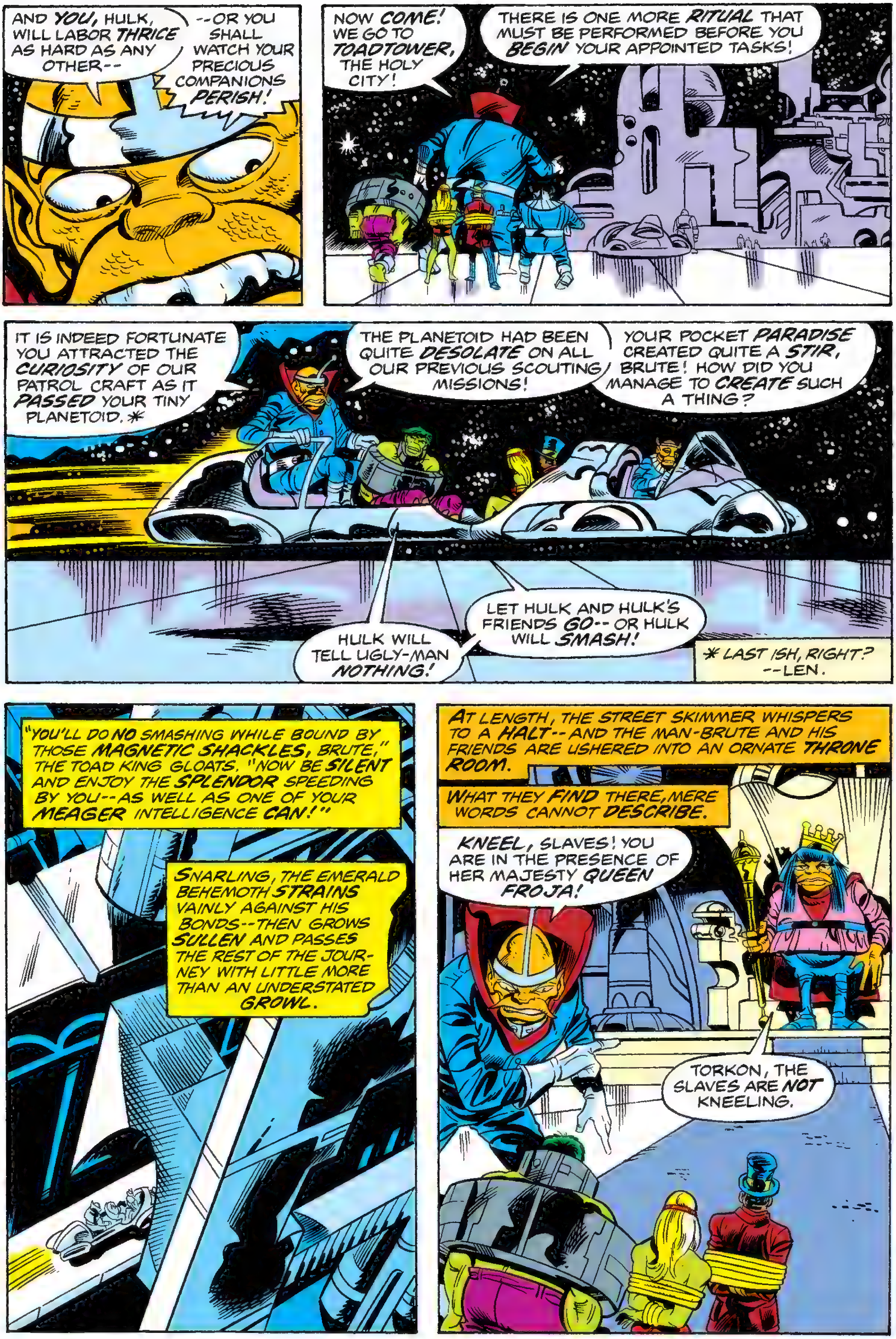
STAN LEE PRESENTS: **THE INCREDIBLE HULK!**™

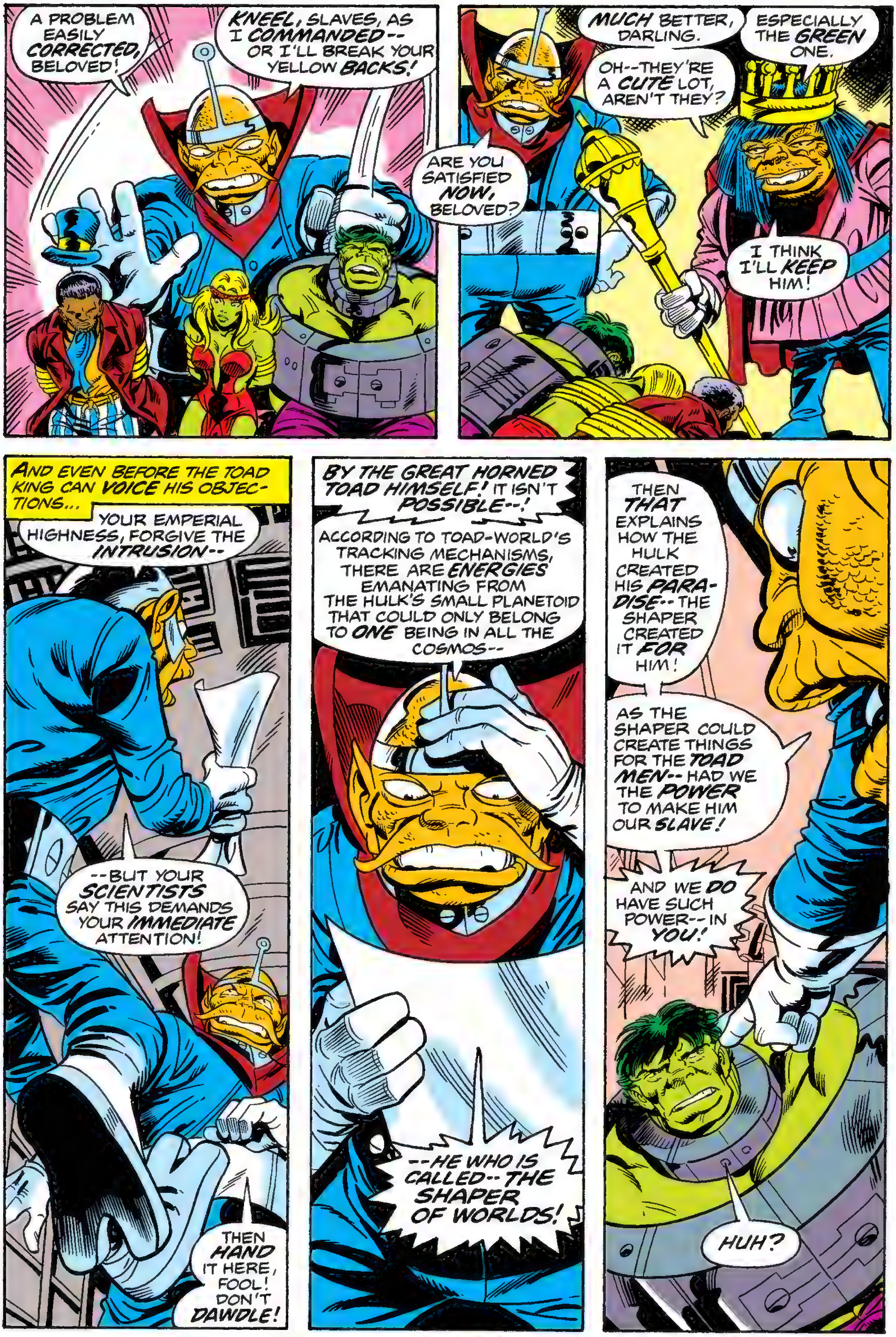
LEN WEIN / HERB TRIMPE & JOE STATON / GLYNIS OLIVER WEIN / JOHN COSTANZA
WRITER/EDITOR / ILLUSTRATORS / colorist / letterer

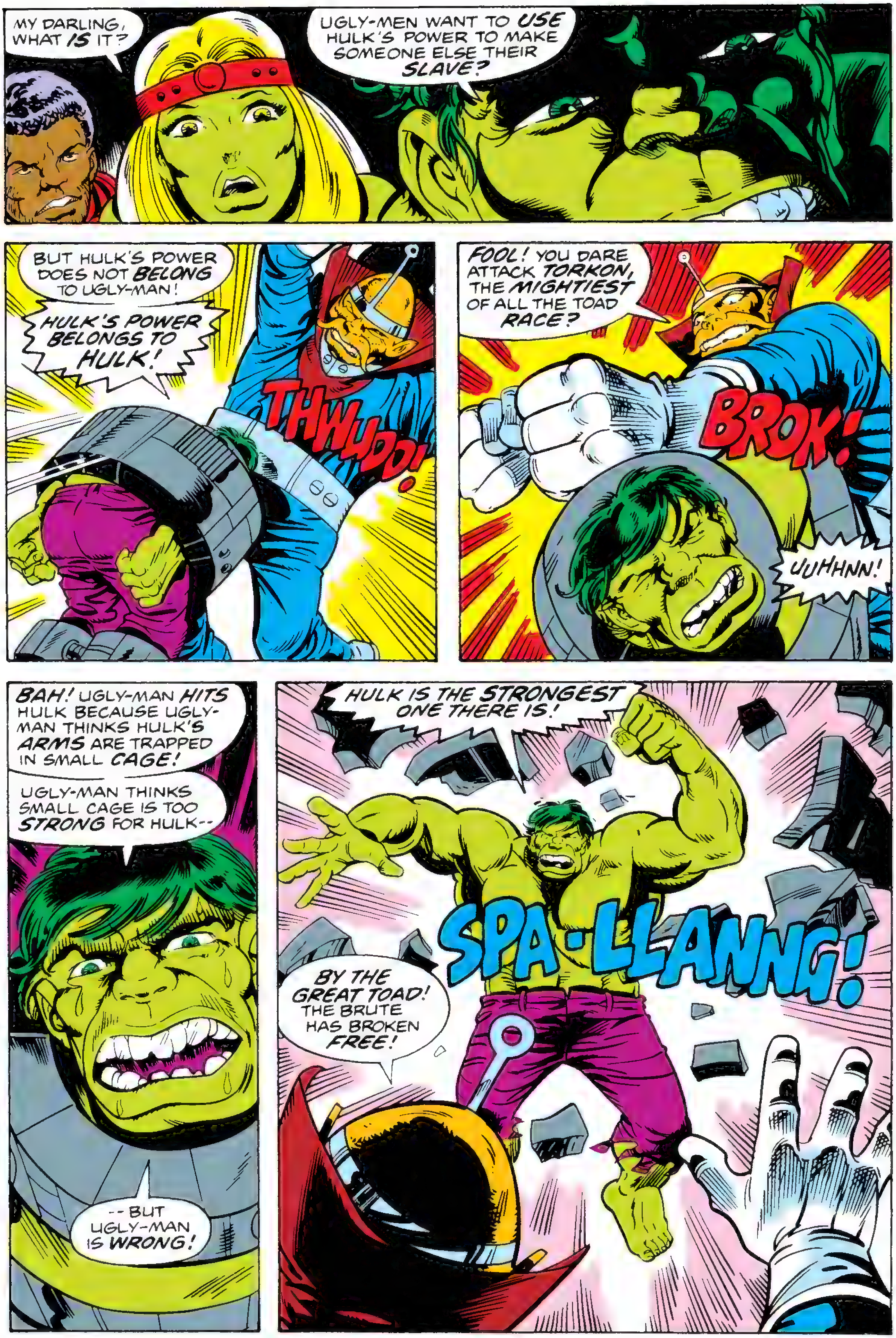
THE TRIUMPH OF THE TOAD!

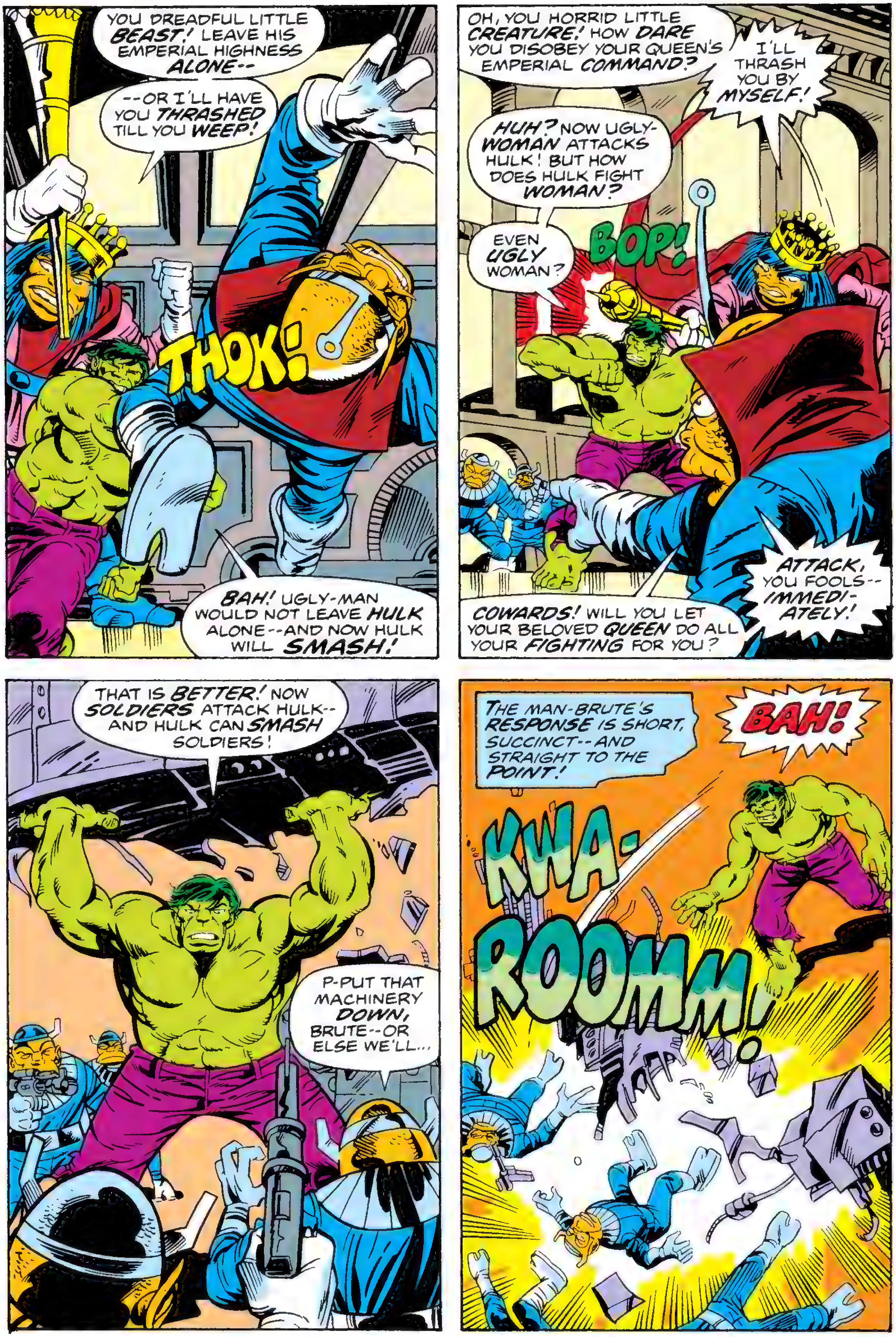

PARADISE LOST: IT WAS NOT MUCH, MERELY A SPECK OF A PLANETOID WHIRLING THRU THE VASTNESS OF SPACE--BUT TO THE HULK, IT WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH.
THERE, FOR PERHAPS THE FIRST TIME IN HIS TORMENTED EXISTENCE, THE GREEN GOLIATH HAD FOUND PEACE, CONTENTMENT, AND THE COMPANY OF TRUE FRIENDS--
--ALL LOST WHEN THE TOAD MEN CAME--AND TOOK THE HULK AND HIS COMPANIONS AS THEIR SLAVES!
WHERE IS HULK NOW? WHERE HAVE UGLY-MEN BROUGHT HULK?
SILENCE, BRUTE--IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS MOST EMPERIAL HIGHNESS, KING TORKON II!

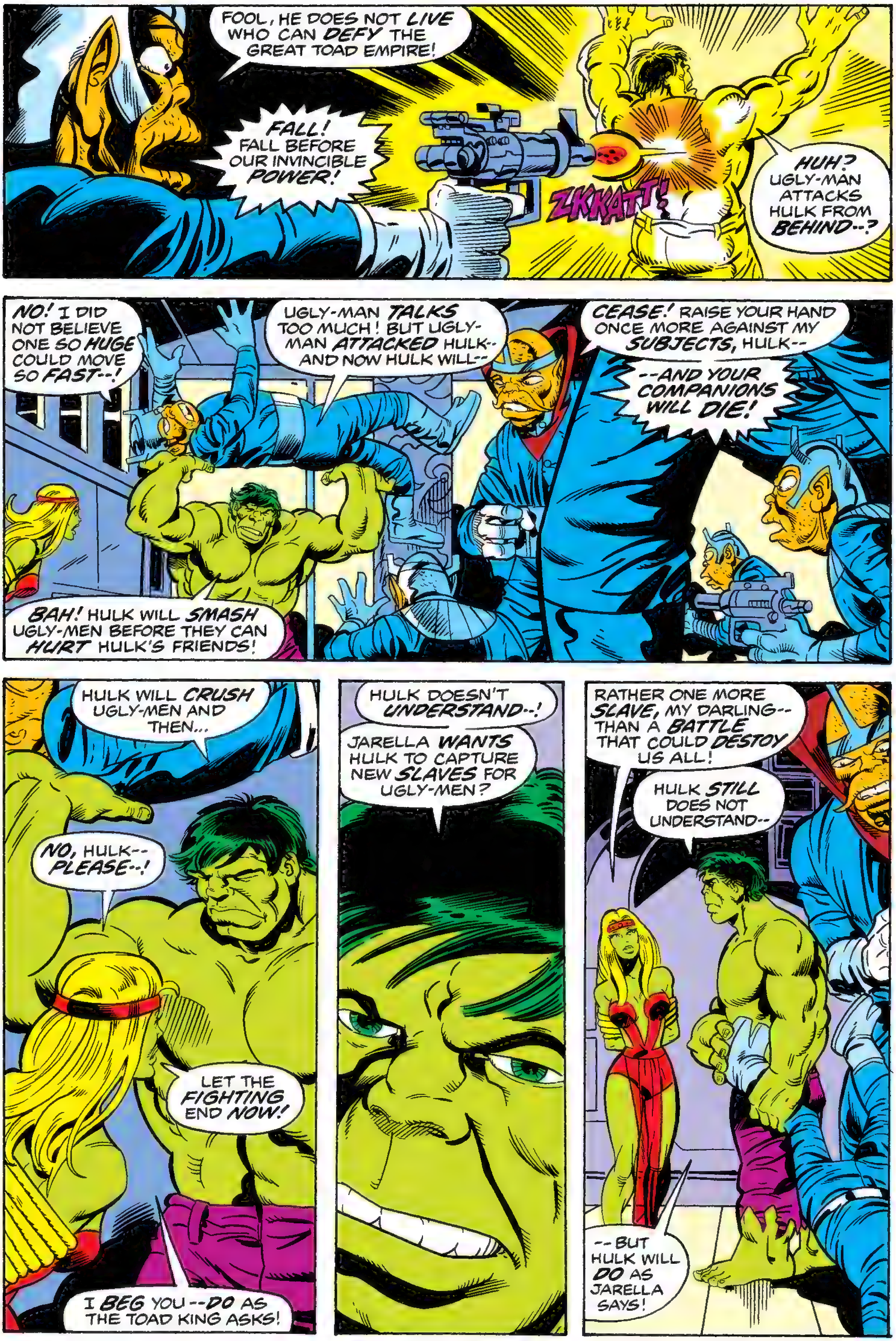

DO NOT SPEAK SO HARSHLY TO OUR EMERALD GUEST, AMPHOS. DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE THE ONE OUR BATTLE SCROLLS STILL TELL OF?
DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE THE ONE WHO ONCE THWARTED OUR CONQUEST OF THE PALE PLANET EARTH?*
THEN ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU, AMPHOS--TO THE HULK!
*BET YOU THOUGHT WE'D FORGOTTEN GREENSKIN'S FIRST BOUT WITH THE TOADIES WAY BACK IN HULK #2. --LEN.
WE OWE A GREAT DEBT TO THE BRUTE, AMPHOS-- AND SOON WE SHALL REPAY IT--IN FULL!
LOOK YOU, HULK-- BEHOLD TOADWORLD, THE MECHANIZED PLANET!
STUDY IT MOST CAREFULLY, BRUTE-- FOR SOON YOU SHALL COME TO KNOW IT WELL!
"SINCE FIRST THIS PLANET WAS CONSTRUCTED-- FROM PLANS STOLEN FROM THE ACCURSED KREE--WE HAVE REQUIRED SLAVE-LABOR TO MAINTAIN ITS COMPLEX INTERNAL MECHANISMS--
"--LABOR WE HAVE CONSTANTLY ACQUIRED FROM OTHER-- LESS AGGRESSIVE-- WORLDS!
"DEEP WITHIN THE BOWELS OF TOADWORLD, OUR RELUCTANT WORKERS STRUGGLE TO KEEP THE PLANET OPERATING SMOOTHLY--
"--UNTIL THEY EXPIRE OF SHEER EXHAUSTION!"

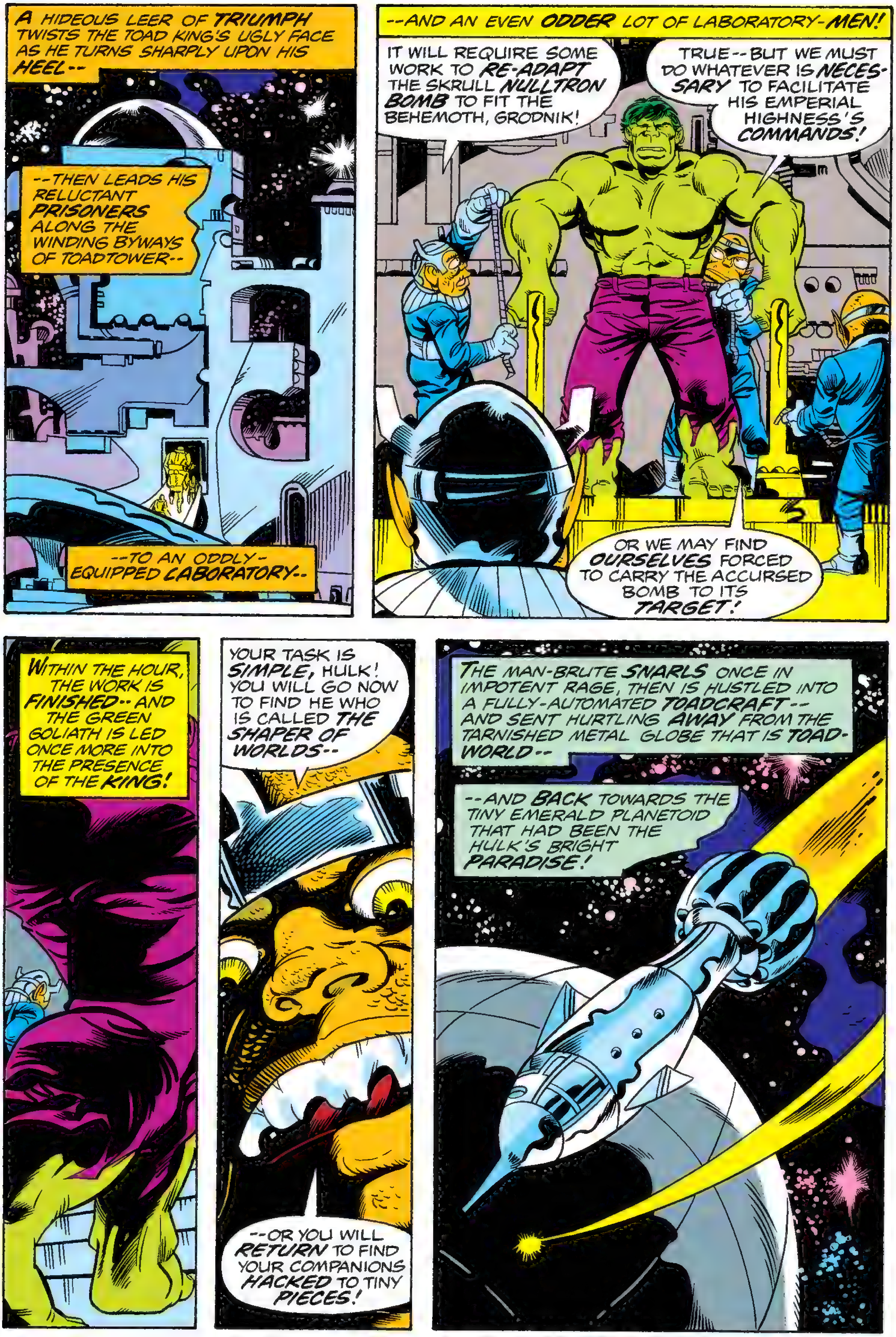

AND YOU, HULK, WILL LABOR THRICE AS HARD AS ANY OTHER--
--OR YOU SHALL WATCH YOUR PRECIOUS COMPANIONS PERISH!
NOW COME! WE GO TO TOADTOWER, THE HOLY CITY!
THERE IS ONE MORE RITUAL THAT MUST BE PERFORMED BEFORE YOU BEGIN YOUR APPOINTED TASKS!
IT IS INDEED FORTUNATE YOU ATTRACTED THE CURIOSITY OF OUR PATROL CRAFT AS IT PASSED YOUR TINY PLANETOID.*
THE PLANETOID HAD BEEN QUITE DESOLATE ON ALL OUR PREVIOUS SCOUTING MISSIONS!
YOUR POCKET PARADISE CREATED QUITE A STIR, BRUTE! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO CREATE SUCH A THING?
HULK WILL TELL UGLY-MAN NOTHING!
LET HULK AND HULK'S FRIENDS GO-- OR HULK WILL SMASH!
*LAST ISH, RIGHT? --LEN.
"YOU'LL DO NO SMASHING WHILE BOUND BY THOSE MAGNETIC SHACKLES, BRUTE," THE TOAD KING GLOATS. "NOW BE SILENT AND ENJOY THE SPLENDOR SPEEDING BY YOU--AS WELL AS ONE OF YOUR MEAGER INTELLIGENCE CAN!"
SNARLING, THE EMERALD BEHEMOTH STRAINS VAINLY AGAINST HIS BONDS--THEN GROWS SULLEN AND PASSES THE REST OF THE JOURNEY WITH LITTLE MORE THAN AN UNDERSTATED GROWL.
AT LENGTH, THE STREET SKIMMER WHISPERS TO A HALT--AND THE MAN-BRUTE AND HIS FRIENDS ARE USHERED INTO AN ORNATE THRONE ROOM.
WHAT THEY FIND THERE, MERE WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE.
KNEEL, SLAVES! YOU ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN FROJA!
TORKON, THE SLAVES ARE NOT KNEELING.

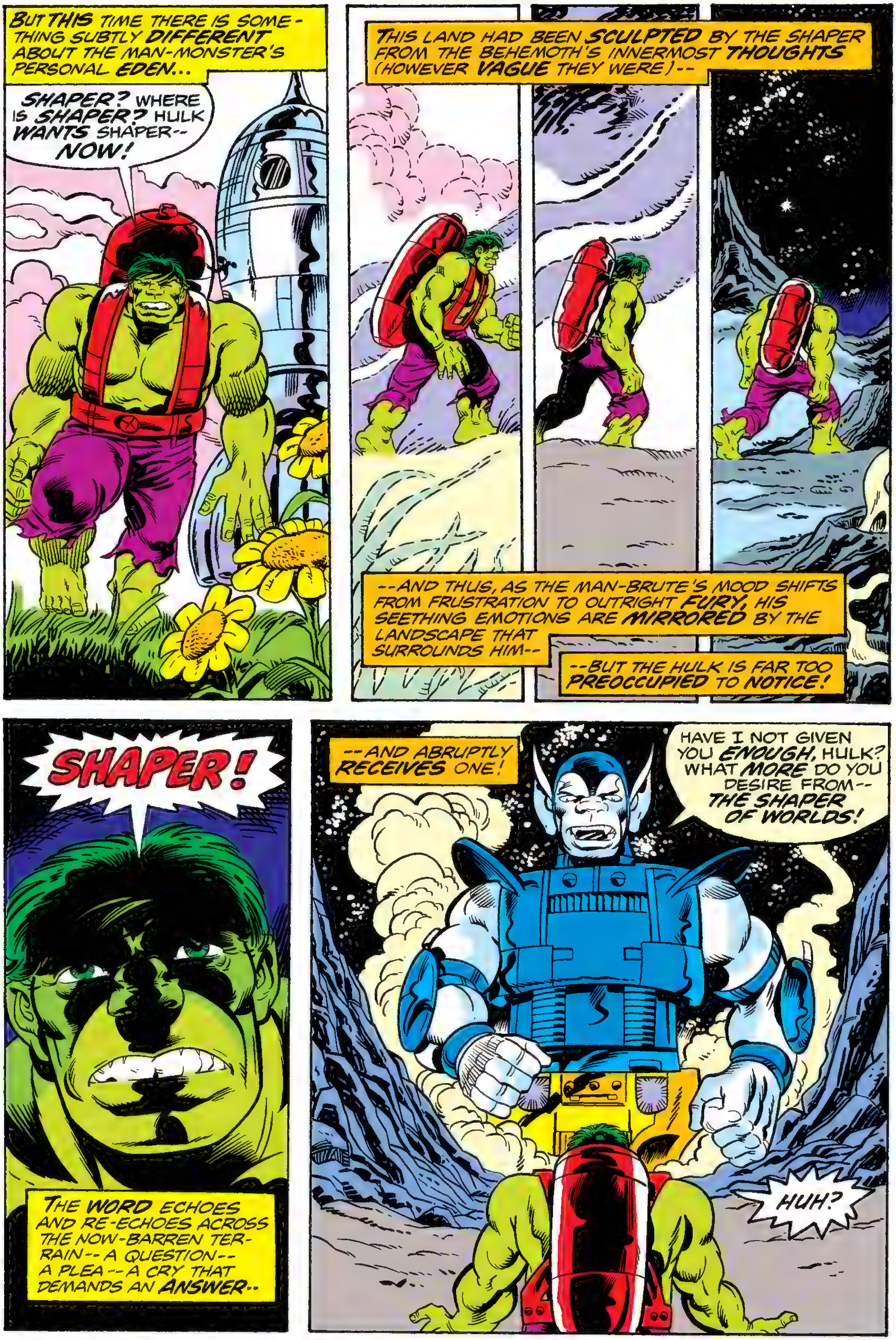

A PROBLEM EASILY CORRECTED, BELOVED!
KNEEL, SLAVES, AS I COMMANDED-- OR I'LL BREAK YOUR YELLOW BACKS!
ARE YOU SATISFIED NOW, BELOVED?
MUCH BETTER, DARLING.
OH--THEY'RE A CUTE LOT, AREN'T THEY?
ESPECIALLY THE GREEN ONE.
I THINK I'LL KEEP HIM!
AND EVEN BEFORE THE TOAD KING CAN VOICE HIS OBJECTIONS...
YOUR EMPERIAL HIGHNESS, FORGIVE THE INTRUSION--
--BUT YOUR SCIENTISTS SAY THIS DEMANDS YOUR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION!
THEN HAND IT HERE, FOOL! DON'T DAWDLE!
BY THE GREAT HORNED TOAD HIMSELF! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE--!
ACCORDING TO TOAD-WORLD'S TRACKING MECHANISMS, THERE ARE ENERGIES EMANATING FROM THE HULK'S SMALL PLANETOID THAT COULD ONLY BELONG TO ONE BEING IN ALL THE COSMOS--
--HE WHO IS CALLED--THE SHAPER OF WORLDS!
THEN THAT EXPLAINS HOW THE HULK CREATED HIS PARADISE--THE SHAPER CREATED IT FOR HIM!
AS THE SHAPER COULD CREATE THINGS FOR THE TOAD MEN--HAD WE THE POWER TO MAKE HIM OUR SLAVE!
AND WE DO HAVE SUCH POWER--IN YOU!
HUH?

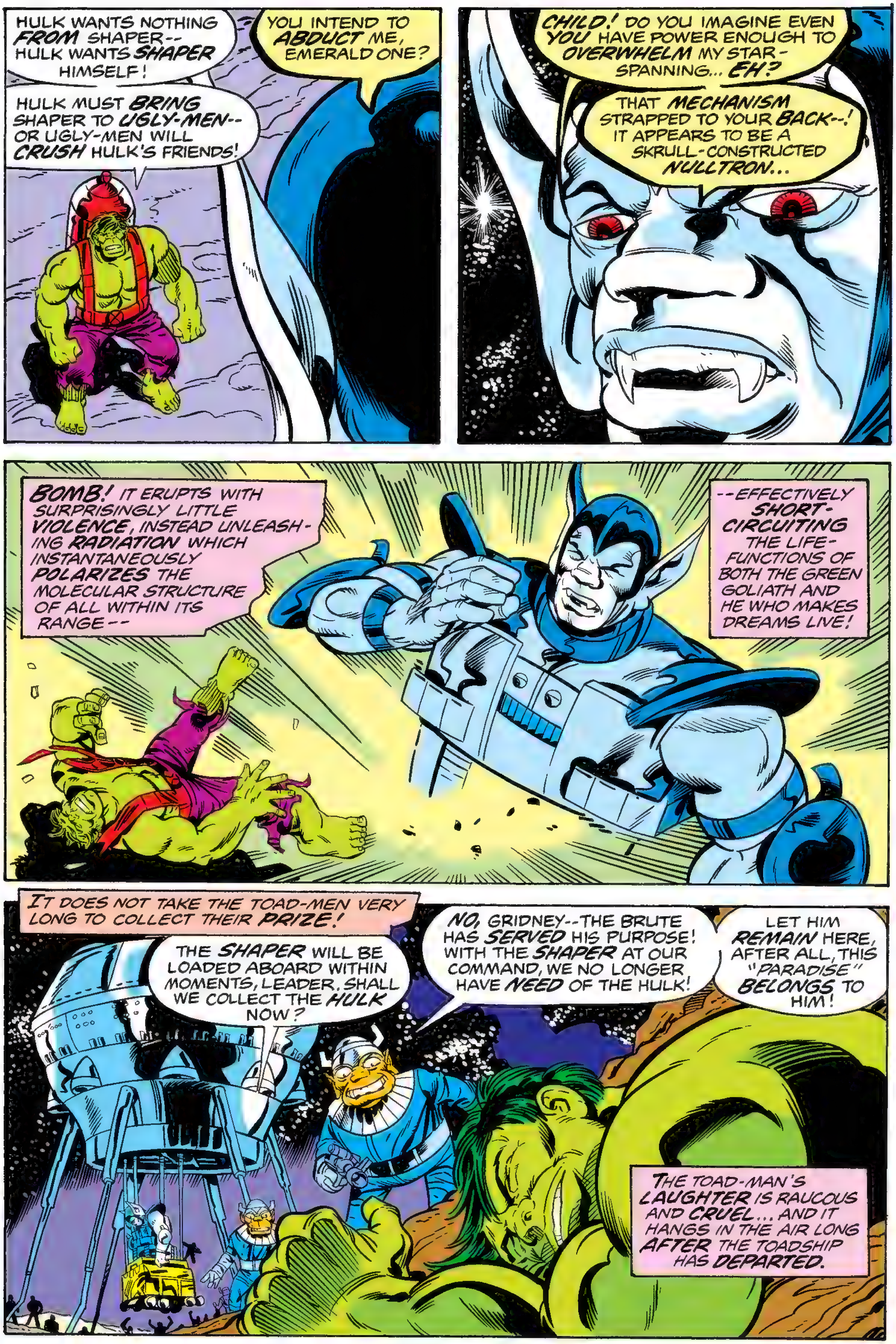

MY DARLING, WHAT *IS* IT?
UGLY-MEN WANT TO *USE* HULK'S POWER TO MAKE SOMEONE ELSE THEIR *SLAVE?*
BUT HULK'S POWER DOES NOT *BELONG* TO UGLY-MAN!
HULK'S POWER BELONGS TO HULK!
THWUDD!
FOOL! YOU DARE ATTACK *TORKON*, THE *MIGHTIEST* OF ALL THE TOAD *RACE?*
BROK!
UUHHNN!
BAH! UGLY-MAN *HITS* HULK BECAUSE UGLY-MAN THINKS HULK'S *ARMS* ARE TRAPPED IN SMALL *CAGE!*
UGLY-MAN THINKS SMALL CAGE IS TOO *STRONG* FOR HULK--
--BUT UGLY-MAN IS *WRONG!*
HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!
SPA-LLANNG!
BY THE GREAT TOAD! THE BRUTE HAS BROKEN *FREE!*

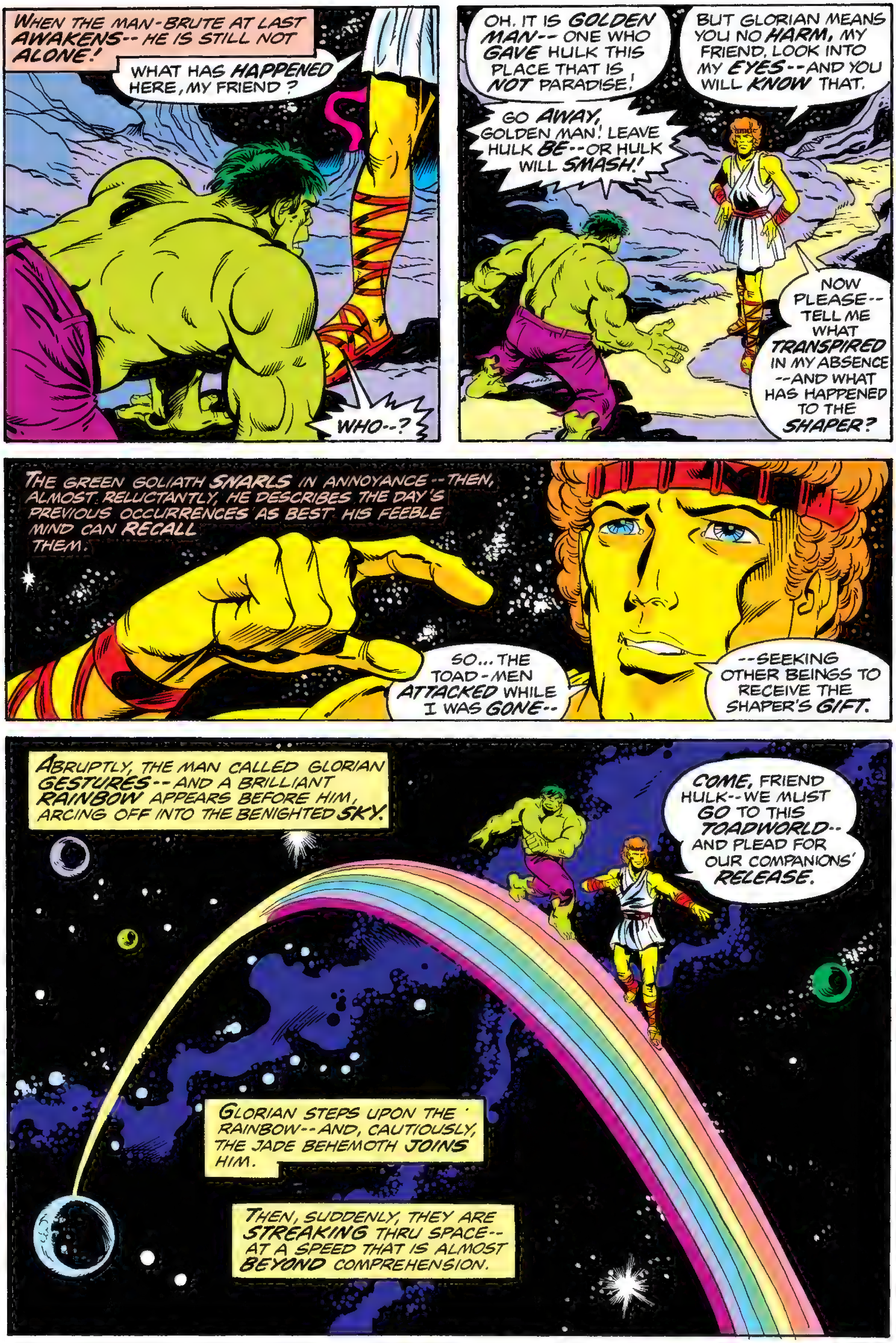

YOU DREADFUL LITTLE BEAST! LEAVE HIS EMPERIAL HIGHNESS ALONE--
--OR I'LL HAVE YOU THRASHED TILL YOU WEEP!
THOK!
BAH! UGLY-MAN WOULD NOT LEAVE HULK ALONE--AND NOW HULK WILL SMASH!
OH, YOU HORRID LITTLE CREATURE! HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY YOUR QUEEN'S EMPERIAL COMMAND?
I'LL THRASH YOU BY MYSELF!
HUH? NOW UGLY-WOMAN ATTACKS HULK! BUT HOW DOES HULK FIGHT WOMAN?
EVEN UGLY WOMAN?
BOP!
COWARDS! WILL YOU LET YOUR BELOVED QUEEN DO ALL YOUR FIGHTING FOR YOU?
ATTACK, YOU FOOLS--IMMEDIATELY!
THAT IS BETTER! NOW SOLDIERS ATTACK HULK--AND HULK CAN SMASH SOLDIERS!
P-PUT THAT MACHINERY DOWN, BRUTE--OR ELSE WE'LL...
THE MAN-BRUTE'S RESPONSE IS SHORT, SUCCINCT--AND STRAIGHT TO THE POINT!
BAH!
KWA-ROOMM!

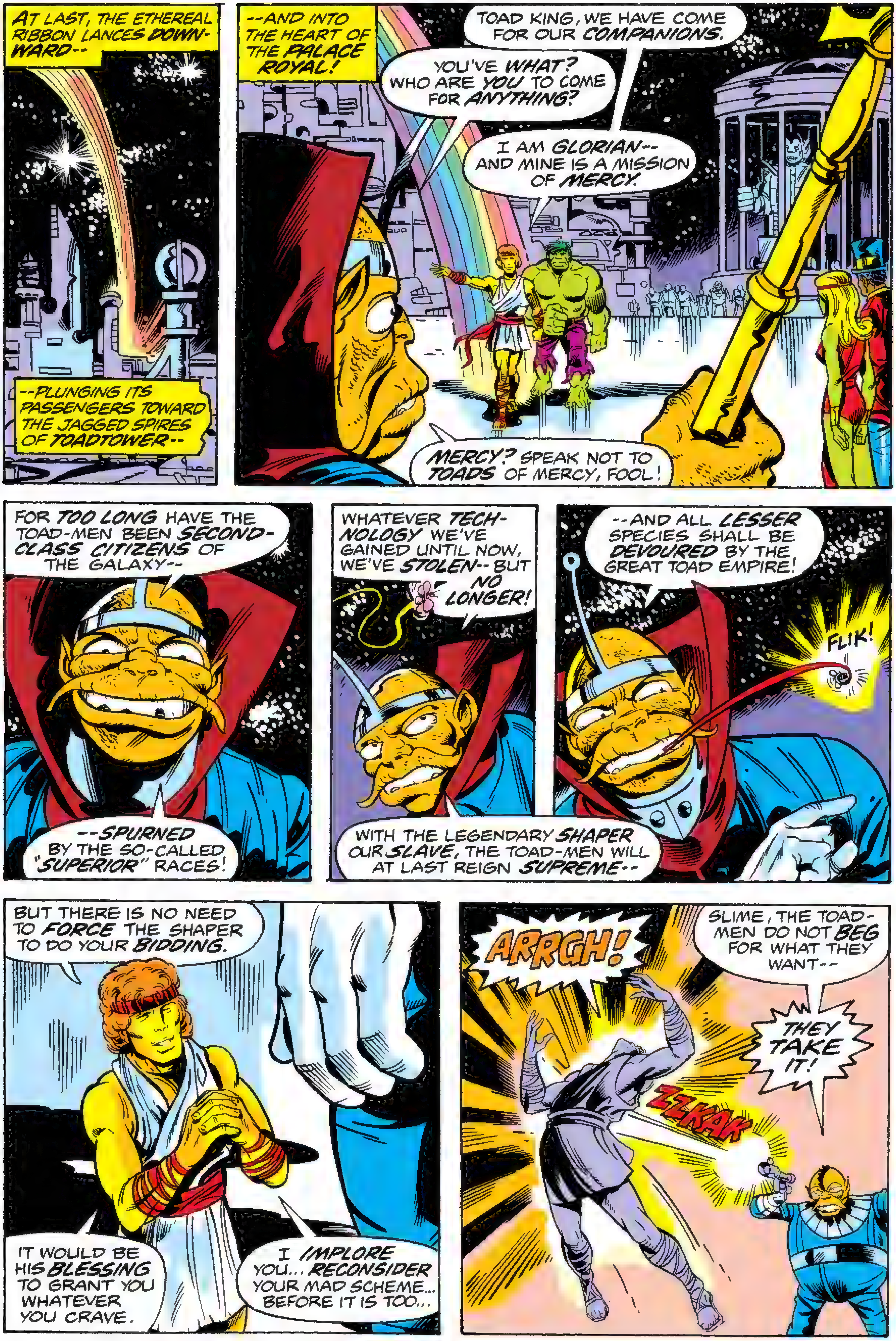

FOOL, HE DOES NOT *LIVE* WHO CAN *DEFY* THE GREAT TOAD EMPIRE!
FALL! FALL BEFORE OUR INVINCIBLE *POWER!*
ZKKATT!
HUH? UGLY-MAN ATTACKS HULK FROM *BEHIND--?*
NO! I DID NOT BELIEVE ONE SO *HUGE* COULD MOVE SO *FAST--!*
UGLY-MAN *TALKS* TOO MUCH! BUT UGLY-MAN *ATTACKED* HULK-- AND NOW HULK WILL--
CEASE! RAISE YOUR HAND ONCE MORE AGAINST MY *SUBJECTS,* HULK--
--AND YOUR COMPANIONS WILL DIE!
BAH! HULK WILL *SMASH* UGLY-MEN BEFORE THEY CAN *HURT* HULK'S FRIENDS!
HULK WILL *CRUSH* UGLY-MEN AND THEN...
NO, HULK-- *PLEASE--!*
LET THE *FIGHTING* END *NOW!*
I *BEG* YOU --*DO* AS THE TOAD KING ASKS!
HULK DOESN'T *UNDERSTAND--!*
JARELLA *WANTS* HULK TO CAPTURE NEW *SLAVES* FOR UGLY-MEN?
RATHER ONE MORE *SLAVE,* MY DARLING-- THAN A *BATTLE* THAT COULD *DESTOY* US ALL!
HULK *STILL* DOES NOT UNDERSTAND--
-- BUT HULK WILL *DO* AS JARELLA SAYS!

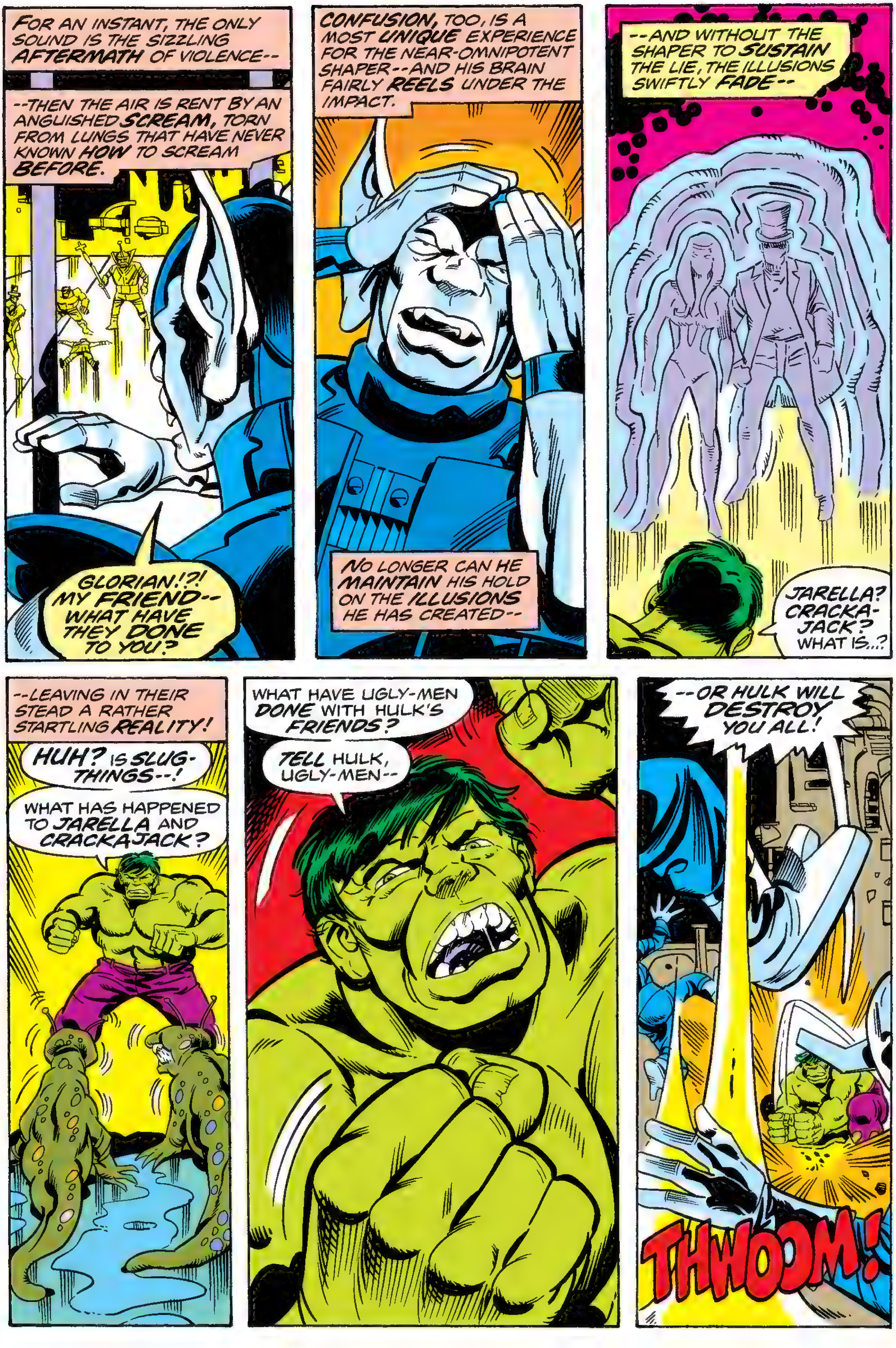

A HIDEOUS LEER OF TRIUMPH TWISTS THE TOAD KING'S UGLY FACE AS HE TURNS SHARPLY UPON HIS HEEL--
--THEN LEADS HIS RELUCTANT PRISONERS ALONG THE WINDING BYWAYS OF TOADTOWER--
--TO AN ODDLY-EQUIPPED LABORATORY--
--AND AN EVEN ODDER LOT OF LABORATORY-MEN!
IT WILL REQUIRE SOME WORK TO RE-ADAPT THE SKRULL NULLTRON BOMB TO FIT THE BEHEMOTH, GRODNIK!
TRUE--BUT WE MUST DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY TO FACILITATE HIS EMPERIAL HIGHNESS'S COMMANDS!
OR WE MAY FIND OURSELVES FORCED TO CARRY THE ACCURSED BOMB TO ITS TARGET!
WITHIN THE HOUR, THE WORK IS FINISHED-- AND THE GREEN GOLIATH IS LED ONCE MORE INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE KING!
YOUR TASK IS SIMPLE, HULK! YOU WILL GO NOW TO FIND HE WHO IS CALLED THE SHAPER OF WORLDS--
--OR YOU WILL RETURN TO FIND YOUR COMPANIONS HACKED TO TINY PIECES!
THE MAN-BRUTE SNARLS ONCE IN IMPOTENT RAGE, THEN IS HUSTLED INTO A FULLY-AUTOMATED TOADCRAFT-- AND SENT HURTLING AWAY FROM THE TARNISHED METAL GLOBE THAT IS TOAD-WORLD--
--AND BACK TOWARDS THE TINY EMERALD PLANETOID THAT HAD BEEN THE HULK'S BRIGHT PARADISE!

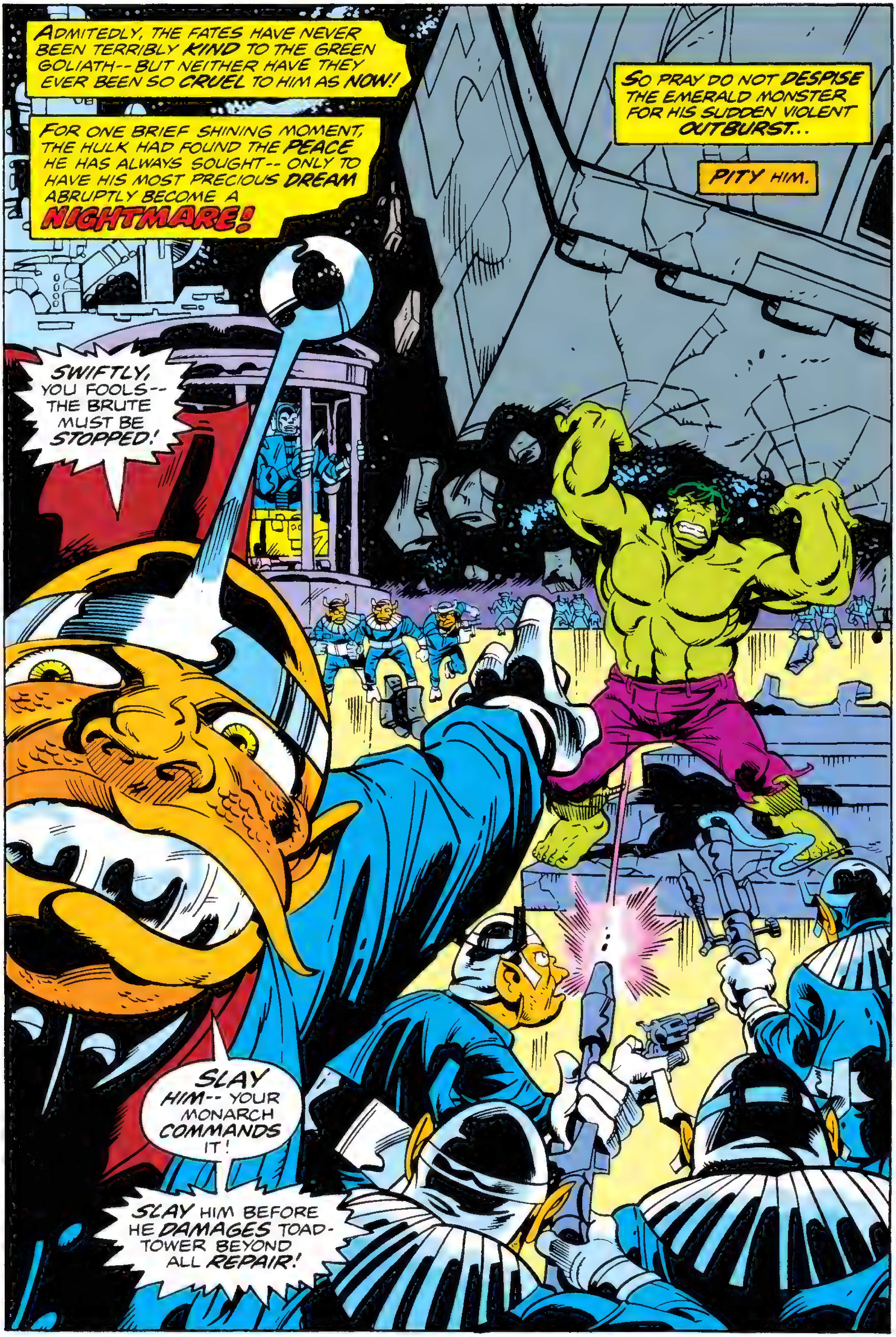

BUT THIS TIME THERE IS SOMETHING SUBTLY DIFFERENT ABOUT THE MAN-MONSTER'S PERSONAL EDEN...
SHAPER? WHERE IS SHAPER? HULK WANTS SHAPER-- NOW!
THIS LAND HAD BEEN SCULPTED BY THE SHAPER FROM THE BEHEMOTH'S INNERMOST THOUGHTS (HOWEVER VAGUE THEY WERE)--
--AND THUS, AS THE MAN-BRUTE'S MOOD SHIFTS FROM FRUSTRATION TO OUTRIGHT FURY, HIS SEETHING EMOTIONS ARE MIRRORED BY THE LANDSCAPE THAT SURROUNDS HIM--
--BUT THE HULK IS FAR TOO PREOCCUPIED TO NOTICE!
SHAPER!
THE WORD ECHOES AND RE-ECHOES ACROSS THE NOW-BARREN TERRAIN-- A QUESTION-- A PLEA-- A CRY THAT DEMANDS AN ANSWER--
--AND ABRUPTLY RECEIVES ONE!
HAVE I NOT GIVEN YOU ENOUGH, HULK? WHAT MORE DO YOU DESIRE FROM-- THE SHAPER OF WORLDS!
HUH?

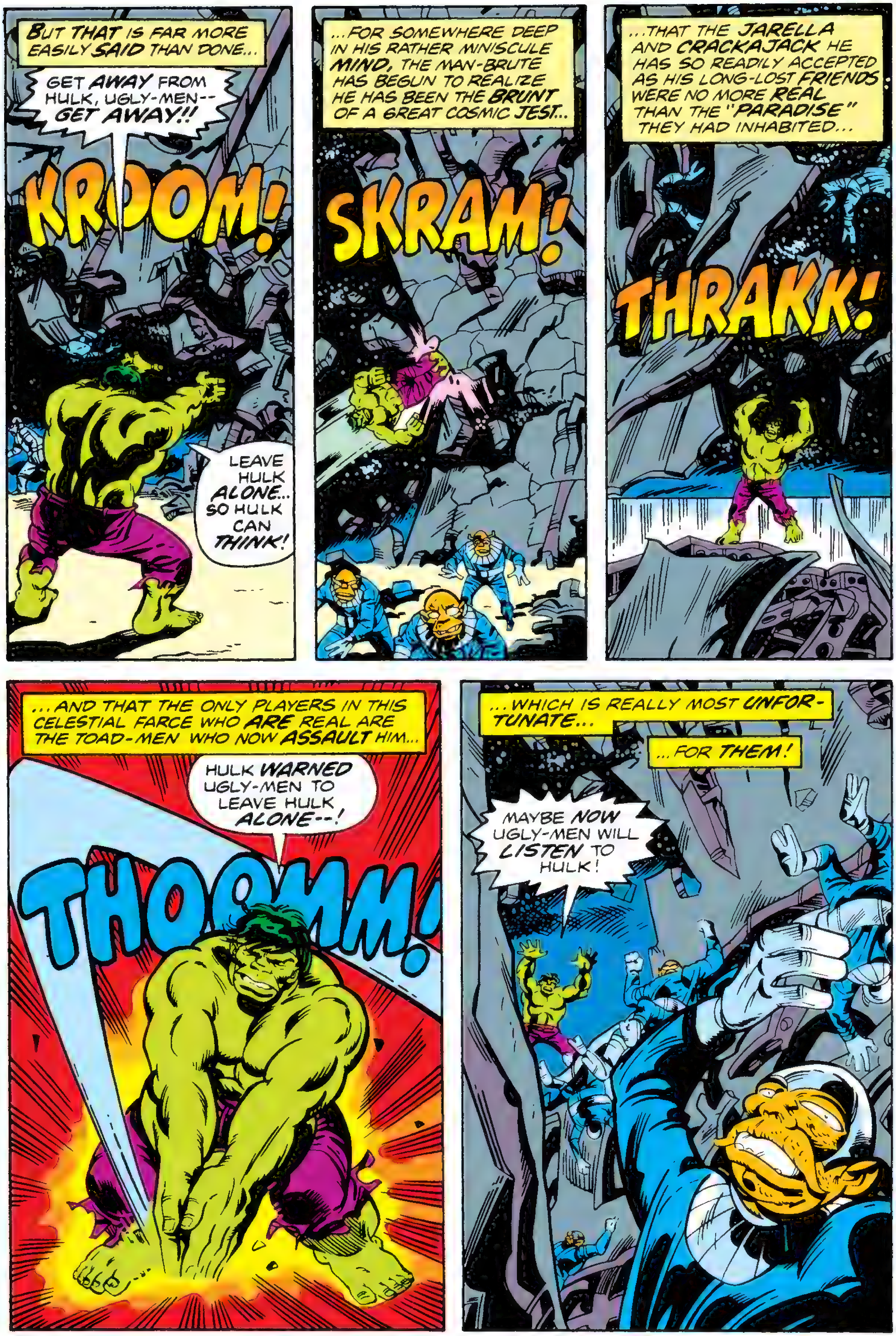

HULK WANTS NOTHING FROM SHAPER-- HULK WANTS SHAPER HIMSELF!
HULK MUST BRING SHAPER TO UGLY-MEN-- OR UGLY-MEN WILL CRUSH HULK'S FRIENDS!
YOU INTEND TO ABDUCT ME, EMERALD ONE?
CHILD! DO YOU IMAGINE EVEN YOU HAVE POWER ENOUGH TO OVERWHELM MY STAR-SPANNING... EH?
THAT MECHANISM STRAPPED TO YOUR BACK--! IT APPEARS TO BE A SKRULL-CONSTRUCTED NULLTRON...
BOMB! IT ERUPTS WITH SURPRISINGLY LITTLE VIOLENCE, INSTEAD UNLEASHING RADIATION WHICH INSTANTANEOUSLY POLARIZES THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF ALL WITHIN ITS RANGE--
--EFFECTIVELY SHORT-CIRCUITING THE LIFE-FUNCTIONS OF BOTH THE GREEN GOLIATH AND HE WHO MAKES DREAMS LIVE!
IT DOES NOT TAKE THE TOAD-MEN VERY LONG TO COLLECT THEIR PRIZE!
THE SHAPER WILL BE LOADED ABOARD WITHIN MOMENTS, LEADER. SHALL WE COLLECT THE HULK NOW?
NO, GRIDNEY--THE BRUTE HAS SERVED HIS PURPOSE! WITH THE SHAPER AT OUR COMMAND, WE NO LONGER HAVE NEED OF THE HULK!
LET HIM REMAIN HERE. AFTER ALL, THIS "PARADISE" BELONGS TO HIM!
THE TOAD-MAN'S LAUGHTER IS RAUCOUS AND CRUEL... AND IT HANGS IN THE AIR LONG AFTER THE TOADSHIP HAS DEPARTED.

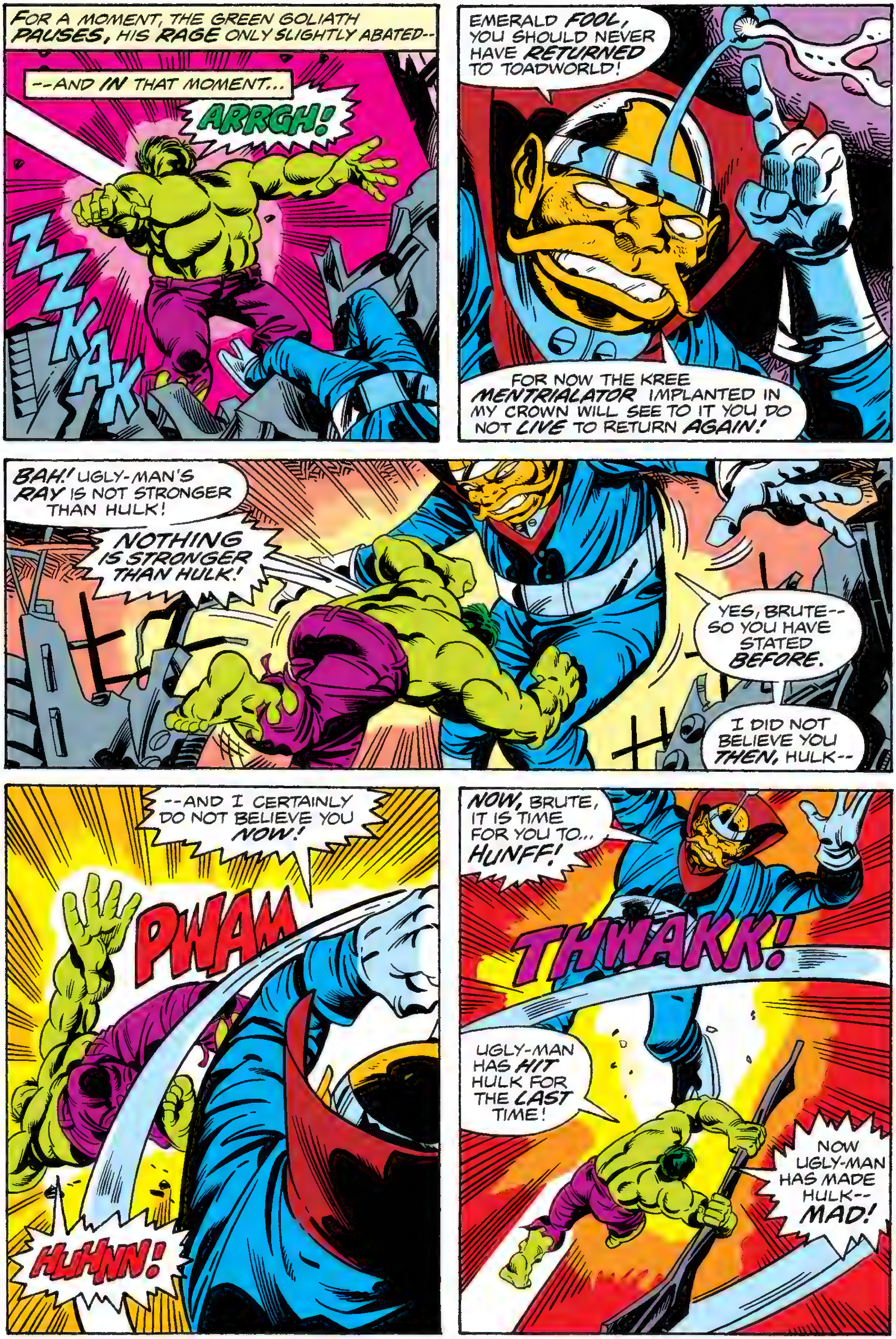

WHEN THE MAN-BRUTE AT LAST AWAKENS-- HE IS STILL NOT ALONE!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE, MY FRIEND?
WHO--?
OH, IT IS GOLDEN MAN-- ONE WHO GAVE HULK THIS PLACE THAT IS NOT PARADISE!
GO AWAY, GOLDEN MAN! LEAVE HULK BE--OR HULK WILL SMASH!
BUT GLORIAN MEANS YOU NO HARM, MY FRIEND. LOOK INTO MY EYES--AND YOU WILL KNOW THAT.
NOW PLEASE-- TELL ME WHAT TRANSPIRED IN MY ABSENCE --AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE SHAPER?
THE GREEN GOLIATH SNARLS IN ANNOYANCE--THEN, ALMOST RELUCTANTLY, HE DESCRIBES THE DAY'S PREVIOUS OCCURRENCES AS BEST HIS FEEBLE MIND CAN RECALL THEM.
SO... THE TOAD-MEN ATTACKED WHILE I WAS GONE--
--SEEKING OTHER BEINGS TO RECEIVE THE SHAPER'S GIFT.
ABRUPTLY, THE MAN CALLED GLORIAN GESTURES--AND A BRILLIANT RAINBOW APPEARS BEFORE HIM, ARCING OFF INTO THE BENIGHTED SKY.
COME, FRIEND HULK--WE MUST GO TO THIS TOADWORLD-- AND PLEAD FOR OUR COMPANIONS' RELEASE.
GLORIAN STEPS UPON THE RAINBOW--AND, CAUTIOUSLY, THE JADE BEHEMOTH JOINS HIM.
THEN, SUDDENLY, THEY ARE STREAKING THRU SPACE-- AT A SPEED THAT IS ALMOST BEYOND COMPREHENSION.

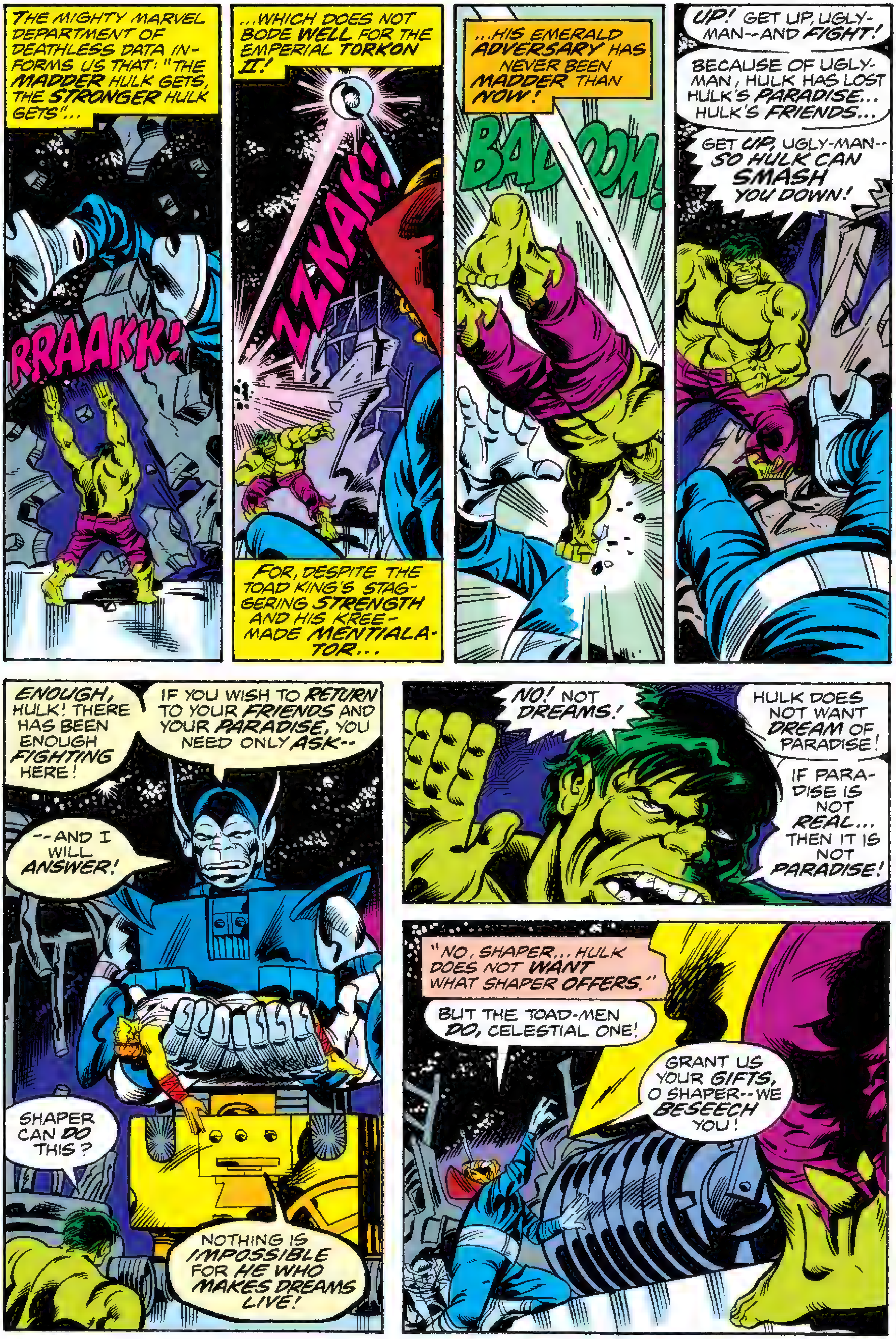

AT LAST, THE ETHEREAL RIBBON LANCES DOWNWARD--
--PLUNGING ITS PASSENGERS TOWARD THE JAGGED SPIRES OF TOADTOWER--
--AND INTO THE HEART OF THE PALACE ROYAL!
TOAD KING, WE HAVE COME FOR OUR COMPANIONS.
YOU'VE WHAT? WHO ARE YOU TO COME FOR ANYTHING?
I AM GLORIAN-- AND MINE IS A MISSION OF MERCY.
MERCY? SPEAK NOT TO TOADS OF MERCY, FOOL!
FOR TOO LONG HAVE THE TOAD-MEN BEEN SECOND-CLASS CITIZENS OF THE GALAXY--
--SPURNED BY THE SO-CALLED "SUPERIOR" RACES!
WHATEVER TECHNOLOGY WE'VE GAINED UNTIL NOW, WE'VE STOLEN-- BUT NO LONGER!
WITH THE LEGENDARY SHAPER OUR SLAVE, THE TOAD-MEN WILL AT LAST REIGN SUPREME--
--AND ALL LESSER SPECIES SHALL BE DEVOURED BY THE GREAT TOAD EMPIRE!
FLIK!
BUT THERE IS NO NEED TO FORCE THE SHAPER TO DO YOUR BIDDING.
IT WOULD BE HIS BLESSING TO GRANT YOU WHATEVER YOU CRAVE.
I IMPLORE YOU... RECONSIDER YOUR MAD SCHEME... BEFORE IT IS TOO...
ARRGH!
SLIME, THE TOAD-MEN DO NOT BEG FOR WHAT THEY WANT--
THEY TAKE IT!
ZZKAK

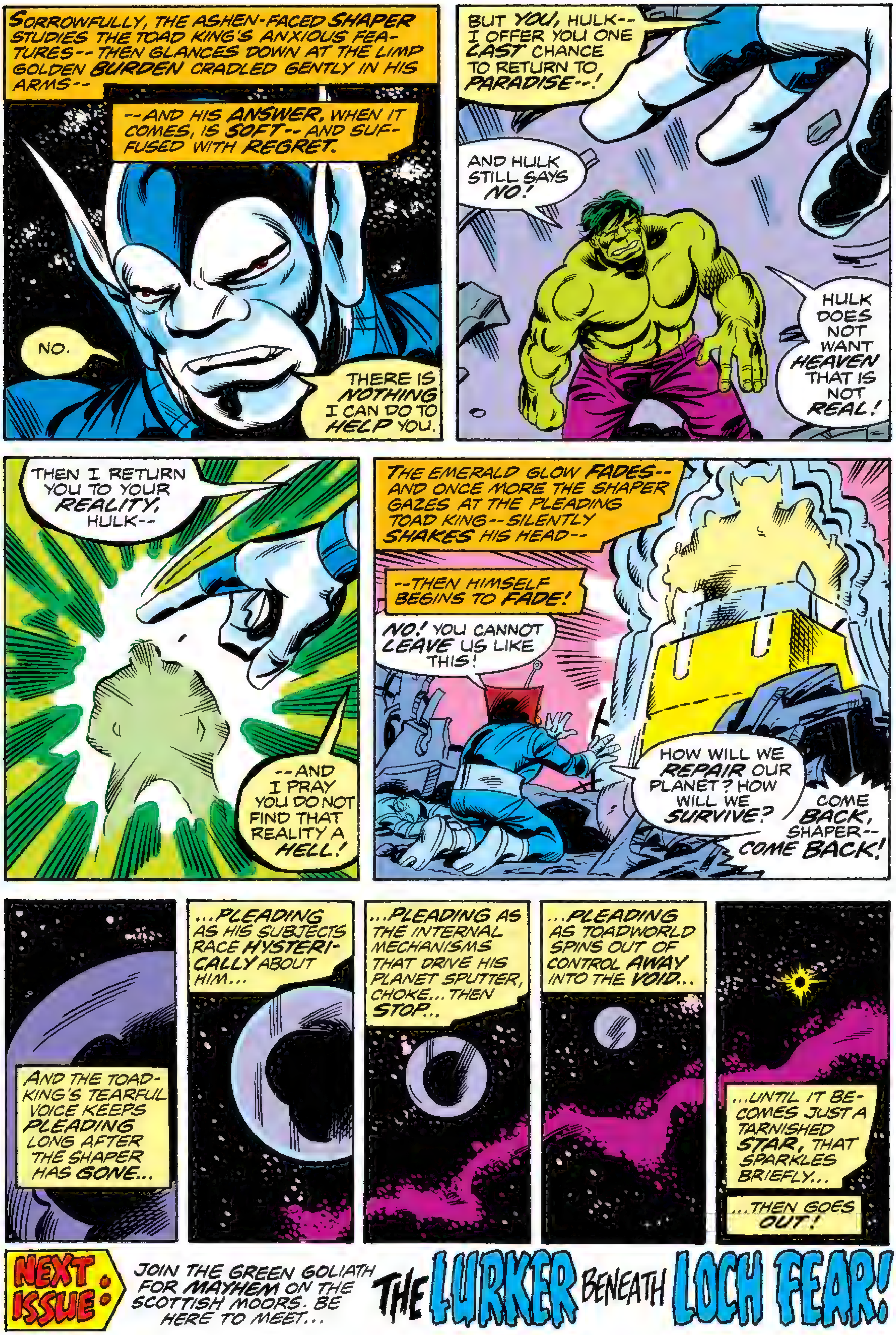

FOR AN INSTANT, THE ONLY SOUND IS THE SIZZLING AFTERMATH OF VIOLENCE--
--THEN THE AIR IS RENT BY AN ANGUISHED SCREAM, TORN FROM LUNGS THAT HAVE NEVER KNOWN HOW TO SCREAM BEFORE.
GLORIAN!?! MY FRIEND-- WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?
CONFUSION, TOO, IS A MOST UNIQUE EXPERIENCE FOR THE NEAR-OMNIPOTENT SHAPER--AND HIS BRAIN FAIRLY REELS UNDER THE IMPACT.
NO LONGER CAN HE MAINTAIN HIS HOLD ON THE ILLUSIONS HE HAS CREATED--
--AND WITHOUT THE SHAPER TO SUSTAIN THE LIE, THE ILLUSIONS SWIFTLY FADE--
JARELLA? CRACKA-JACK? WHAT IS..?
--LEAVING IN THEIR STEAD A RATHER STARTLING REALITY!
HUH? IS SLUG-THINGS--!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO JARELLA AND CRACKAJACK?
WHAT HAVE UGLY-MEN DONE WITH HULK'S FRIENDS?
TELL HULK, UGLY-MEN--
--OR HULK WILL DESTROY YOU ALL!
THWOOM!

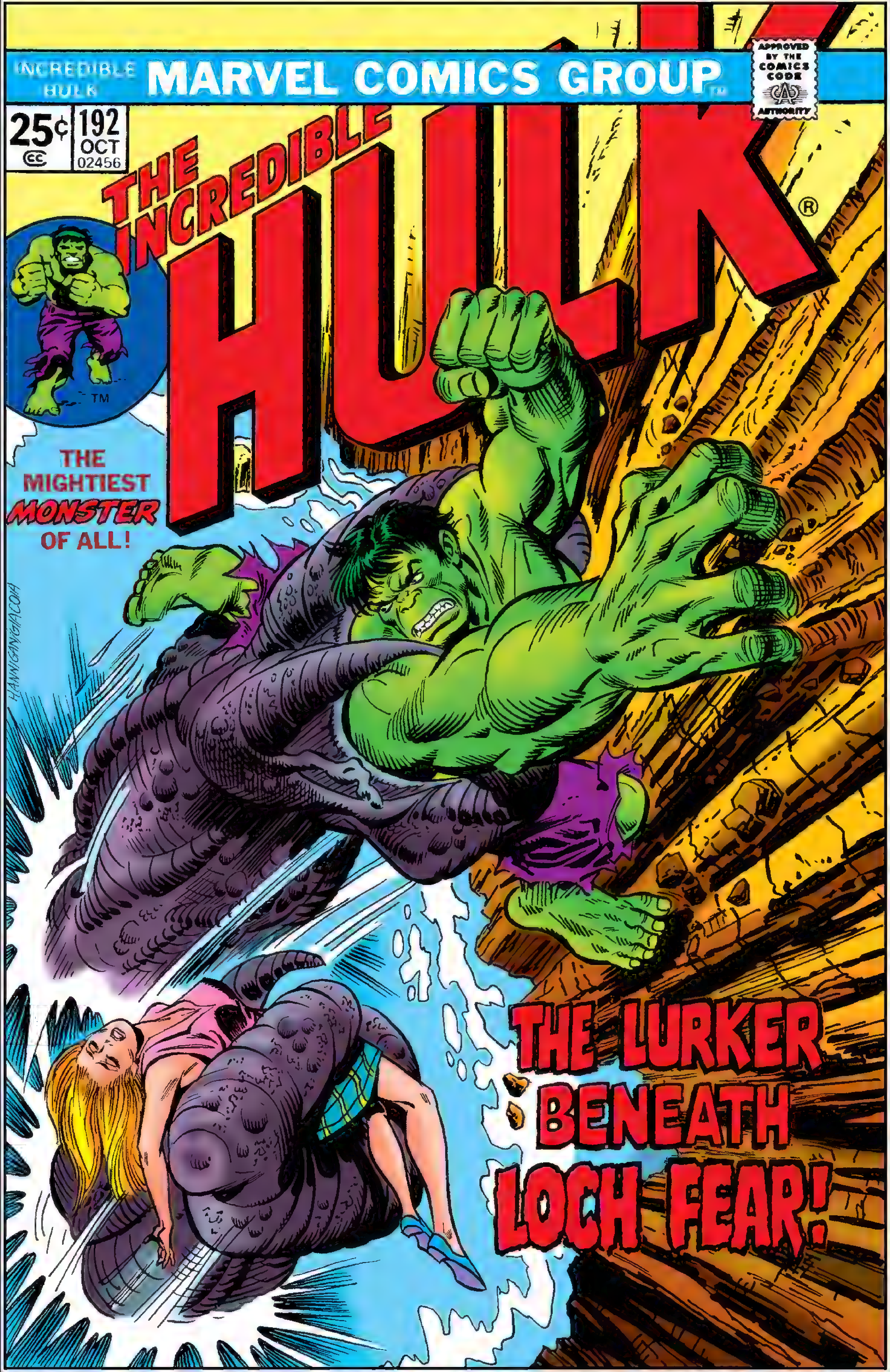

ADMITEDLY, THE FATES HAVE NEVER BEEN TERRIBLY KIND TO THE GREEN GOLIATH-- BUT NEITHER HAVE THEY EVER BEEN SO CRUEL TO HIM AS NOW!
FOR ONE BRIEF SHINING MOMENT, THE HULK HAD FOUND THE PEACE HE HAS ALWAYS SOUGHT-- ONLY TO HAVE HIS MOST PRECIOUS DREAM ABRUPTLY BECOME A NIGHTMARE!
SO PRAY DO NOT DESPISE THE EMERALD MONSTER FOR HIS SUDDEN VIOLENT OUTBURST...
PITY HIM.
SWIFTLY, YOU FOOLS-- THE BRUTE MUST BE STOPPED!
SLAY HIM-- YOUR MONARCH COMMANDS IT!
SLAY HIM BEFORE HE DAMAGES TOAD-TOWER BEYOND ALL REPAIR!


BUT THAT IS FAR MORE EASILY SAID THAN DONE...
GET AWAY FROM HULK, UGLY-MEN-- GET AWAY!!
KROOM!
LEAVE HULK ALONE... SO HULK CAN THINK!
...FOR SOMEWHERE DEEP IN HIS RATHER MINISCULE MIND, THE MAN-BRUTE HAS BEGUN TO REALIZE HE HAS BEEN THE BRUNT OF A GREAT COSMIC JEST...
SKRAM!
...THAT THE JARELLA AND CRACKAJACK HE HAS SO READILY ACCEPTED AS HIS LONG-LOST FRIENDS WERE NO MORE REAL THAN THE "PARADISE" THEY HAD INHABITED...
THRAKK!
...AND THAT THE ONLY PLAYERS IN THIS CELESTIAL FARCE WHO ARE REAL ARE THE TOAD-MEN WHO NOW ASSAULT HIM...
HULK WARNED UGLY-MEN TO LEAVE HULK ALONE--!
THOOMM!
...WHICH IS REALLY MOST UNFORTUNATE...
...FOR THEM!
MAYBE NOW UGLY-MEN WILL LISTEN TO HULK!


FOR A MOMENT, THE GREEN GOLIATH PAUSES, HIS RAGE ONLY SLIGHTLY ABATED--
--AND IN THAT MOMENT...
ARRGH!
ZZZKAKAK
EMERALD FOOL, YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE RETURNED TO TOADWORLD!
FOR NOW THE KREE MENTRIALATOR IMPLANTED IN MY CROWN WILL SEE TO IT YOU DO NOT LIVE TO RETURN AGAIN!
BAH! UGLY-MAN'S RAY IS NOT STRONGER THAN HULK!
NOTHING IS STRONGER THAN HULK!
YES, BRUTE-- SO YOU HAVE STATED BEFORE.
I DID NOT BELIEVE YOU THEN, HULK--
--AND I CERTAINLY DO NOT BELIEVE YOU NOW!
PWAM
HUHNN!
NOW, BRUTE, IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO... HUNFF!
THWAKK!
UGLY-MAN HAS HIT HULK FOR THE LAST TIME!
NOW UGLY-MAN HAS MADE HULK-- MAD!


THE MIGHTY MARVEL DEPARTMENT OF DEATHLESS DATA INFORMS US THAT: "THE MADDER HULK GETS, THE STRONGER HULK GETS"...
RRAAKK!
...WHICH DOES NOT BODE WELL FOR THE EMPERIAL TORKON II!
ZZKAK!
FOR, DESPITE THE TOAD KING'S STAGGERING STRENGTH AND HIS KREE-MADE MENTIALATOR...
...HIS EMERALD ADVERSARY HAS NEVER BEEN MADDER THAN NOW!
BADOOM!
UP! GET UP, UGLY-MAN--AND FIGHT!
BECAUSE OF UGLY-MAN, HULK HAS LOST HULK'S PARADISE... HULK'S FRIENDS...
GET UP, UGLY-MAN--SO HULK CAN SMASH YOU DOWN!
ENOUGH, HULK! THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH FIGHTING HERE!
IF YOU WISH TO RETURN TO YOUR FRIENDS AND YOUR PARADISE, YOU NEED ONLY ASK--
--AND I WILL ANSWER!
SHAPER CAN DO THIS?
NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HE WHO MAKES DREAMS LIVE!
NO! NOT DREAMS!
HULK DOES NOT WANT DREAM OF PARADISE!
IF PARADISE IS NOT REAL... THEN IT IS NOT PARADISE!
"NO, SHAPER... HULK DOES NOT WANT WHAT SHAPER OFFERS."
BUT THE TOAD-MEN DO, CELESTIAL ONE!
GRANT US YOUR GIFTS, O SHAPER--WE BESEECH YOU!


SORROWFULLY, THE ASHEN-FACED SHAPER STUDIES THE TOAD KING'S ANXIOUS FEATURES--THEN GLANCES DOWN AT THE LIMP GOLDEN BURDEN CRADLED GENTLY IN HIS ARMS--
--AND HIS ANSWER, WHEN IT COMES, IS SOFT--AND SUFFUSED WITH REGRET.
NO.
THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU.
BUT YOU, HULK--I OFFER YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TO RETURN TO PARADISE--!
AND HULK STILL SAYS NO!
HULK DOES NOT WANT HEAVEN THAT IS NOT REAL!
THEN I RETURN YOU TO YOUR REALITY, HULK--
--AND I PRAY YOU DO NOT FIND THAT REALITY A HELL!
THE EMERALD GLOW FADES--AND ONCE MORE THE SHAPER GAZES AT THE PLEADING TOAD KING--SILENTLY SHAKES HIS HEAD--
--THEN HIMSELF BEGINS TO FADE!
NO! YOU CANNOT LEAVE US LIKE THIS!
HOW WILL WE REPAIR OUR PLANET? HOW WILL WE SURVIVE?
COME BACK, SHAPER--COME BACK!
AND THE TOAD-KING'S TEARFUL VOICE KEEPS PLEADING LONG AFTER THE SHAPER HAS GONE...
...PLEADING AS HIS SUBJECTS RACE HYSTERICALLY ABOUT HIM...
...PLEADING AS THE INTERNAL MECHANISMS THAT DRIVE HIS PLANET SPUTTER, CHOKE... THEN STOP...
...PLEADING AS TOADWORLD SPINS OUT OF CONTROL AWAY INTO THE VOID...
...UNTIL IT BECOMES JUST A TARNISHED STAR, THAT SPARKLES BRIEFLY...
...THEN GOES OUT!
NEXT ISSUE:
JOIN THE GREEN GOLIATH FOR MAYHEM ON THE SCOTTISH MOORS. BE HERE TO MEET...
THE LURKER BENEATH LOCH FEAR!


INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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THE INCREDIBLE HULK
TM
THE MIGHTIEST MONSTER OF ALL!
THE LURKER BENEATH LOCH FEAR!

Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

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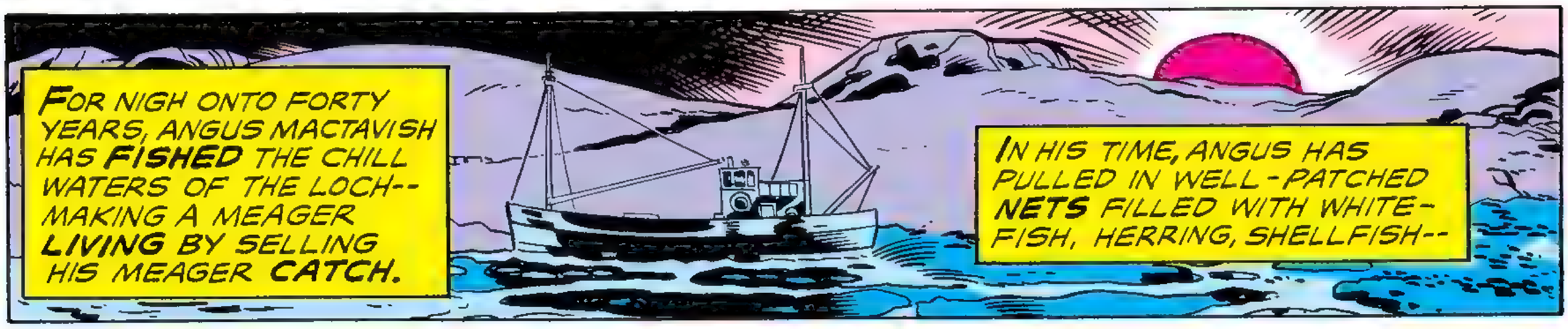
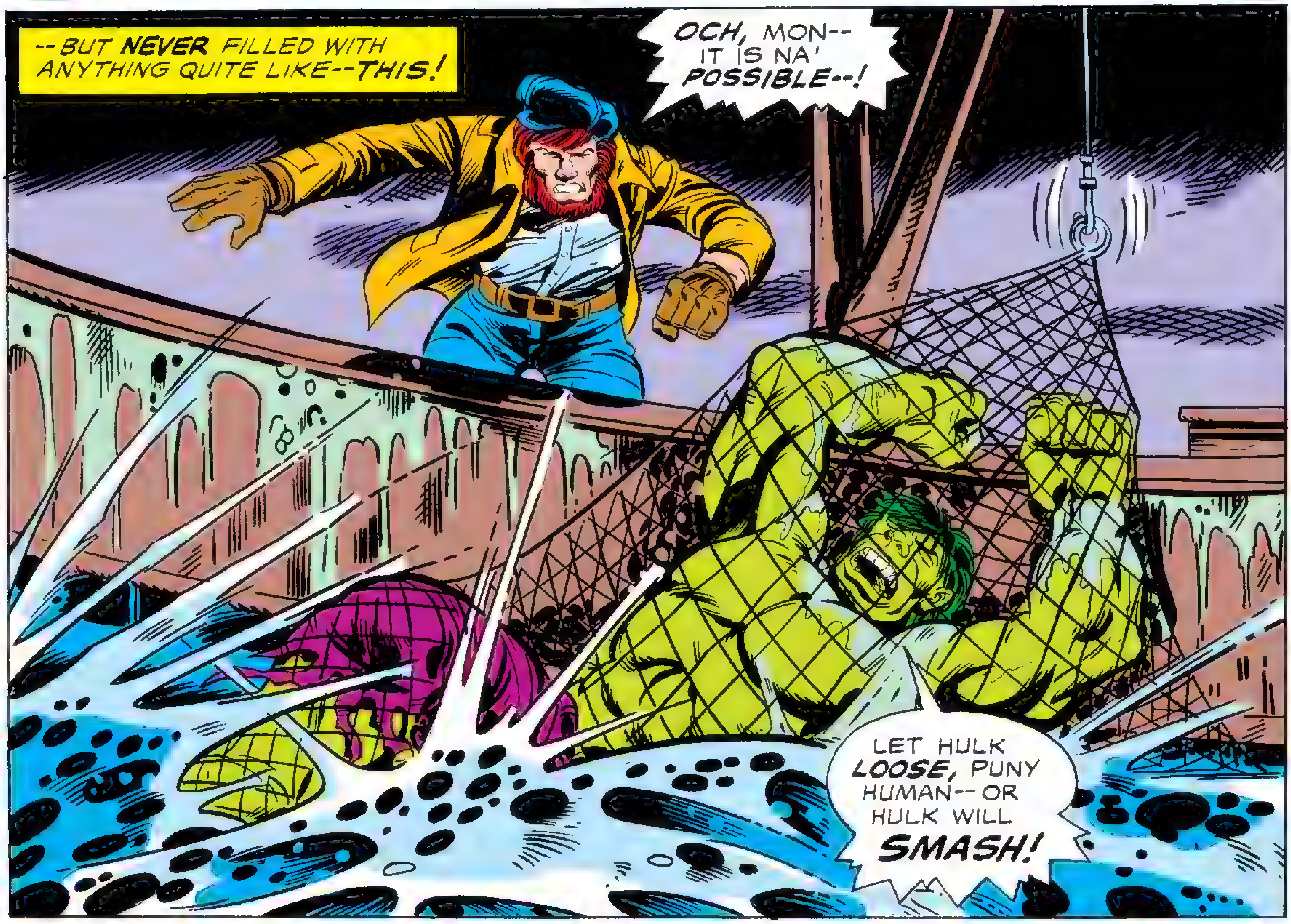
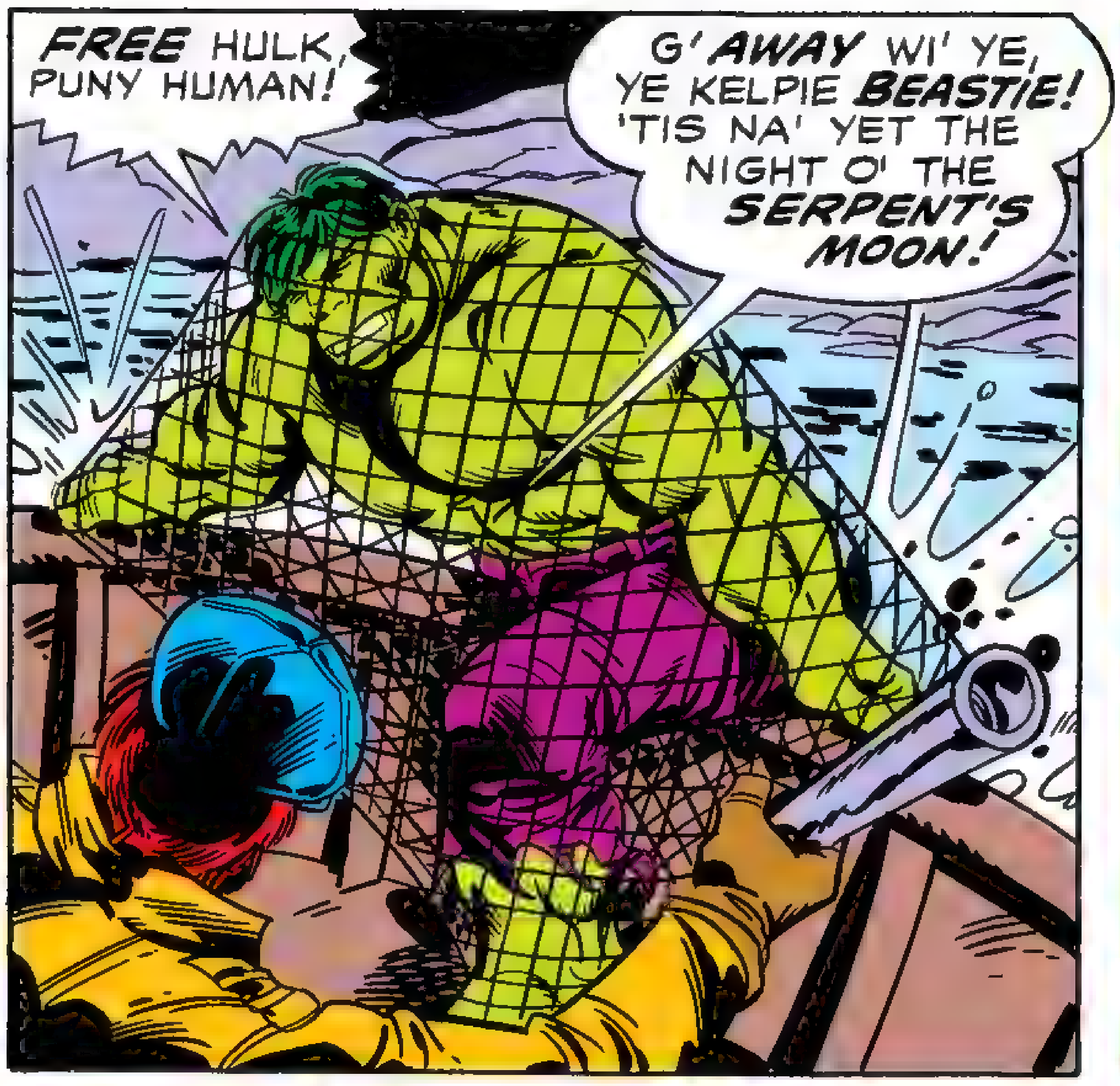
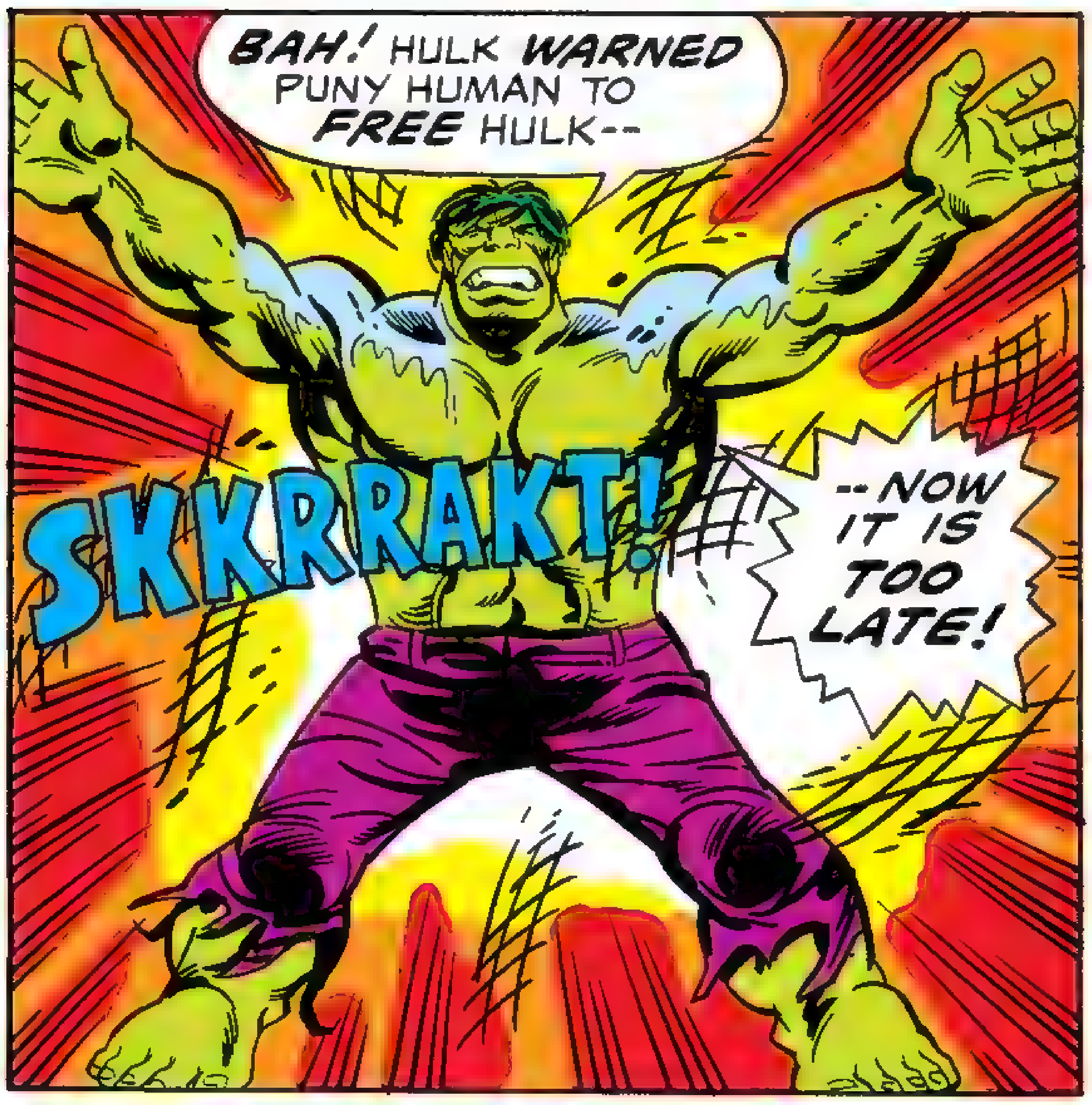
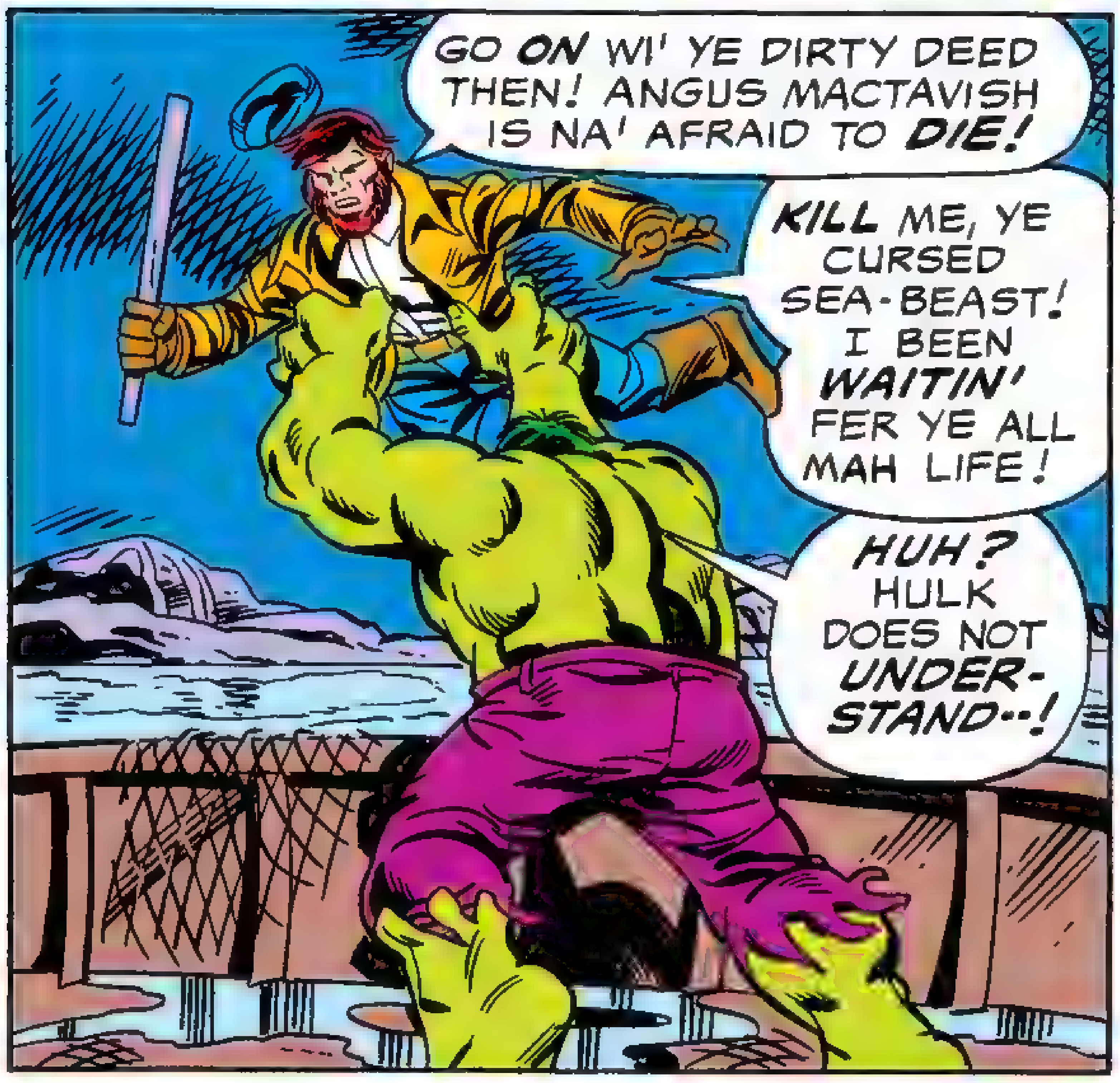

FOR NIGH ONTO FORTY YEARS, ANGUS MACTAVISH HAS FISHED THE CHILL WATERS OF THE LOCH--MAKING A MEAGER LIVING BY SELLING HIS MEAGER CATCH.
IN HIS TIME, ANGUS HAS PULLED IN WELL-PATCHED NETS FILLED WITH WHITE-FISH, HERRING, SHELLFISH--

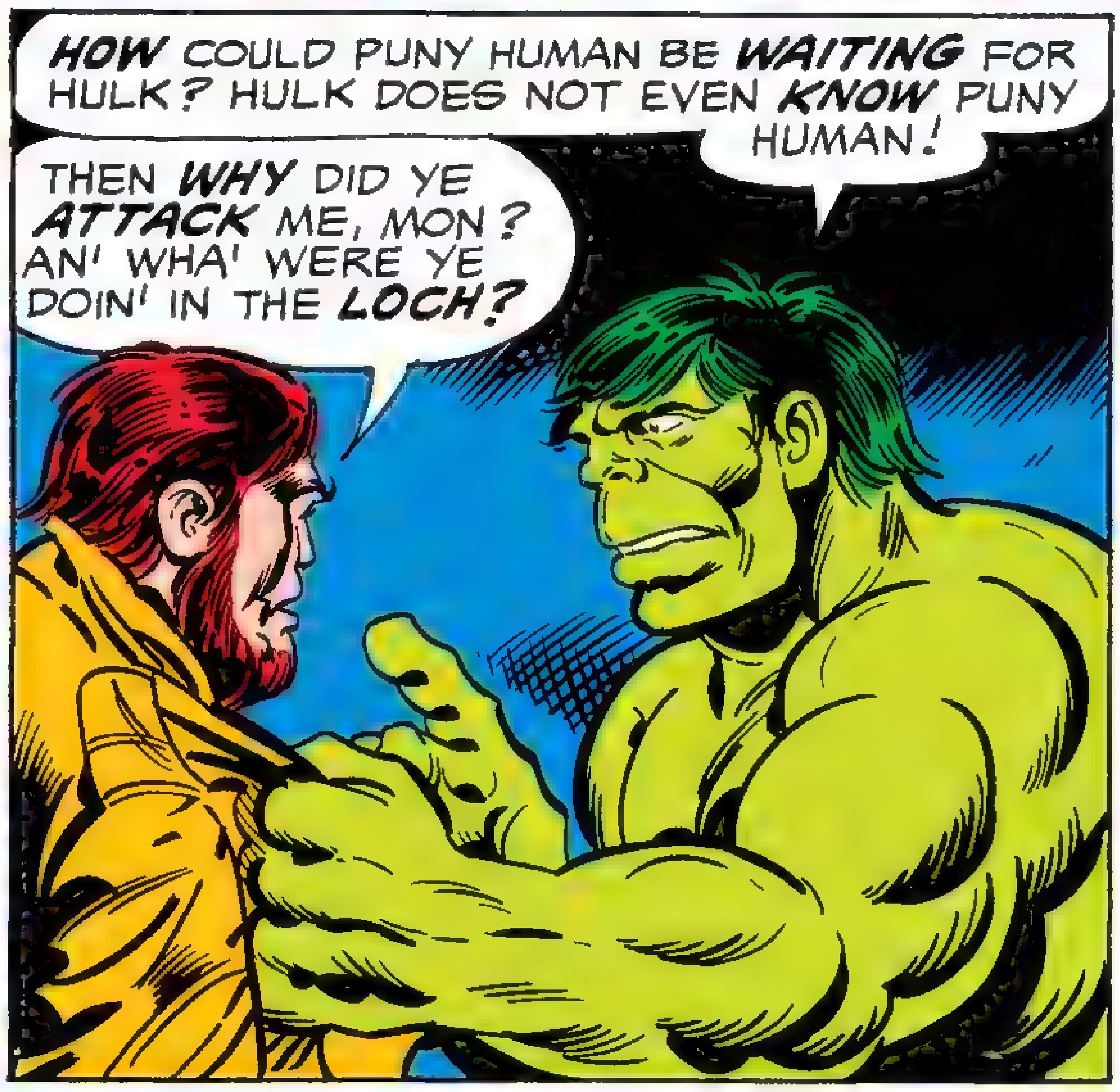
THE LURKER BENEATH LOCH FEAR!

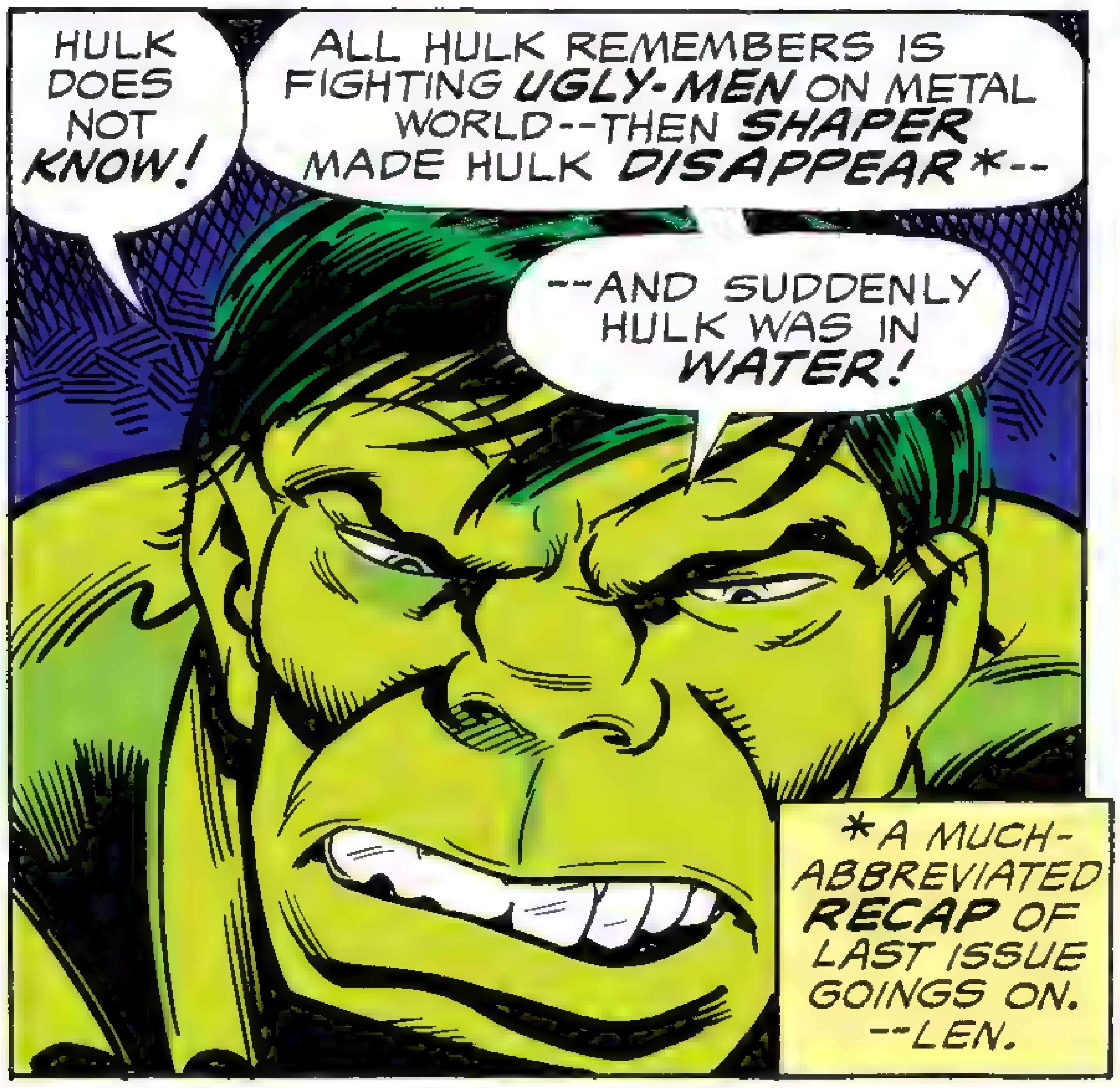

--BUT NEVER FILLED WITH ANYTHING QUITE LIKE--THIS!
OCH, MON-- IT IS NA' POSSIBLE--!
LET HULK LOOSE, PUNY HUMAN--OR HULK WILL SMASH!

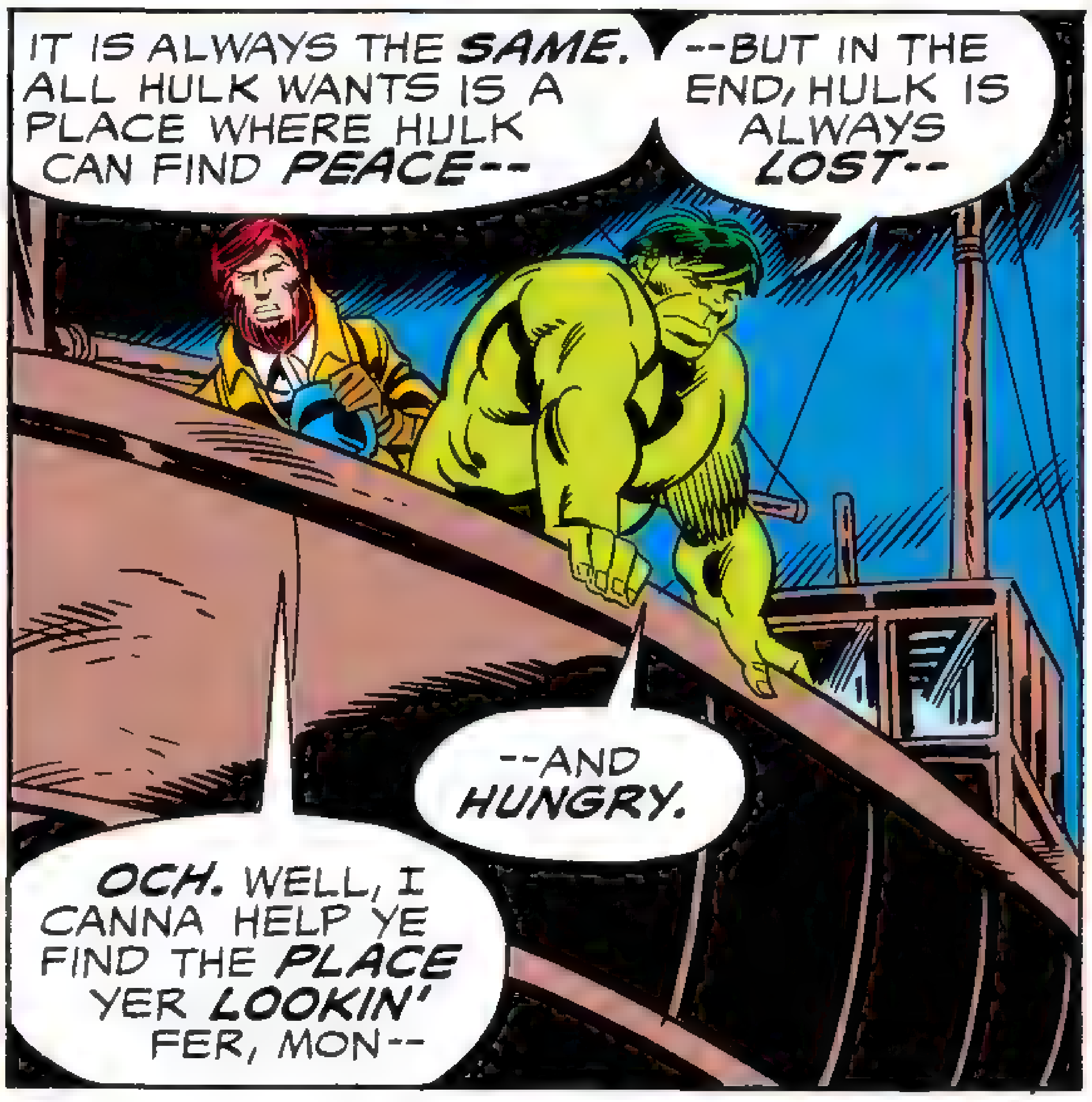

FREE HULK, PUNY HUMAN!
G' AWAY WI' YE, YE KELPIE BEASTIE! 'TIS NA' YET THE NIGHT O' THE SERPENT'S MOON!

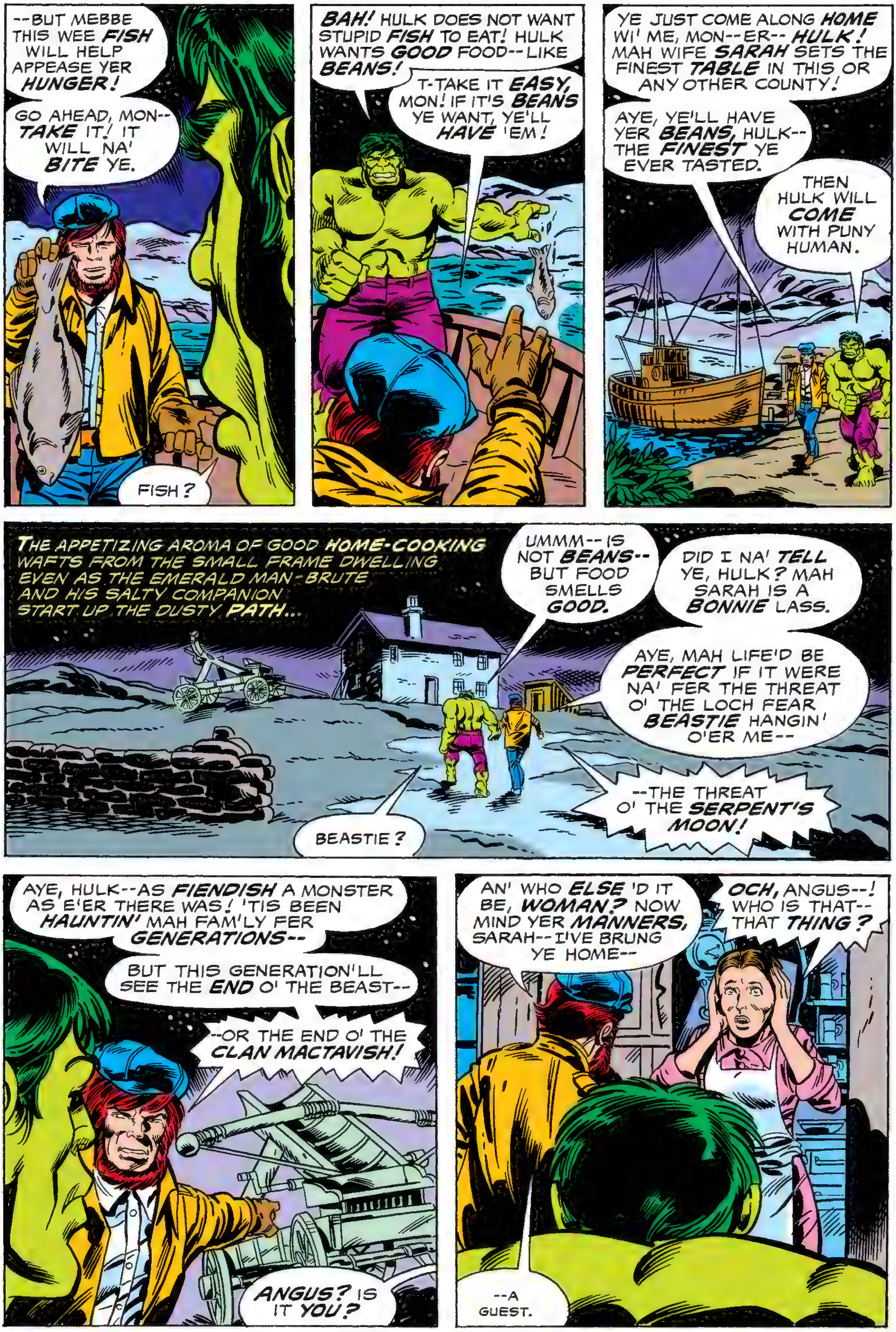

BAH! HULK WARNED PUNY HUMAN TO FREE HULK--
SKKRRAKT!
--NOW IT IS TOO LATE!

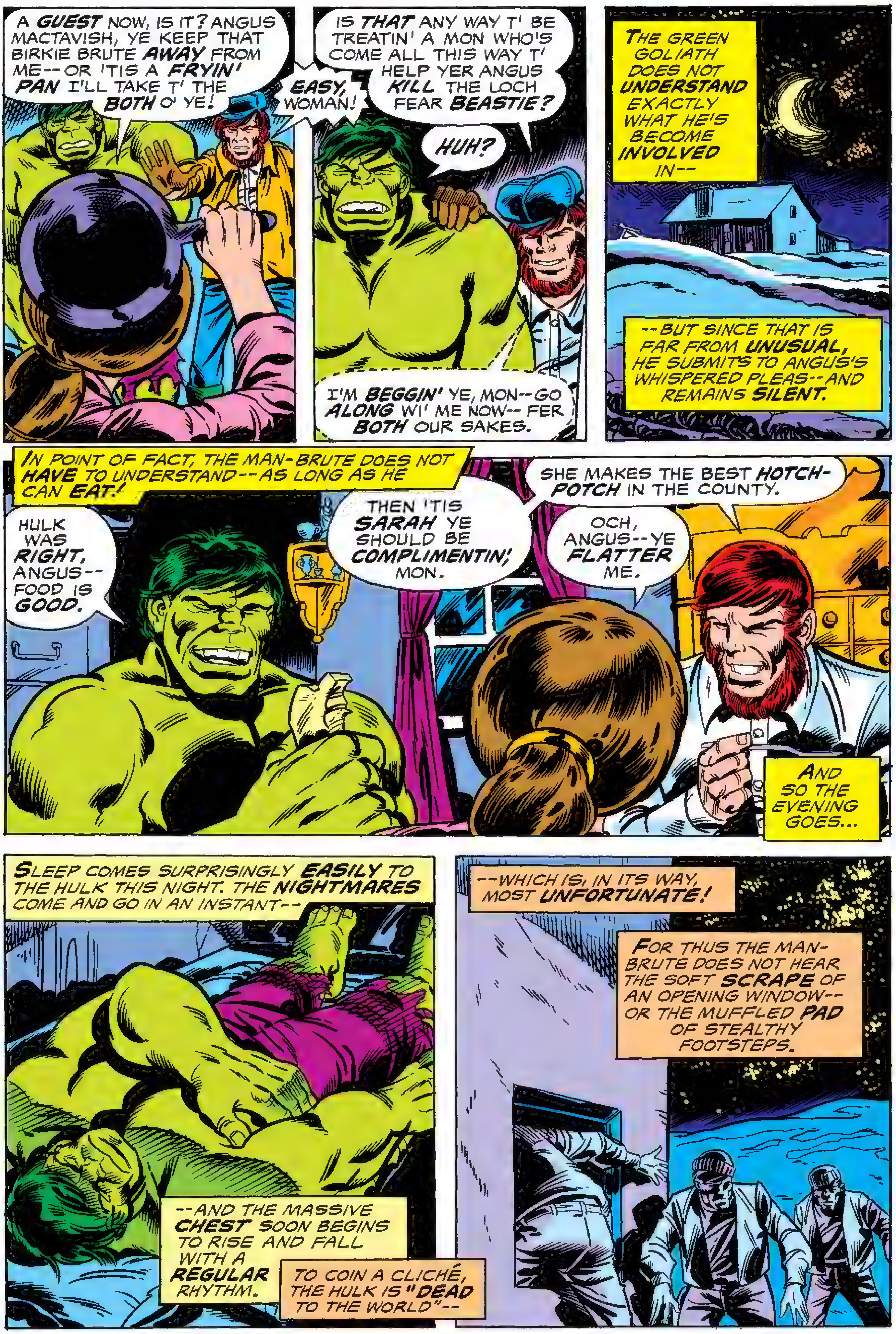

GO ON WI' YE DIRTY DEED THEN! ANGUS MACTAVISH IS NA' AFRAID TO DIE!
KILL ME, YE CURSED SEA-BEAST! I BEEN WAITIN' FER YE ALL MAH LIFE!
HUH? HULK DOES NOT UNDERSTAND--!

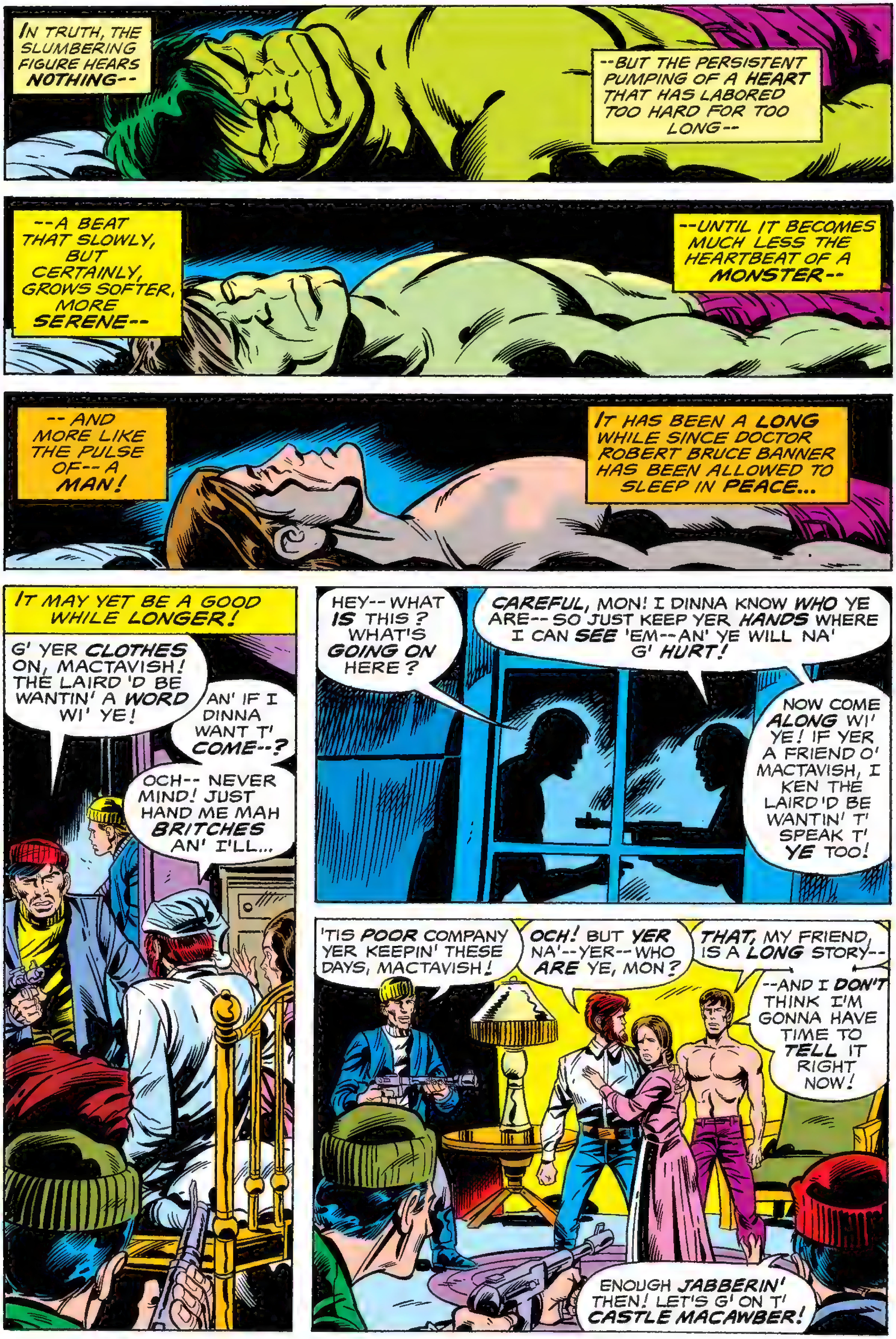

HOW COULD PUNY HUMAN BE WAITING FOR HULK? HULK DOES NOT EVEN KNOW PUNY HUMAN!
THEN WHY DID YE ATTACK ME, MON? AN' WHA' WERE YE DOIN' IN THE LOCH?

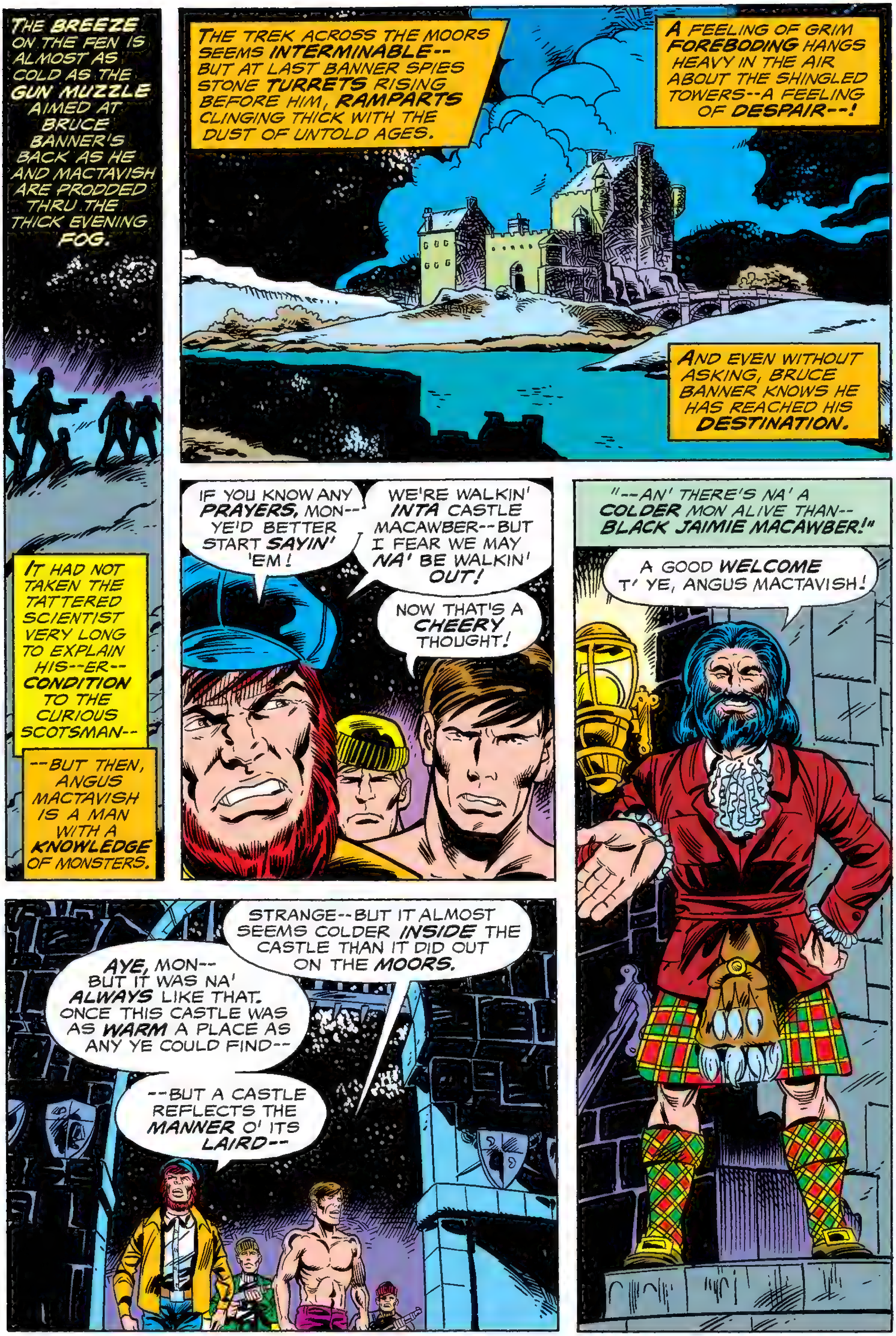

HULK DOES NOT KNOW!
ALL HULK REMEMBERS IS FIGHTING UGLY-MEN ON METAL WORLD--THEN SHAPER MADE HULK DISAPPEAR*--
--AND SUDDENLY HULK WAS IN WATER!
*A MUCH-ABBREVIATED RECAP OF LAST ISSUE GOINGS ON. --LEN.

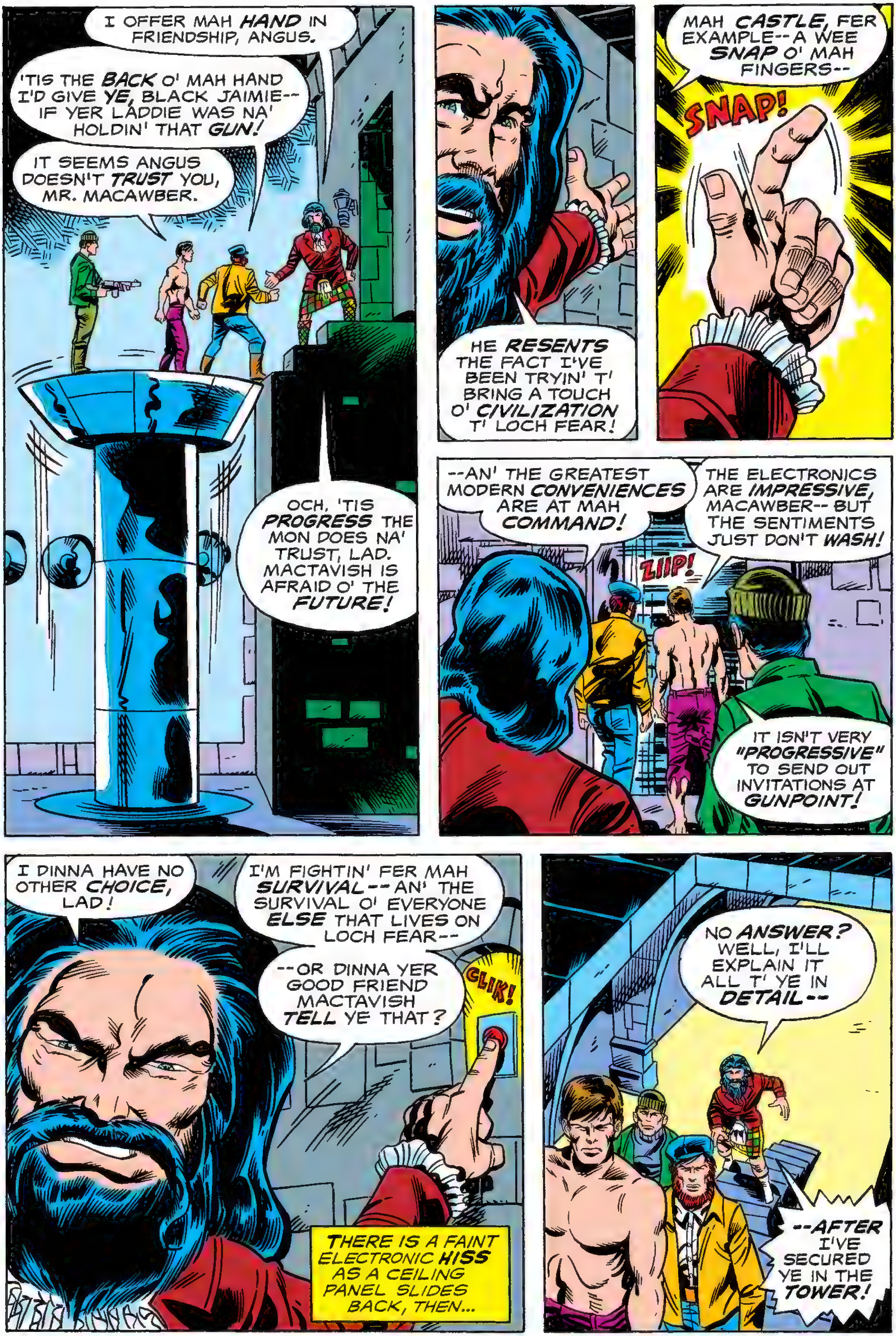

IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME. ALL HULK WANTS IS A PLACE WHERE HULK CAN FIND PEACE--
--BUT IN THE END, HULK IS ALWAYS LOST--
--AND HUNGRY.
OCH. WELL, I CANNA HELP YE FIND THE PLACE YER LOOKIN' FER, MON--

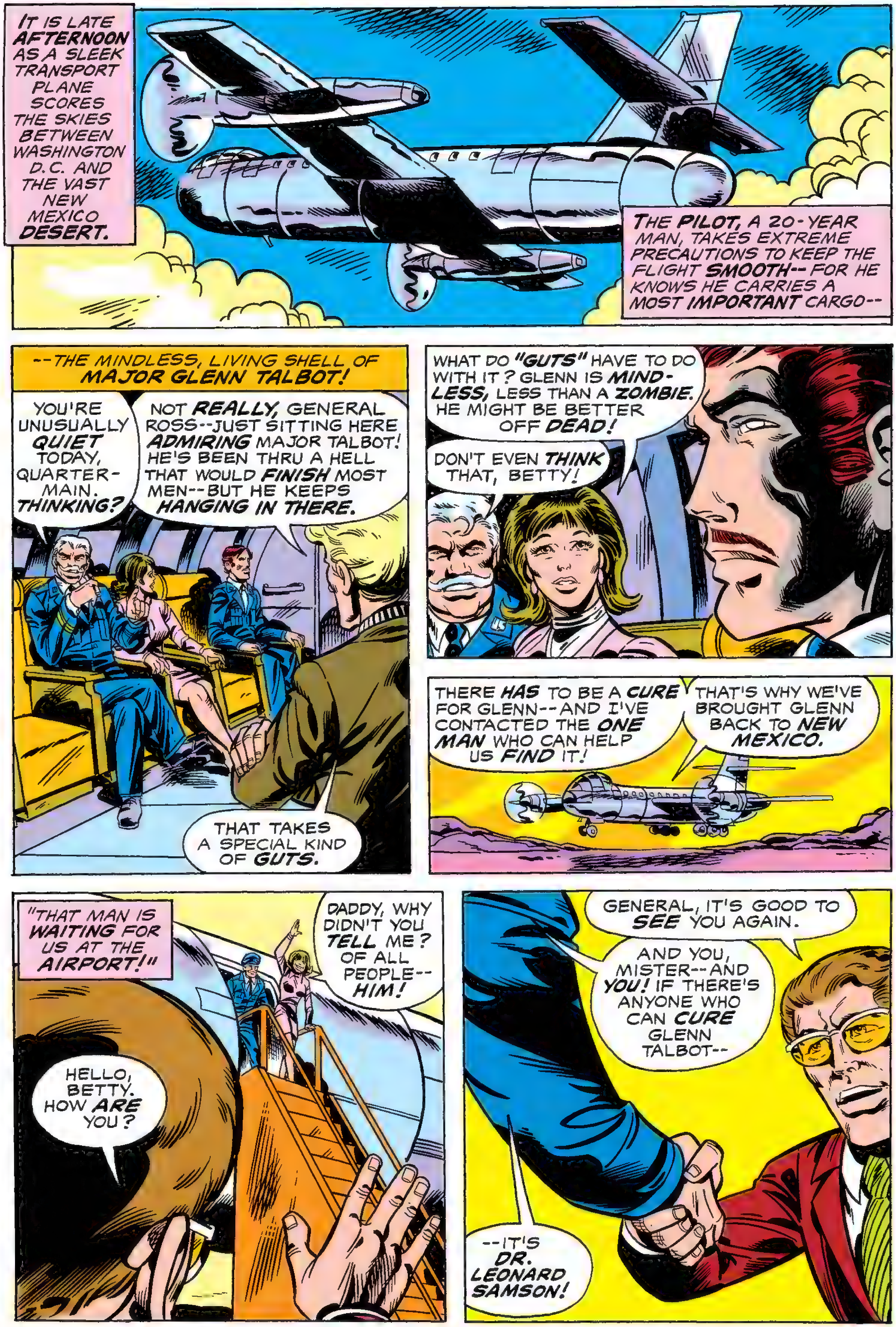

--BUT MEBBE THIS WEE FISH WILL HELP APPEASE YER HUNGER!
GO AHEAD, MON--TAKE IT! IT WILL NA' BITE YE.
FISH?
BAH! HULK DOES NOT WANT STUPID FISH TO EAT! HULK WANTS GOOD FOOD--LIKE BEANS!
T-TAKE IT EASY, MON! IF IT'S BEANS YE WANT, YE'LL HAVE 'EM!
YE JUST COME ALONG HOME WI' ME, MON--ER--HULK! MAH WIFE SARAH SETS THE FINEST TABLE IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTY!
AYE, YE'LL HAVE YER BEANS, HULK--THE FINEST YE EVER TASTED.
THEN HULK WILL COME WITH PUNY HUMAN.
THE APPETIZING AROMA OF GOOD HOME-COOKING WAFTS FROM THE SMALL FRAME DWELLING EVEN AS THE EMERALD MAN-BRUTE AND HIS SALTY COMPANION START UP THE DUSTY PATH...
UMMM--IS NOT BEANS--BUT FOOD SMELLS GOOD.
DID I NA' TELL YE, HULK? MAH SARAH IS A BONNIE LASS.
AYE, MAH LIFE'D BE PERFECT IF IT WERE NA' FER THE THREAT O' THE LOCH FEAR BEASTIE HANGIN' O'ER ME--
--THE THREAT O' THE SERPENT'S MOON!
BEASTIE?
AYE, HULK--AS FIENDISH A MONSTER AS E'ER THERE WAS! 'TIS BEEN HAUNTIN' MAH FAM'LY FER GENERATIONS--
BUT THIS GENERATION'LL SEE THE END O' THE BEAST--
--OR THE END O' THE CLAN MACTAVISH!
ANGUS? IS IT YOU?
AN' WHO ELSE 'D IT BE, WOMAN? NOW MIND YER MANNERS, SARAH--I'VE BRUNG YE HOME--
OCH, ANGUS--! WHO IS THAT--THAT THING?
--A GUEST.

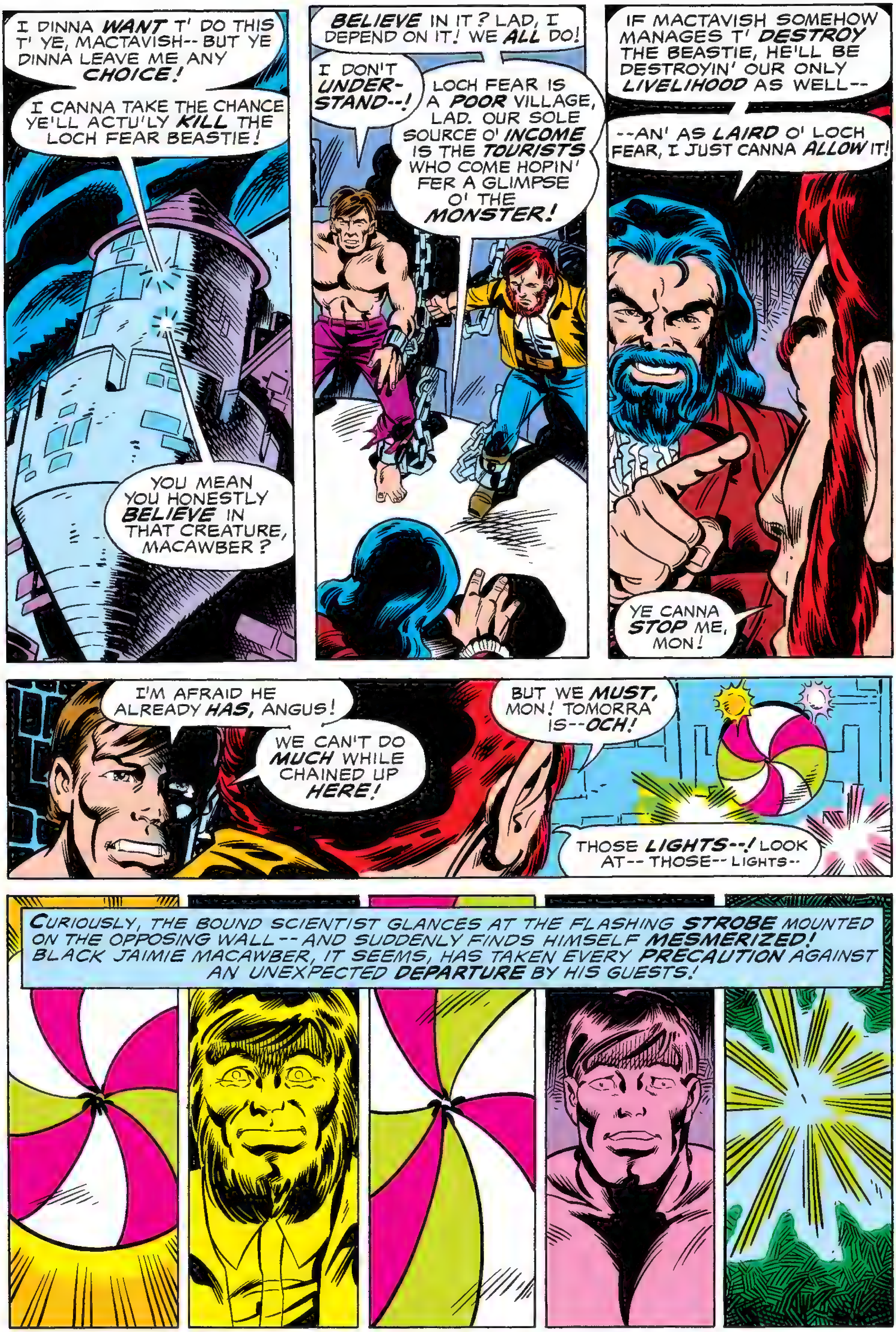

A GUEST NOW, IS IT? ANGUS MACTAVISH, YE KEEP THAT BIRKIE BRUTE AWAY FROM ME--OR 'TIS A FRYIN' PAN I'LL TAKE T' THE BOTH O' YE!
EASY, WOMAN!
IS THAT ANY WAY T' BE TREATIN' A MON WHO'S COME ALL THIS WAY T' HELP YER ANGUS KILL THE LOCH FEAR BEASTIE?
HUH?
I'M BEGGIN' YE, MON--GO ALONG WI' ME NOW--FER BOTH OUR SAKES.
THE GREEN GOLIATH DOES NOT UNDERSTAND EXACTLY WHAT HE'S BECOME INVOLVED IN--
--BUT SINCE THAT IS FAR FROM UNUSUAL, HE SUBMITS TO ANGUS'S WHISPERED PLEAS--AND REMAINS SILENT.
IN POINT OF FACT, THE MAN-BRUTE DOES NOT HAVE TO UNDERSTAND--AS LONG AS HE CAN EAT!
HULK WAS RIGHT, ANGUS--FOOD IS GOOD.
THEN 'TIS SARAH YE SHOULD BE COMPLIMENTIN', MON.
SHE MAKES THE BEST HOTCH-POTCH IN THE COUNTY.
OCH, ANGUS--YE FLATTER ME.
AND SO THE EVENING GOES...
SLEEP COMES SURPRISINGLY EASILY TO THE HULK THIS NIGHT. THE NIGHTMARES COME AND GO IN AN INSTANT--
--AND THE MASSIVE CHEST SOON BEGINS TO RISE AND FALL WITH A REGULAR RHYTHM.
TO COIN A CLICHÉ, THE HULK IS "DEAD TO THE WORLD"--
--WHICH IS, IN ITS WAY, MOST UNFORTUNATE!
FOR THUS THE MAN-BRUTE DOES NOT HEAR THE SOFT SCRAPE OF AN OPENING WINDOW--OR THE MUFFLED PAD OF STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS.

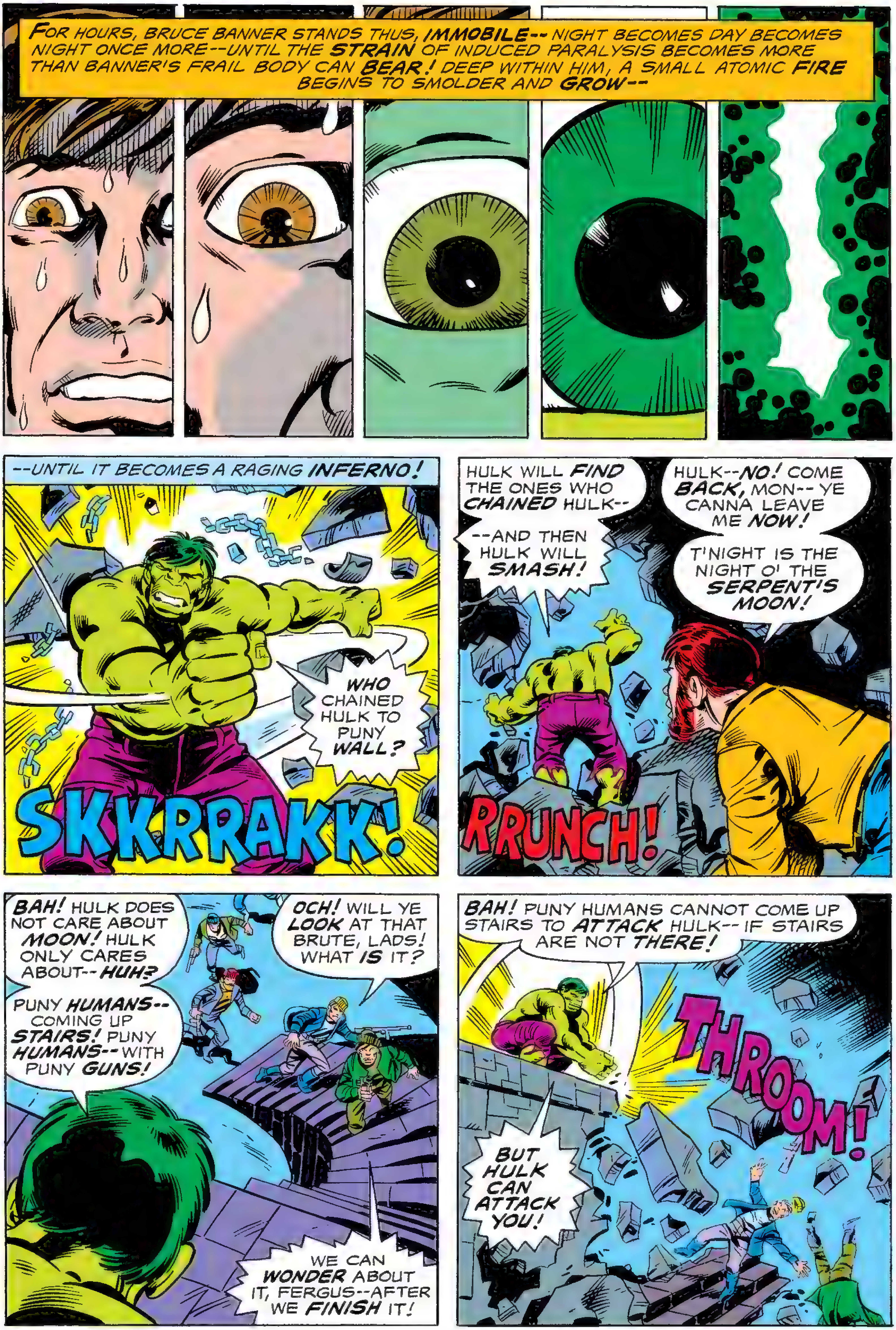

IN TRUTH, THE SLUMBERING FIGURE HEARS NOTHING--
--BUT THE PERSISTENT PUMPING OF A HEART THAT HAS LABORED TOO HARD FOR TOO LONG--
--A BEAT THAT SLOWLY, BUT CERTAINLY, GROWS SOFTER, MORE SERENE--
--UNTIL IT BECOMES MUCH LESS THE HEARTBEAT OF A MONSTER--
-- AND MORE LIKE THE PULSE OF-- A MAN!
IT HAS BEEN A LONG WHILE SINCE DOCTOR ROBERT BRUCE BANNER HAS BEEN ALLOWED TO SLEEP IN PEACE...
IT MAY YET BE A GOOD WHILE LONGER!
G' YER CLOTHES ON, MACTAVISH! THE LAIRD 'D BE WANTIN' A WORD WI' YE!
AN' IF I DINNA WANT T' COME--?
OCH-- NEVER MIND! JUST HAND ME MAH BRITCHES AN' I'LL...
HEY-- WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
CAREFUL, MON! I DINNA KNOW WHO YE ARE-- SO JUST KEEP YER HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM--AN' YE WILL NA' G' HURT!
NOW COME ALONG WI' YE! IF YER A FRIEND O' MACTAVISH, I KEN THE LAIRD'D BE WANTIN' T' SPEAK T' YE TOO!
'TIS POOR COMPANY YER KEEPIN' THESE DAYS, MACTAVISH!
OCH! BUT YER NA'--YER-- WHO ARE YE, MON?
THAT, MY FRIEND, IS A LONG STORY--
--AND I DON'T THINK I'M GONNA HAVE TIME TO TELL IT RIGHT NOW!
ENOUGH JABBERIN' THEN! LET'S G' ON T' CASTLE MACAWBER!

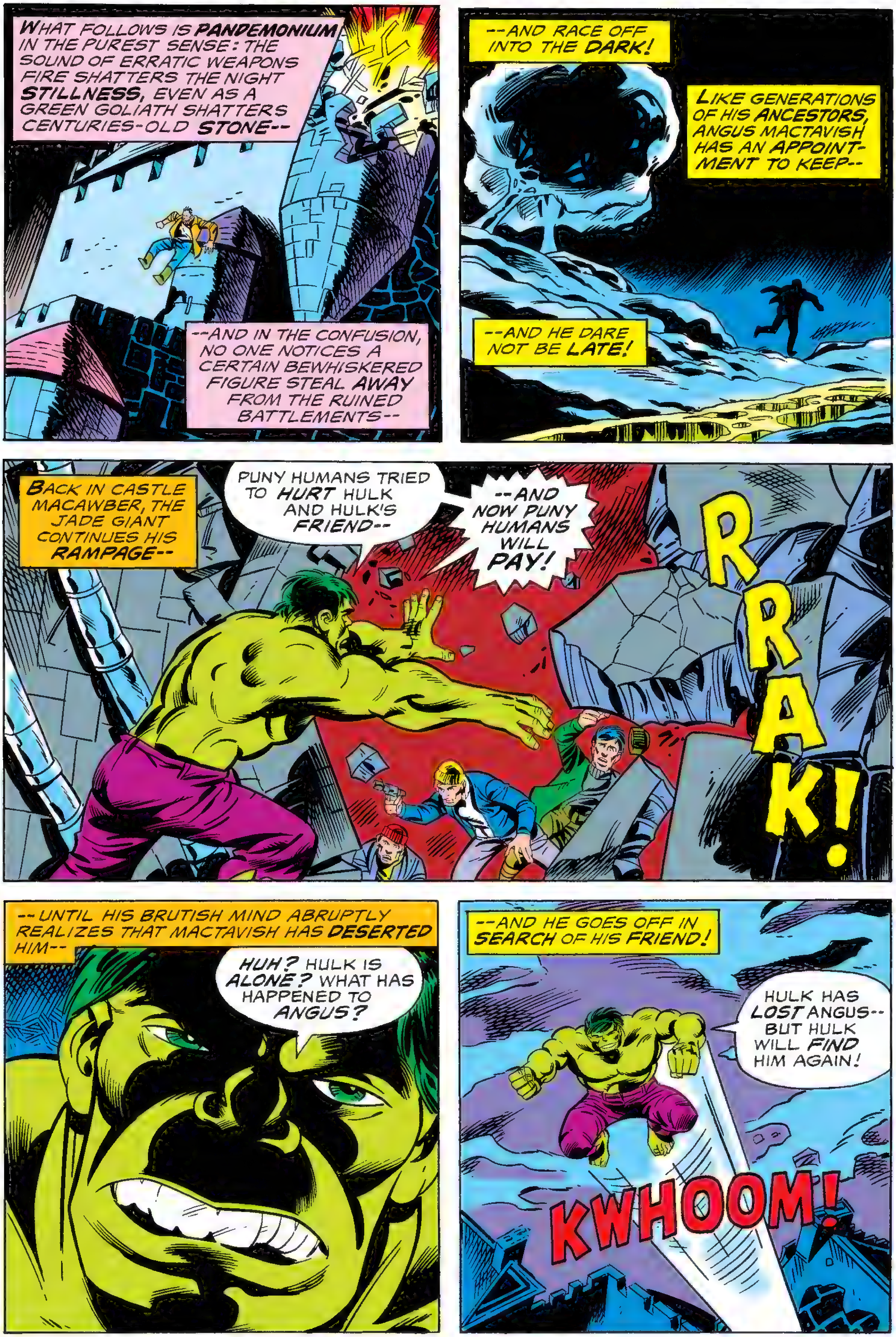

THE BREEZE ON THE FEN IS ALMOST AS COLD AS THE GUN MUZZLE AIMED AT BRUCE BANNER'S BACK AS HE AND MACTAVISH ARE PRODDED THRU THE THICK EVENING FOG.
THE TREK ACROSS THE MOORS SEEMS INTERMINABLE-- BUT AT LAST BANNER SPIES STONE TURRETS RISING BEFORE HIM, RAMPARTS CLINGING THICK WITH THE DUST OF UNTOLD AGES.
A FEELING OF GRIM FOREBODING HANGS HEAVY IN THE AIR ABOUT THE SHINGLED TOWERS--A FEELING OF DESPAIR--!
AND EVEN WITHOUT ASKING, BRUCE BANNER KNOWS HE HAS REACHED HIS DESTINATION.
IT HAD NOT TAKEN THE TATTERED SCIENTIST VERY LONG TO EXPLAIN HIS--ER-- CONDITION TO THE CURIOUS SCOTSMAN--
--BUT THEN, ANGUS MACTAVISH IS A MAN WITH A KNOWLEDGE OF MONSTERS.
IF YOU KNOW ANY PRAYERS, MON-- YE'D BETTER START SAYIN' 'EM!
WE'RE WALKIN' INTA CASTLE MACAWBER--BUT I FEAR WE MAY NA' BE WALKIN' OUT!
NOW THAT'S A CHEERY THOUGHT!
"--AN' THERE'S NA' A COLDER MON ALIVE THAN-- BLACK JAIMIE MACAWBER!"
A GOOD WELCOME T' YE, ANGUS MACTAVISH!
STRANGE--BUT IT ALMOST SEEMS COLDER INSIDE THE CASTLE THAN IT DID OUT ON THE MOORS.
AYE, MON-- BUT IT WAS NA' ALWAYS LIKE THAT. ONCE THIS CASTLE WAS AS WARM A PLACE AS ANY YE COULD FIND--
--BUT A CASTLE REFLECTS THE MANNER O' ITS LAIRD--

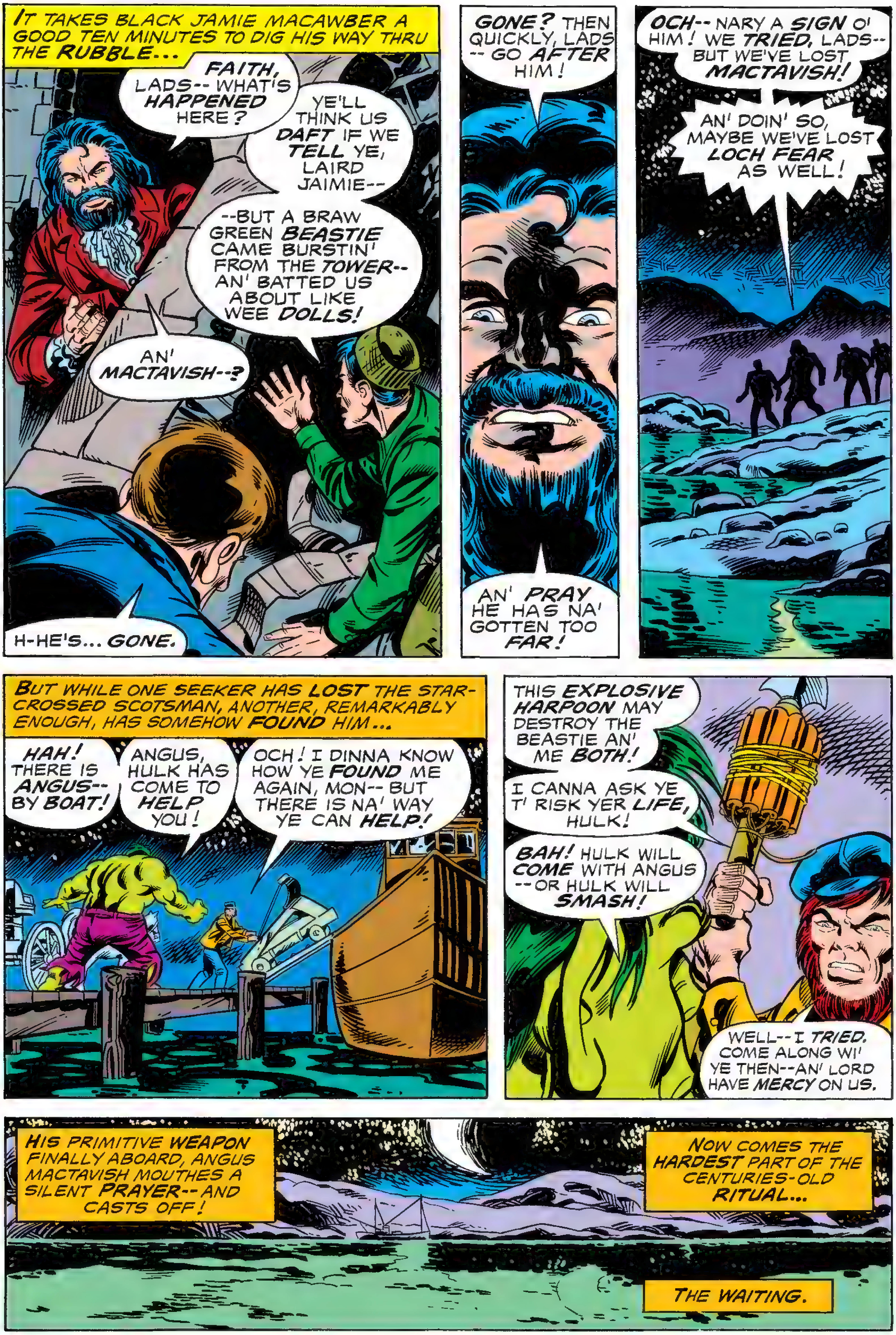

I OFFER MAH HAND IN FRIENDSHIP, ANGUS.
'TIS THE BACK O' MAH HAND I'D GIVE YE, BLACK JAIMIE-- IF YER LADDIE WAS NA' HOLDIN' THAT GUN!
IT SEEMS ANGUS DOESN'T TRUST YOU, MR. MACAWBER.
OCH, 'TIS PROGRESS THE MON DOES NA' TRUST, LAD. MACTAVISH IS AFRAID O' THE FUTURE!
HE RESENTS THE FACT I'VE BEEN TRYIN' T' BRING A TOUCH O' CIVILIZATION T' LOCH FEAR!
MAH CASTLE, FER EXAMPLE--A WEE SNAP O' MAH FINGERS--
SNAP!
--AN' THE GREATEST MODERN CONVENIENCES ARE AT MAH COMMAND!
THE ELECTRONICS ARE IMPRESSIVE, MACAWBER-- BUT THE SENTIMENTS JUST DON'T WASH!
ZIIP!
IT ISN'T VERY "PROGRESSIVE" TO SEND OUT INVITATIONS AT GUNPOINT!
I DINNA HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE, LAD!
I'M FIGHTIN' FER MAH SURVIVAL--AN' THE SURVIVAL O' EVERYONE ELSE THAT LIVES ON LOCH FEAR--
--OR DINNA YER GOOD FRIEND MACTAVISH TELL YE THAT?
CLIK!
THERE IS A FAINT ELECTRONIC HISS AS A CEILING PANEL SLIDES BACK, THEN...
NO ANSWER? WELL, I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL T' YE IN DETAIL--
--AFTER I'VE SECURED YE IN THE TOWER!

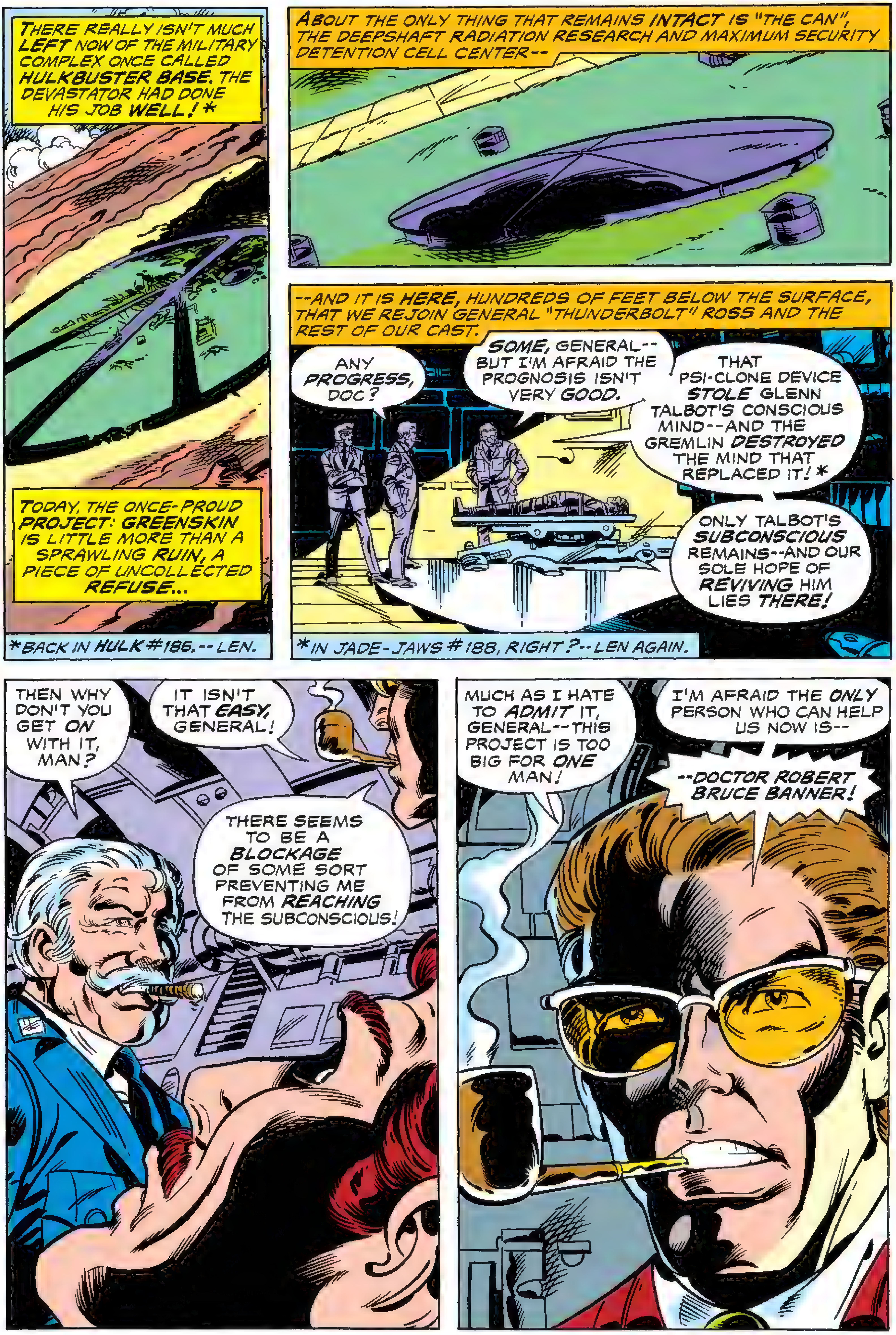

IT IS LATE AFTERNOON AS A SLEEK TRANSPORT PLANE SCORES THE SKIES BETWEEN WASHINGTON D.C. AND THE VAST NEW MEXICO DESERT.
THE PILOT, A 20-YEAR MAN, TAKES EXTREME PRECAUTIONS TO KEEP THE FLIGHT SMOOTH-- FOR HE KNOWS HE CARRIES A MOST IMPORTANT CARGO--
--THE MINDLESS, LIVING SHELL OF MAJOR GLENN TALBOT!
YOU'RE UNUSUALLY QUIET TODAY, QUARTERMAIN. THINKING?
NOT REALLY, GENERAL ROSS--JUST SITTING HERE ADMIRING MAJOR TALBOT! HE'S BEEN THRU A HELL THAT WOULD FINISH MOST MEN--BUT HE KEEPS HANGING IN THERE.
THAT TAKES A SPECIAL KIND OF GUTS.
WHAT DO "GUTS" HAVE TO DO WITH IT? GLENN IS MINDLESS, LESS THAN A ZOMBIE. HE MIGHT BE BETTER OFF DEAD!
DON'T EVEN THINK THAT, BETTY!
THERE HAS TO BE A CURE FOR GLENN--AND I'VE CONTACTED THE ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP US FIND IT!
THAT'S WHY WE'VE BROUGHT GLENN BACK TO NEW MEXICO.
"THAT MAN IS WAITING FOR US AT THE AIRPORT!"
DADDY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? OF ALL PEOPLE--HIM!
HELLO, BETTY. HOW ARE YOU?
GENERAL, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
AND YOU, MISTER--AND YOU! IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO CAN CURE GLENN TALBOT--
--IT'S DR. LEONARD SAMSON!

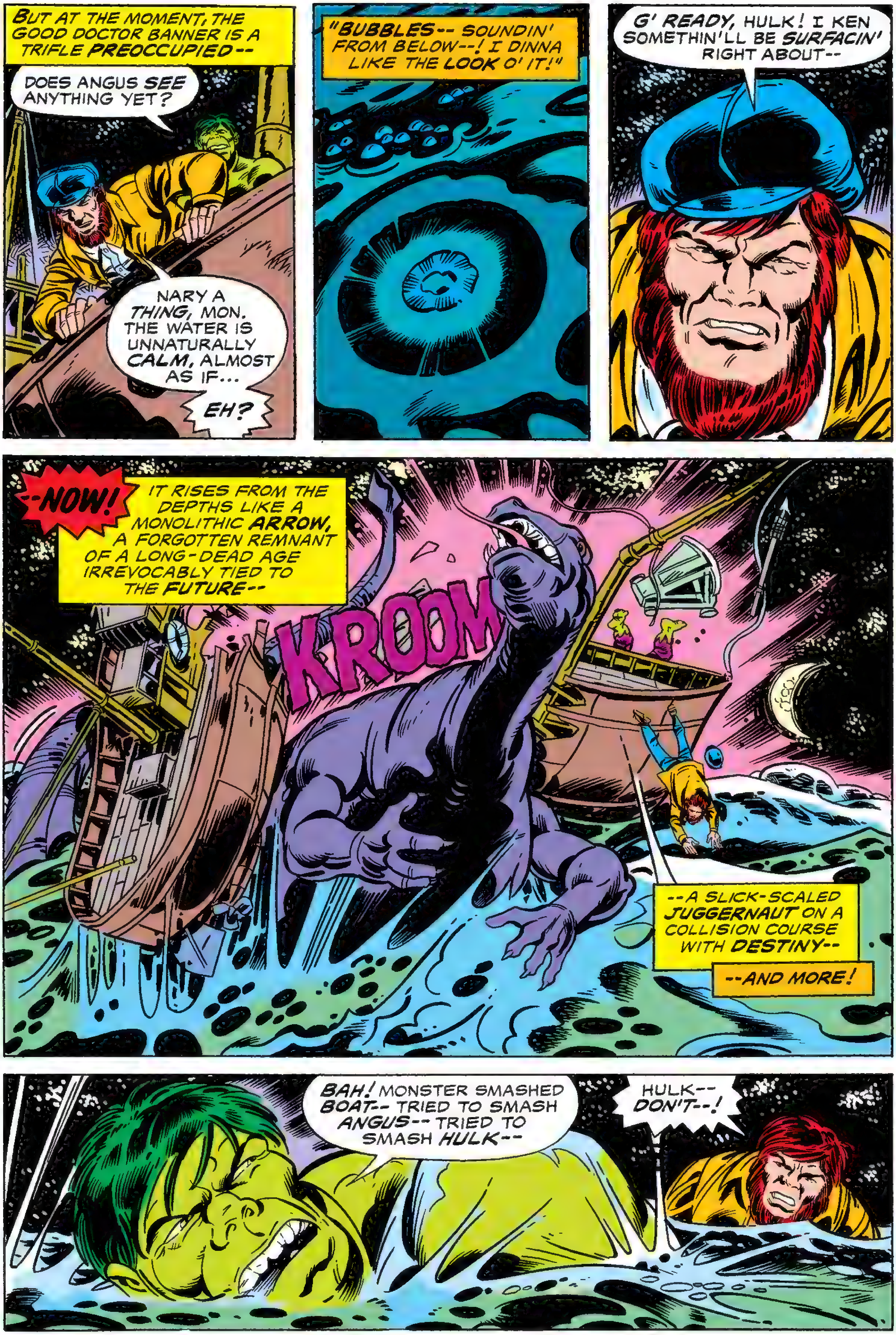

I DINNA *WANT* T' DO THIS T' YE, MACTAVISH-- BUT YE DINNA LEAVE ME ANY *CHOICE!*
I CANNA TAKE THE CHANCE YE'LL ACTU'LY *KILL* THE LOCH FEAR BEASTIE!
YOU MEAN YOU HONESTLY *BELIEVE* IN THAT CREATURE, MACAWBER?
BELIEVE IN IT? LAD, I DEPEND ON IT! WE *ALL* DO!
I DON'T *UNDERSTAND--!*
LOCH FEAR IS A *POOR* VILLAGE, LAD. OUR SOLE SOURCE O' *INCOME* IS THE *TOURISTS* WHO COME HOPIN' FER A GLIMPSE O' THE *MONSTER!*
IF MACTAVISH SOMEHOW MANAGES T' *DESTROY* THE BEASTIE, HE'LL BE DESTROYIN' OUR ONLY *LIVELIHOOD* AS WELL--
--AN' AS *LAIRD* O' LOCH FEAR, I JUST CANNA *ALLOW* IT!
YE CANNA *STOP* ME, MON!
I'M AFRAID HE ALREADY *HAS,* ANGUS!
WE CAN'T DO *MUCH* WHILE CHAINED UP *HERE!*
BUT WE *MUST,* MON! TOMORRA IS--*OCH!*
THOSE *LIGHTS--!* LOOK AT-- THOSE-- LIGHTS--
CURIOUSLY, THE BOUND SCIENTIST GLANCES AT THE FLASHING *STROBE* MOUNTED ON THE OPPOSING WALL -- AND SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF *MESMERIZED!* BLACK JAIMIE MACAWBER, IT SEEMS, HAS TAKEN EVERY *PRECAUTION* AGAINST AN UNEXPECTED *DEPARTURE* BY HIS GUESTS!

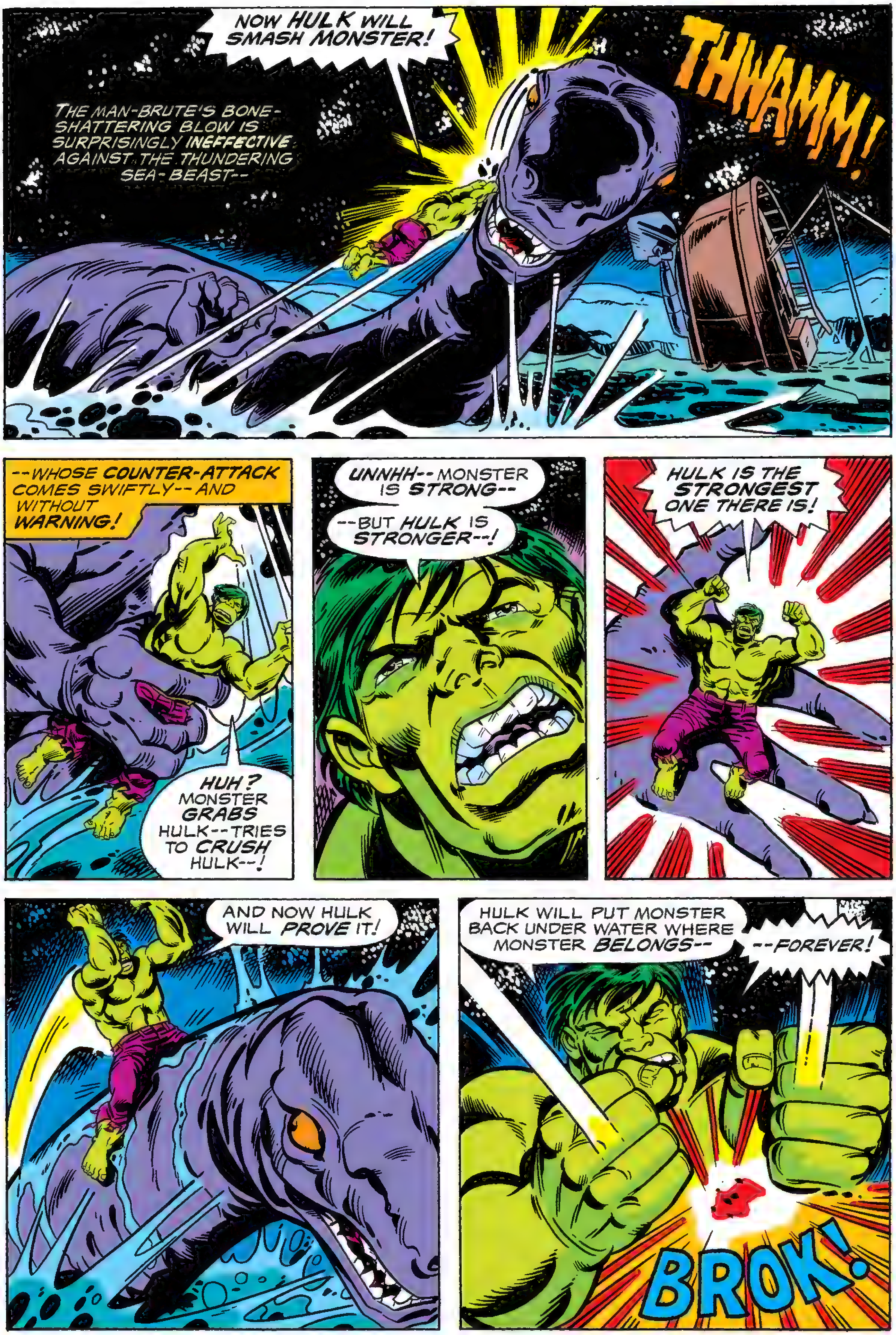

FOR HOURS, BRUCE BANNER STANDS THUS, IMMOBILE-- NIGHT BECOMES DAY BECOMES NIGHT ONCE MORE--UNTIL THE STRAIN OF INDUCED PARALYSIS BECOMES MORE THAN BANNER'S FRAIL BODY CAN BEAR! DEEP WITHIN HIM, A SMALL ATOMIC FIRE BEGINS TO SMOLDER AND GROW--
--UNTIL IT BECOMES A RAGING INFERNO!
WHO CHAINED HULK TO PUNY WALL?
SKKRRAKK!
HULK WILL FIND THE ONES WHO CHAINED HULK--
--AND THEN HULK WILL SMASH!
HULK--NO! COME BACK, MON-- YE CANNA LEAVE ME NOW!
T'NIGHT IS THE NIGHT O' THE SERPENT'S MOON!
RRUNCH!
BAH! HULK DOES NOT CARE ABOUT MOON! HULK ONLY CARES ABOUT-- HUH?
PUNY HUMANS-- COMING UP STAIRS! PUNY HUMANS-- WITH PUNY GUNS!
OCH! WILL YE LOOK AT THAT BRUTE, LADS! WHAT IS IT?
WE CAN WONDER ABOUT IT, FERGUS--AFTER WE FINISH IT!
BAH! PUNY HUMANS CANNOT COME UP STAIRS TO ATTACK HULK-- IF STAIRS ARE NOT THERE!
BUT HULK CAN ATTACK YOU!
THROOM!

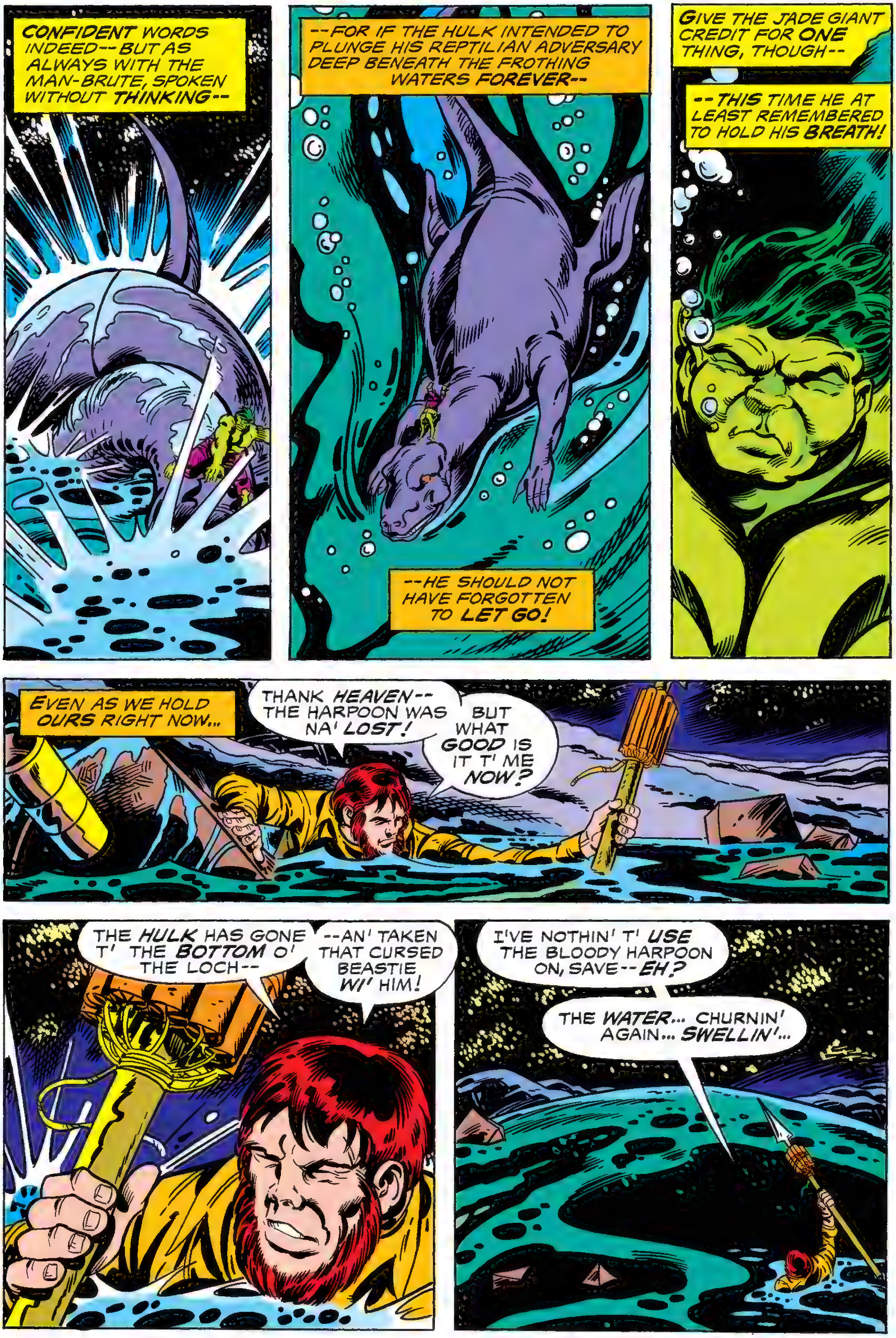

WHAT FOLLOWS IS PANDEMONIUM IN THE PUREST SENSE: THE SOUND OF ERRATIC WEAPONS FIRE SHATTERS THE NIGHT STILLNESS, EVEN AS A GREEN GOLIATH SHATTERS CENTURIES-OLD STONE--
--AND IN THE CONFUSION, NO ONE NOTICES A CERTAIN BEWHISKERED FIGURE STEAL AWAY FROM THE RUINED BATTLEMENTS--
--AND RACE OFF INTO THE DARK!
LIKE GENERATIONS OF HIS ANCESTORS, ANGUS MACTAVISH HAS AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP--
--AND HE DARE NOT BE LATE!
BACK IN CASTLE MACAWBER, THE JADE GIANT CONTINUES HIS RAMPAGE--
PUNY HUMANS TRIED TO HURT HULK AND HULK'S FRIEND--
--AND NOW PUNY HUMANS WILL PAY!
RRAK!
--UNTIL HIS BRUTISH MIND ABRUPTLY REALIZES THAT MACTAVISH HAS DESERTED HIM--
HUH? HULK IS ALONE? WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ANGUS?
--AND HE GOES OFF IN SEARCH OF HIS FRIEND!
HULK HAS LOST ANGUS-- BUT HULK WILL FIND HIM AGAIN!
KWHOOM!

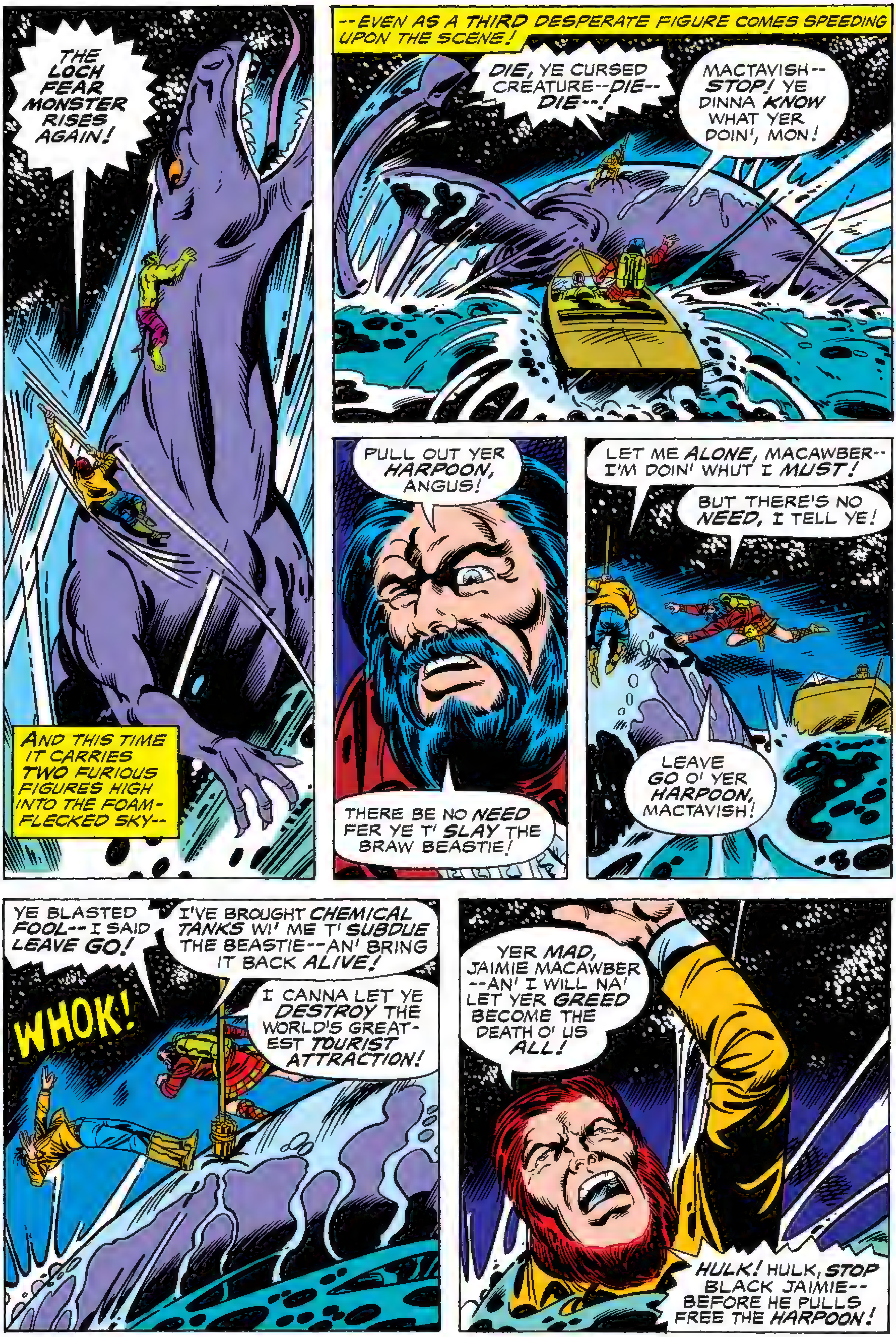

IT TAKES BLACK JAMIE MACAWBER A GOOD TEN MINUTES TO DIG HIS WAY THRU THE RUBBLE...
FAITH, LADS-- WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?
YE'LL THINK US DAFT IF WE TELL YE, LAIRD JAIMIE--
--BUT A BRAW GREEN BEASTIE CAME BURSTIN' FROM THE TOWER-- AN' BATTED US ABOUT LIKE WEE DOLLS!
AN' MACTAVISH--?
H-HE'S... GONE.
GONE? THEN QUICKLY, LADS -- GO AFTER HIM!
AN' PRAY HE HAS NA' GOTTEN TOO FAR!
OCH-- NARY A SIGN O' HIM! WE TRIED, LADS-- BUT WE'VE LOST MACTAVISH!
AN' DOIN' SO, MAYBE WE'VE LOST LOCH FEAR AS WELL!
BUT WHILE ONE SEEKER HAS LOST THE STAR-CROSSED SCOTSMAN, ANOTHER, REMARKABLY ENOUGH, HAS SOMEHOW FOUND HIM...
HAH! THERE IS ANGUS-- BY BOAT!
ANGUS, HULK HAS COME TO HELP YOU!
OCH! I DINNA KNOW HOW YE FOUND ME AGAIN, MON-- BUT THERE IS NA' WAY YE CAN HELP!
THIS EXPLOSIVE HARPOON MAY DESTROY THE BEASTIE AN' ME BOTH!
I CANNA ASK YE T' RISK YER LIFE, HULK!
BAH! HULK WILL COME WITH ANGUS --OR HULK WILL SMASH!
WELL--I TRIED. COME ALONG WI' YE THEN--AN' LORD HAVE MERCY ON US.
HIS PRIMITIVE WEAPON FINALLY ABOARD, ANGUS MACTAVISH MOUTHES A SILENT PRAYER-- AND CASTS OFF!
NOW COMES THE HARDEST PART OF THE CENTURIES-OLD RITUAL...
THE WAITING.

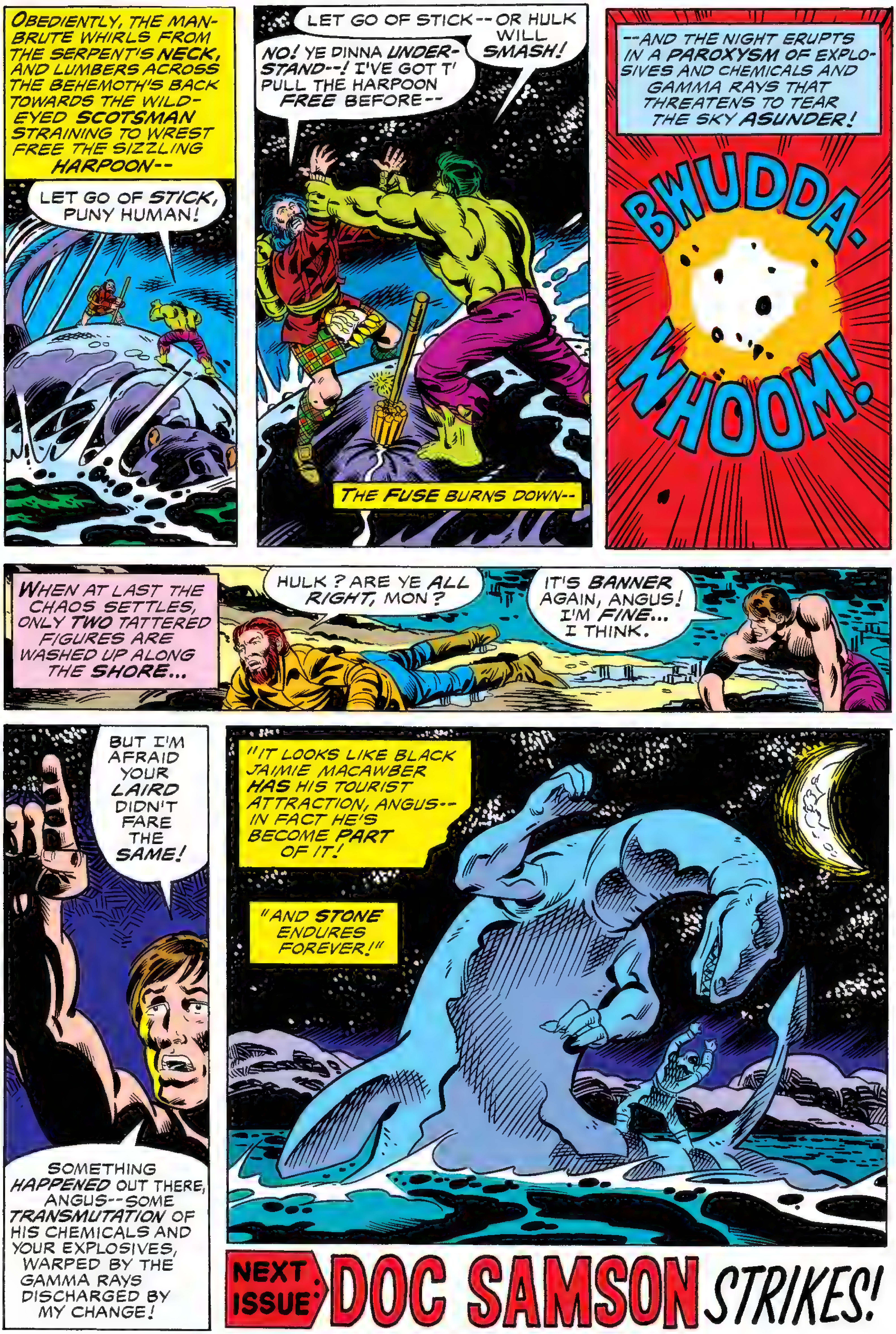

THERE REALLY ISN'T MUCH **LEFT** NOW OF THE MILITARY COMPLEX ONCE CALLED **HULKBUSTER BASE.** THE DEVASTATOR HAD DONE HIS JOB **WELL!** *
TODAY, THE ONCE-PROUD **PROJECT: GREENSKIN** IS LITTLE MORE THAN A SPRAWLING **RUIN,** A PIECE OF UNCOLLECTED **REFUSE...**
*BACK IN **HULK** #186.--LEN.
ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT REMAINS **INTACT** IS "THE CAN", THE DEEPSHAFT RADIATION RESEARCH AND MAXIMUM SECURITY DETENTION CELL CENTER--
--AND IT IS **HERE,** HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW THE SURFACE, THAT WE REJOIN GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS AND THE REST OF OUR CAST.
ANY **PROGRESS,** DOC?
SOME, GENERAL--BUT I'M AFRAID THE PROGNOSIS ISN'T VERY **GOOD.**
THAT PSI-CLONE DEVICE **STOLE** GLENN TALBOT'S CONSCIOUS MIND--AND THE GREMLIN **DESTROYED** THE MIND THAT REPLACED IT! *
ONLY TALBOT'S **SUBCONSCIOUS** REMAINS--AND OUR SOLE HOPE OF **REVIVING** HIM LIES **THERE!**
*IN JADE-JAWS #188, RIGHT?--LEN AGAIN.
THEN WHY DON'T YOU GET **ON** WITH IT, MAN?
IT ISN'T THAT **EASY,** GENERAL!
THERE SEEMS TO BE A **BLOCKAGE** OF SOME SORT PREVENTING ME FROM **REACHING** THE SUBCONSCIOUS!
MUCH AS I HATE TO **ADMIT** IT, GENERAL--THIS PROJECT IS TOO BIG FOR **ONE** MAN!
I'M AFRAID THE **ONLY** PERSON WHO CAN HELP US NOW IS--
--**DOCTOR ROBERT BRUCE BANNER!**

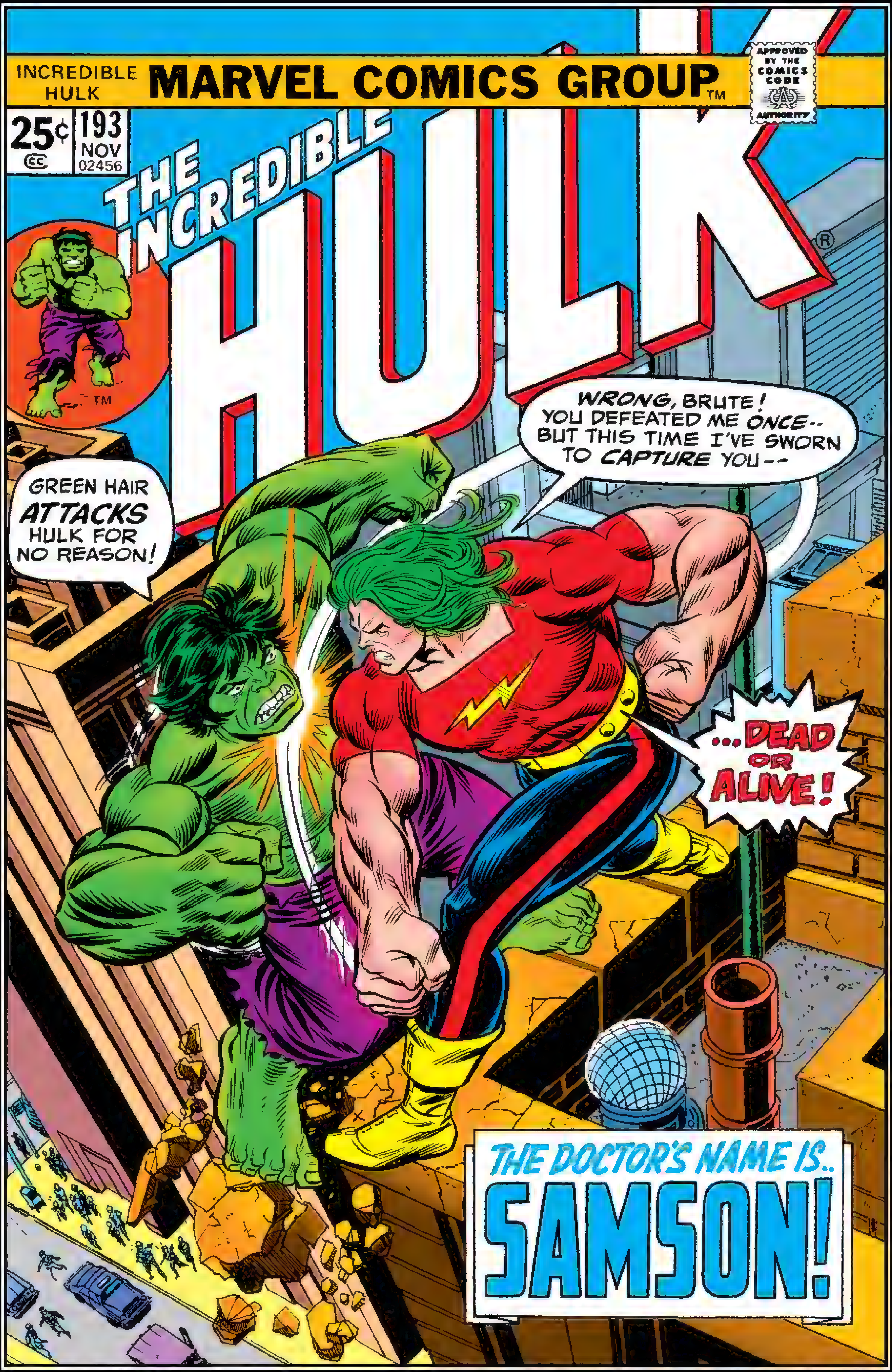

BUT AT THE MOMENT, THE GOOD DOCTOR BANNER IS A TRIFLE PREOCCUPIED--
DOES ANGUS SEE ANYTHING YET?
NARY A THING, MON. THE WATER IS UNNATURALLY CALM, ALMOST AS IF...
EH?
"BUBBLES-- SOUNDIN' FROM BELOW--! I DINNA LIKE THE LOOK O' IT!"
G' READY, HULK! I KEN SOMETHIN'LL BE SURFACIN' RIGHT ABOUT--
--NOW!
IT RISES FROM THE DEPTHS LIKE A MONOLITHIC ARROW, A FORGOTTEN REMNANT OF A LONG-DEAD AGE IRREVOCABLY TIED TO THE FUTURE--
KROOM
--A SLICK-SCALED JUGGERNAUT ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH DESTINY--
--AND MORE!
BAH! MONSTER SMASHED BOAT-- TRIED TO SMASH ANGUS-- TRIED TO SMASH HULK--
HULK-- DON'T--!


NOW HULK WILL SMASH MONSTER!
THE MAN-BRUTE'S BONE-SHATTERING BLOW IS SURPRISINGLY INEFFECTIVE AGAINST THE THUNDERING SEA-BEAST--
THWAMM!
--WHOSE COUNTER-ATTACK COMES SWIFTLY--AND WITHOUT WARNING!
HUH? MONSTER GRABS HULK--TRIES TO CRUSH HULK--!
UNNHH--MONSTER IS STRONG--
--BUT HULK IS STRONGER--!
HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!
AND NOW HULK WILL PROVE IT!
HULK WILL PUT MONSTER BACK UNDER WATER WHERE MONSTER BELONGS--
--FOREVER!
BROK!


CONFIDENT WORDS INDEED--BUT AS ALWAYS WITH THE MAN-BRUTE, SPOKEN WITHOUT THINKING--
--FOR IF THE HULK INTENDED TO PLUNGE HIS REPTILIAN ADVERSARY DEEP BENEATH THE FROTHING WATERS FOREVER--
--HE SHOULD NOT HAVE FORGOTTEN TO LET GO!
GIVE THE JADE GIANT CREDIT FOR ONE THING, THOUGH--
--THIS TIME HE AT LEAST REMEMBERED TO HOLD HIS BREATH!
EVEN AS WE HOLD OURS RIGHT NOW...
THANK HEAVEN--THE HARPOON WAS NA' LOST!
BUT WHAT GOOD IS IT T' ME NOW?
THE HULK HAS GONE T' THE BOTTOM O' THE LOCH--
--AN' TAKEN THAT CURSED BEASTIE WI' HIM!
I'VE NOTHIN' T' USE THE BLOODY HARPOON ON, SAVE--EH?
THE WATER... CHURNIN' AGAIN... SWELLIN'...


THE LOCH FEAR MONSTER RISES AGAIN!
AND THIS TIME IT CARRIES TWO FURIOUS FIGURES HIGH INTO THE FOAM-FLECKED SKY--
--EVEN AS A THIRD DESPERATE FIGURE COMES SPEEDING UPON THE SCENE!
DIE, YE CURSED CREATURE--DIE--DIE--!
MACTAVISH--STOP! YE DINNA KNOW WHAT YER DOIN', MON!
PULL OUT YER HARPOON, ANGUS!
THERE BE NO NEED FER YE T' SLAY THE BRAW BEASTIE!
LET ME ALONE, MACAWBER--I'M DOIN' WHUT I MUST!
BUT THERE'S NO NEED, I TELL YE!
LEAVE GO O' YER HARPOON, MACTAVISH!
YE BLASTED FOOL--I SAID LEAVE GO!
I'VE BROUGHT CHEMICAL TANKS WI' ME T' SUBDUE THE BEASTIE--AN' BRING IT BACK ALIVE!
I CANNA LET YE DESTROY THE WORLD'S GREATEST TOURIST ATTRACTION!
WHOK!
YER MAD, JAIMIE MACAWBER--AN' I WILL NA' LET YER GREED BECOME THE DEATH O' US ALL!
HULK! HULK, STOP BLACK JAIMIE--BEFORE HE PULLS FREE THE HARPOON!


OBEDIENTLY, THE MAN-BRUTE WHIRLS FROM THE SERPENT'S NECK, AND LUMBERS ACROSS THE BEHEMOTH'S BACK TOWARDS THE WILD-EYED SCOTSMAN STRAINING TO WREST FREE THE SIZZLING HARPOON--
LET GO OF STICK, PUNY HUMAN!
LET GO OF STICK--OR HULK WILL SMASH!
NO! YE DINNA UNDERSTAND--! I'VE GOT T' PULL THE HARPOON FREE BEFORE--
THE FUSE BURNS DOWN--
--AND THE NIGHT ERUPTS IN A PAROXYSM OF EXPLOSIVES AND CHEMICALS AND GAMMA RAYS THAT THREATENS TO TEAR THE SKY ASUNDER!
BWUDDA-WHOOM!
WHEN AT LAST THE CHAOS SETTLES, ONLY TWO TATTERED FIGURES ARE WASHED UP ALONG THE SHORE...
HULK? ARE YE ALL RIGHT, MON?
IT'S BANNER AGAIN, ANGUS! I'M FINE... I THINK.
BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR LAIRD DIDN'T FARE THE SAME!
SOMETHING HAPPENED OUT THERE, ANGUS--SOME TRANSMUTATION OF HIS CHEMICALS AND YOUR EXPLOSIVES, WARPED BY THE GAMMA RAYS DISCHARGED BY MY CHANGE!
"IT LOOKS LIKE BLACK JAIMIE MACAWBER HAS HIS TOURIST ATTRACTION, ANGUS--IN FACT HE'S BECOME PART OF IT!
"AND STONE ENDURES FOREVER!"
NEXT ISSUE: DOC SAMSON STRIKES!


INCREDIBLE HULK
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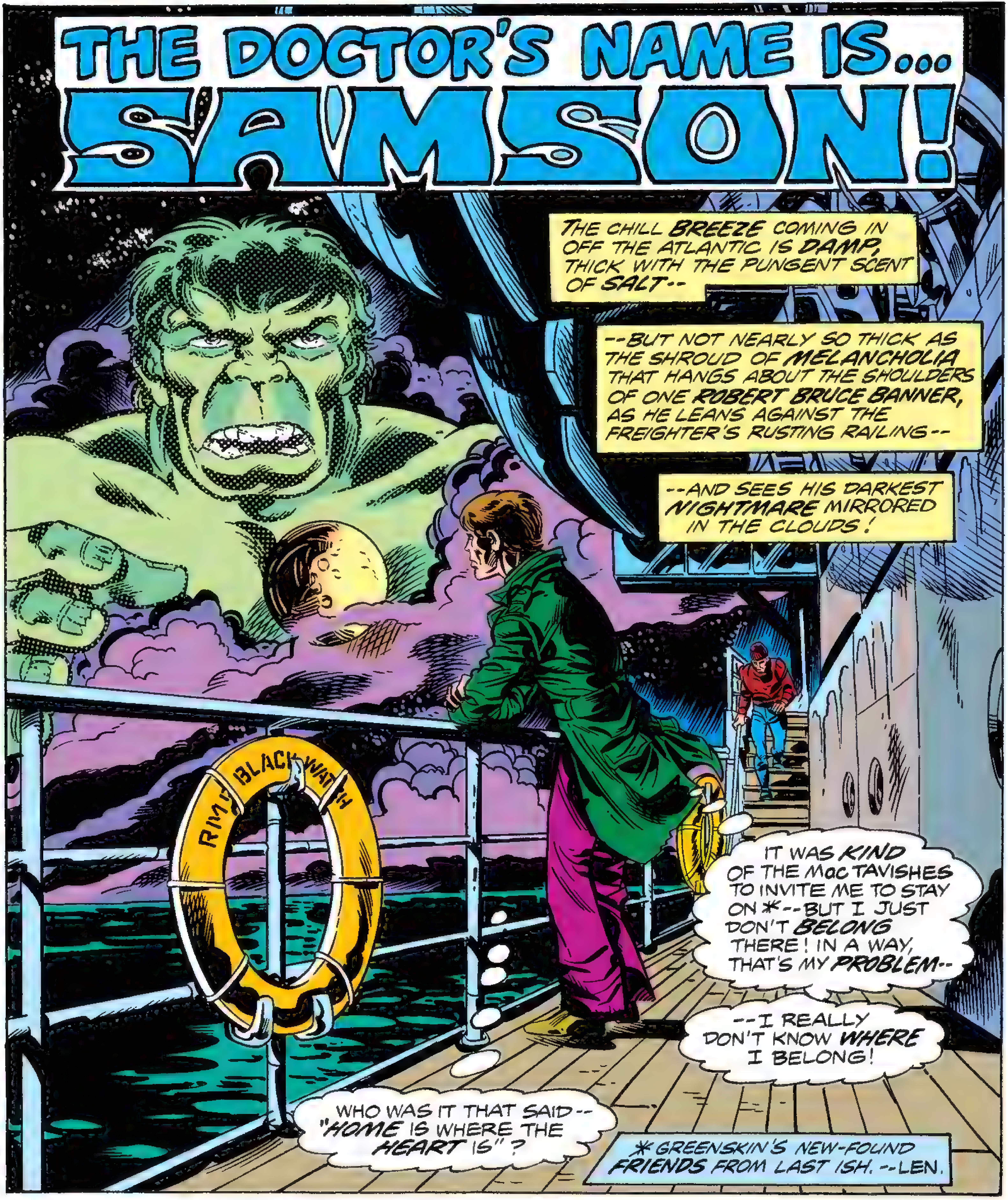
THE INCREDIBLE HULK®
™
WRONG, BRUTE! YOU DEFEATED ME ONCE-- BUT THIS TIME I'VE SWORN TO CAPTURE YOU--
GREEN HAIR ATTACKS HULK FOR NO REASON!
...DEAD OR ALIVE!
THE DOCTOR'S NAME IS.. SAMSON!

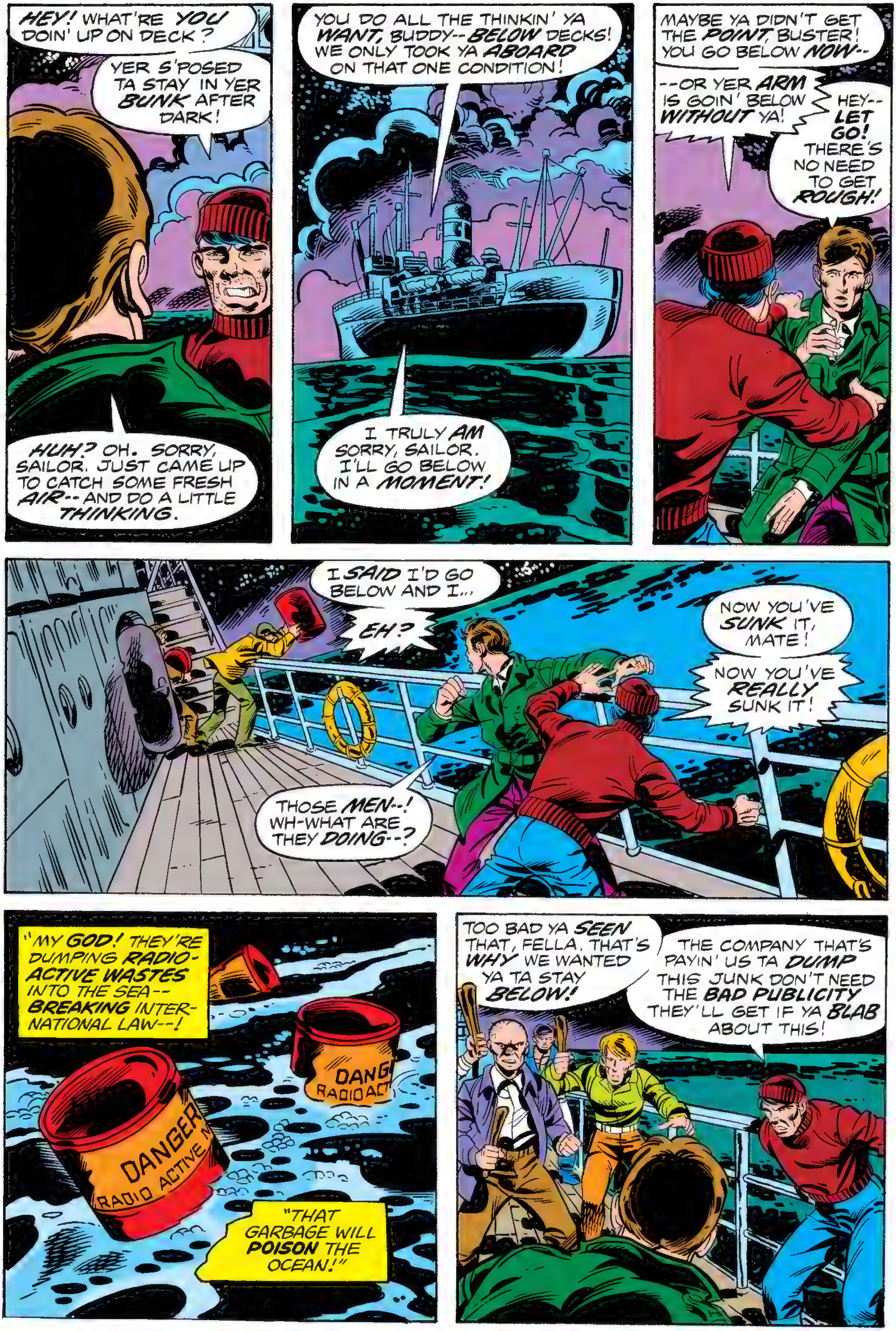
Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

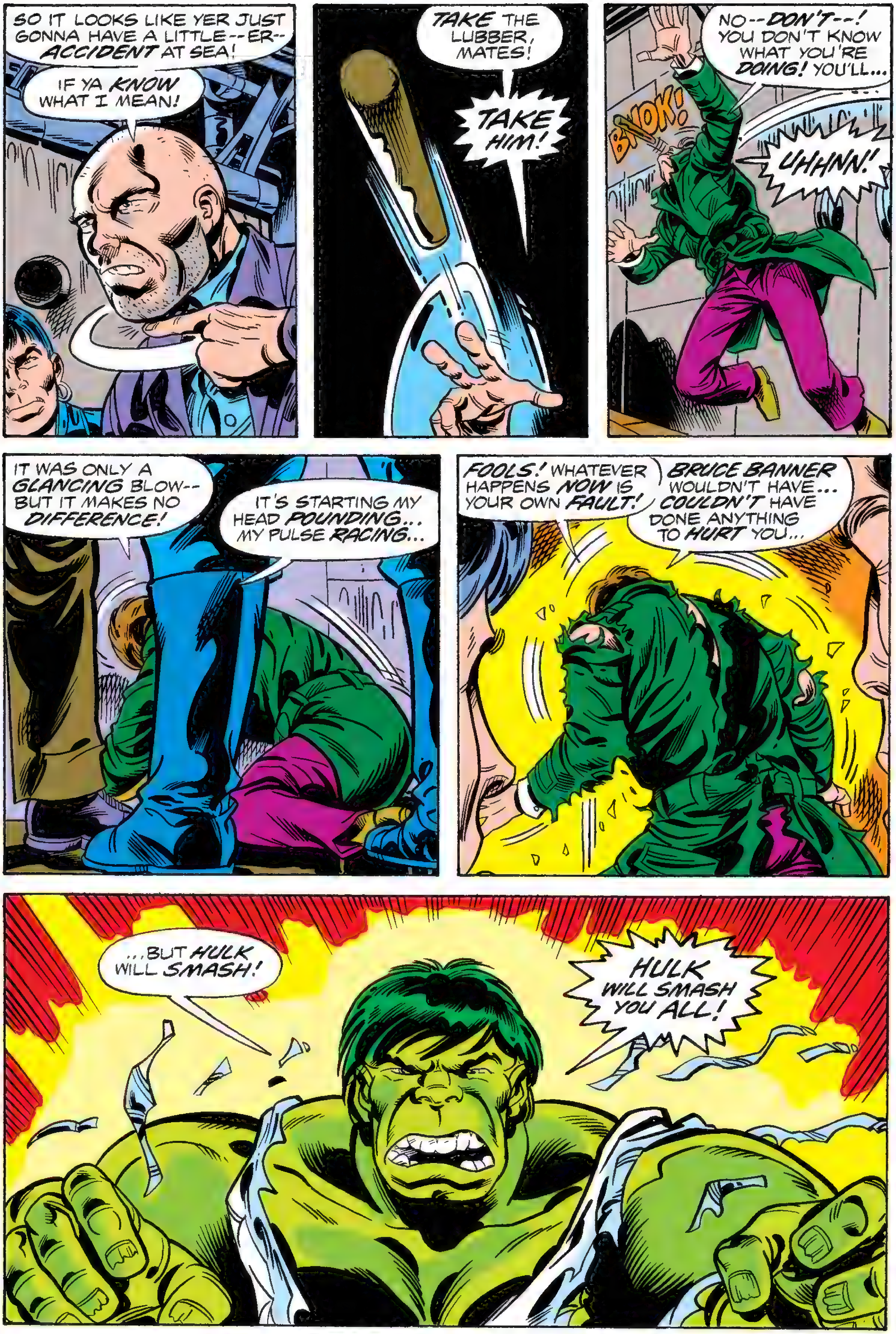
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE INCREDIBLE HULK!**™

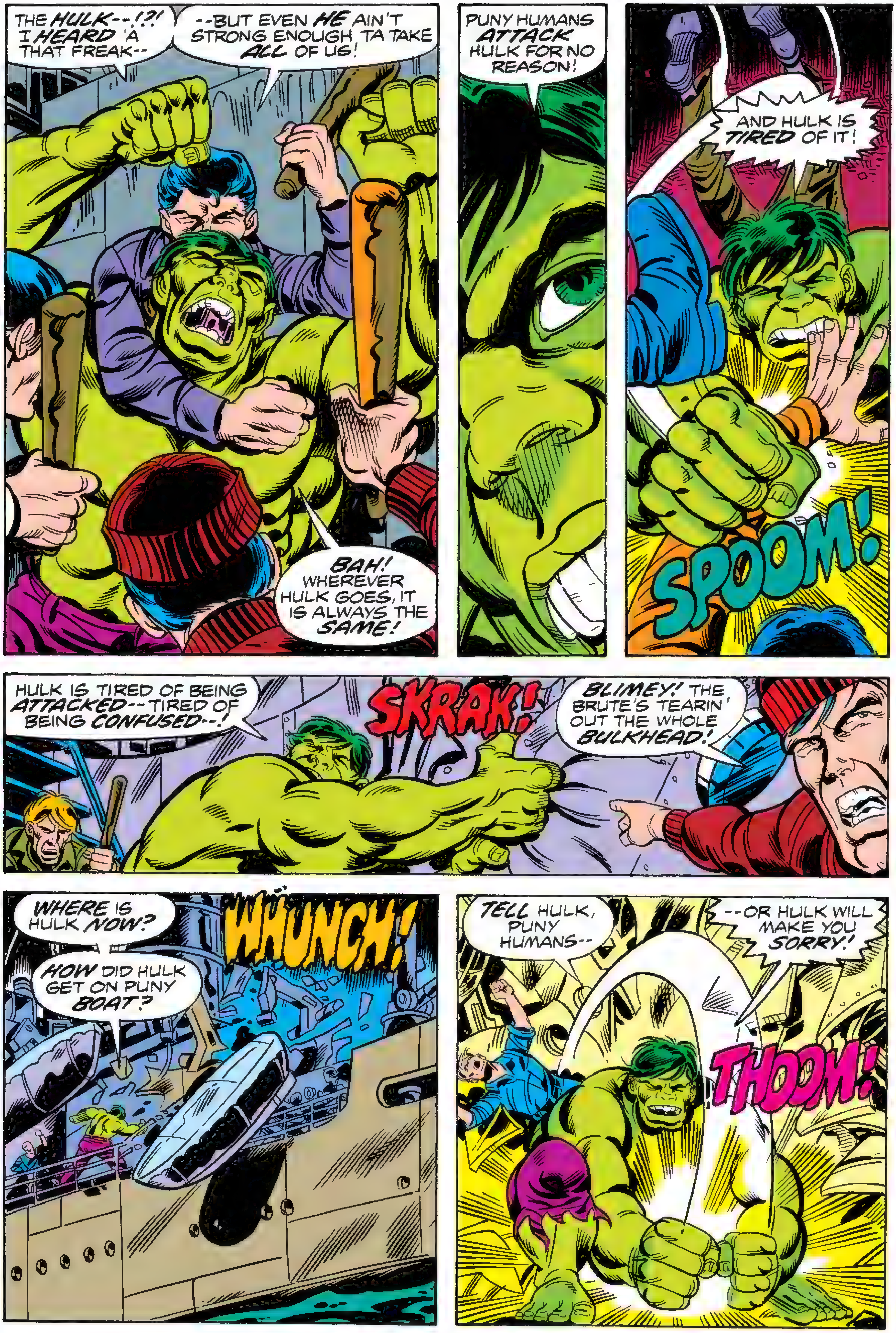
LEN WEIN *WRITER/EDITOR* | **HERB TRIMPE & JOE STATON** *ILLUSTRATORS* | *GLYNIS OLIVER WEIN* *colorist* | *JOHN COSTANZA* *letterer*

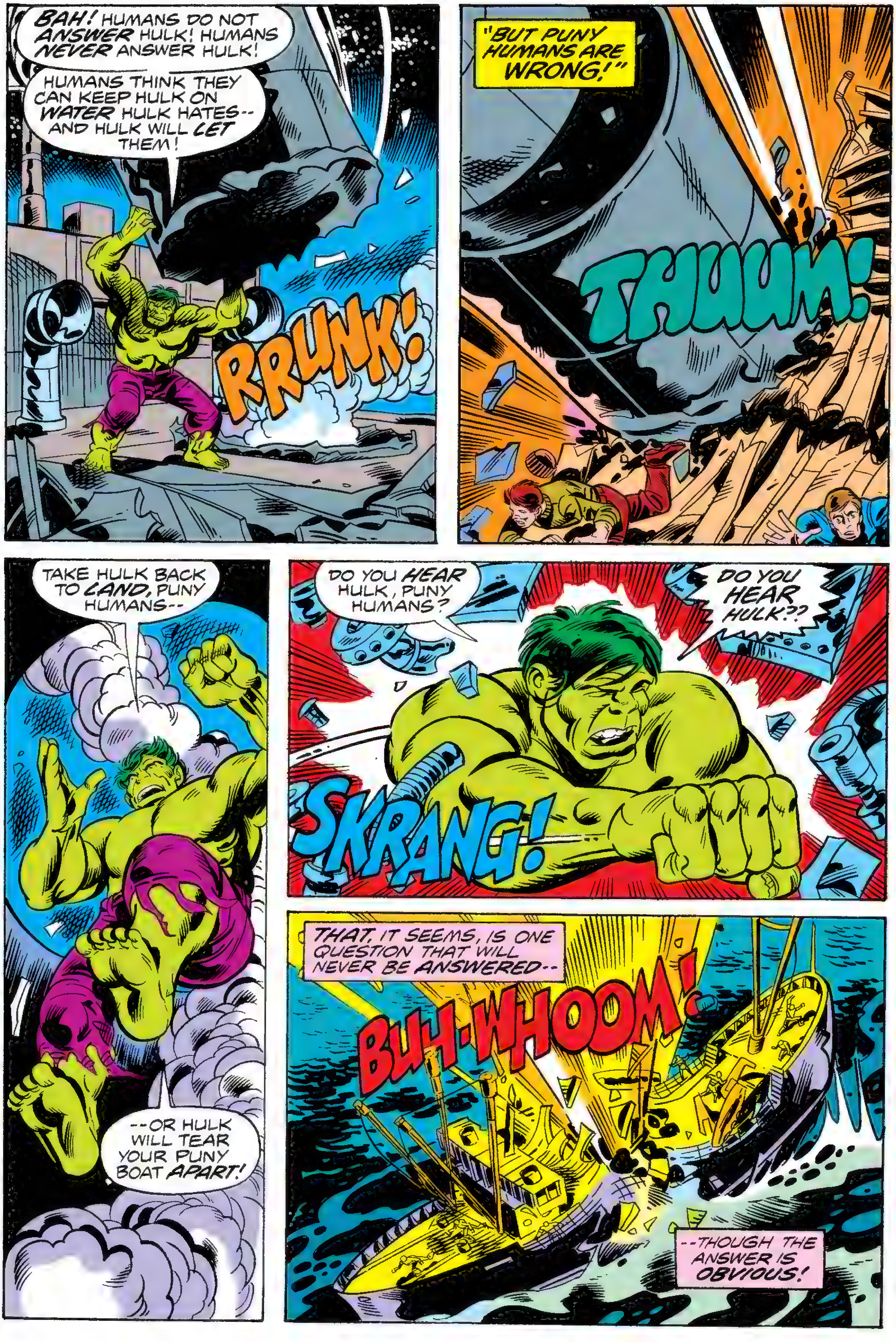
THE DOCTOR'S NAME IS... SAMSON!

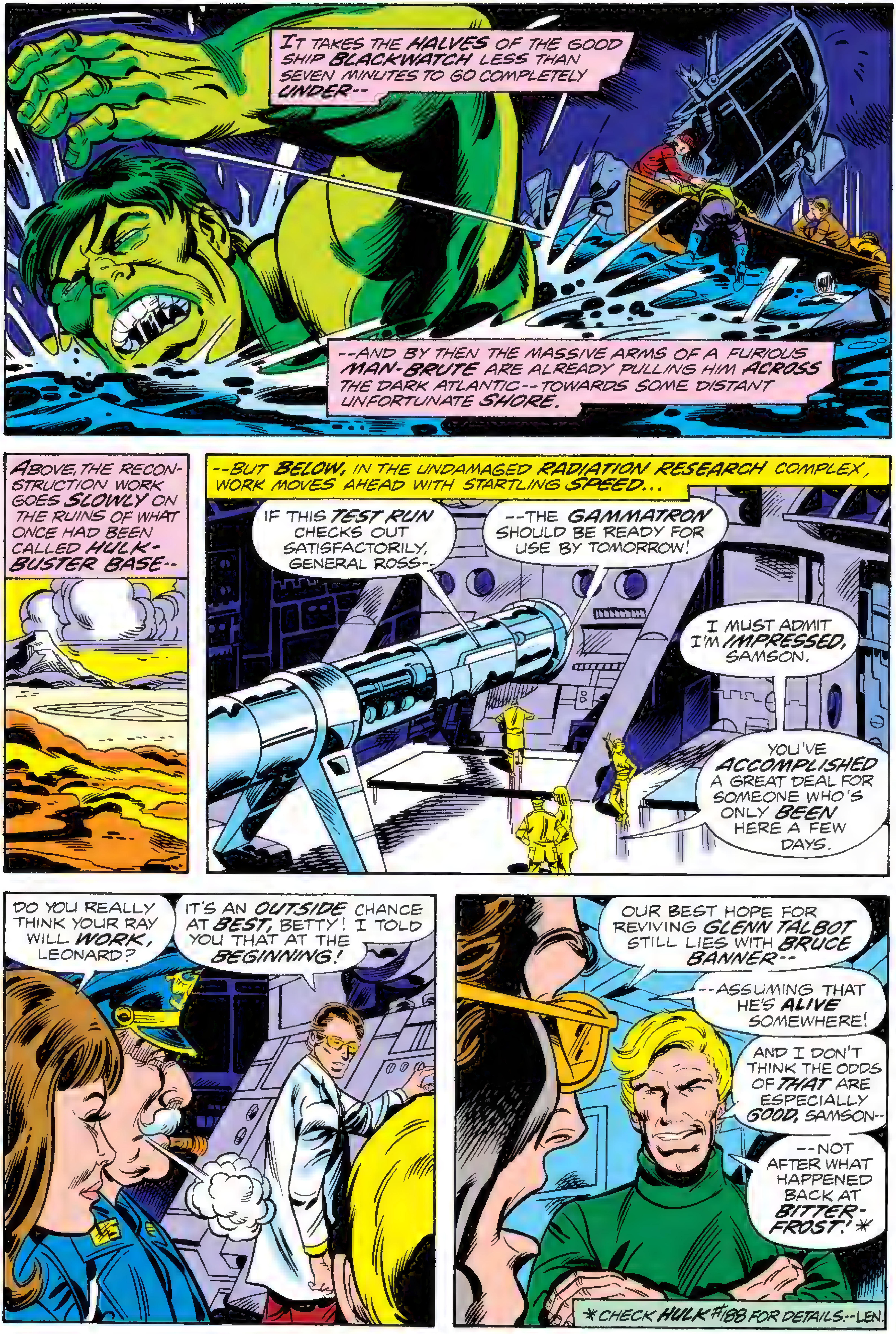

THE CHILL **BREEZE** COMING IN OFF THE ATLANTIC IS **DAMP,** THICK WITH THE PUNGENT SCENT OF **SALT**--
--BUT NOT NEARLY SO THICK AS THE SHROUD OF **MELANCHOLIA** THAT HANGS ABOUT THE SHOULDERS OF ONE **ROBERT BRUCE BANNER,** AS HE LEANS AGAINST THE FREIGHTER'S RUSTING RAILING--
--AND SEES HIS DARKEST **NIGHTMARE** MIRRORED IN THE CLOUDS!
BLACK WATCH
IT WAS **KIND** OF THE MacTAVISHES TO INVITE ME TO STAY ON*--BUT I JUST DON'T **BELONG** THERE! IN A WAY, THAT'S MY **PROBLEM**--
--I REALLY DON'T KNOW **WHERE** I BELONG!
WHO WAS IT THAT SAID--"**HOME** IS WHERE THE **HEART** IS"?
*GREENSKIN'S NEW-FOUND FRIENDS FROM LAST ISH. --LEN.

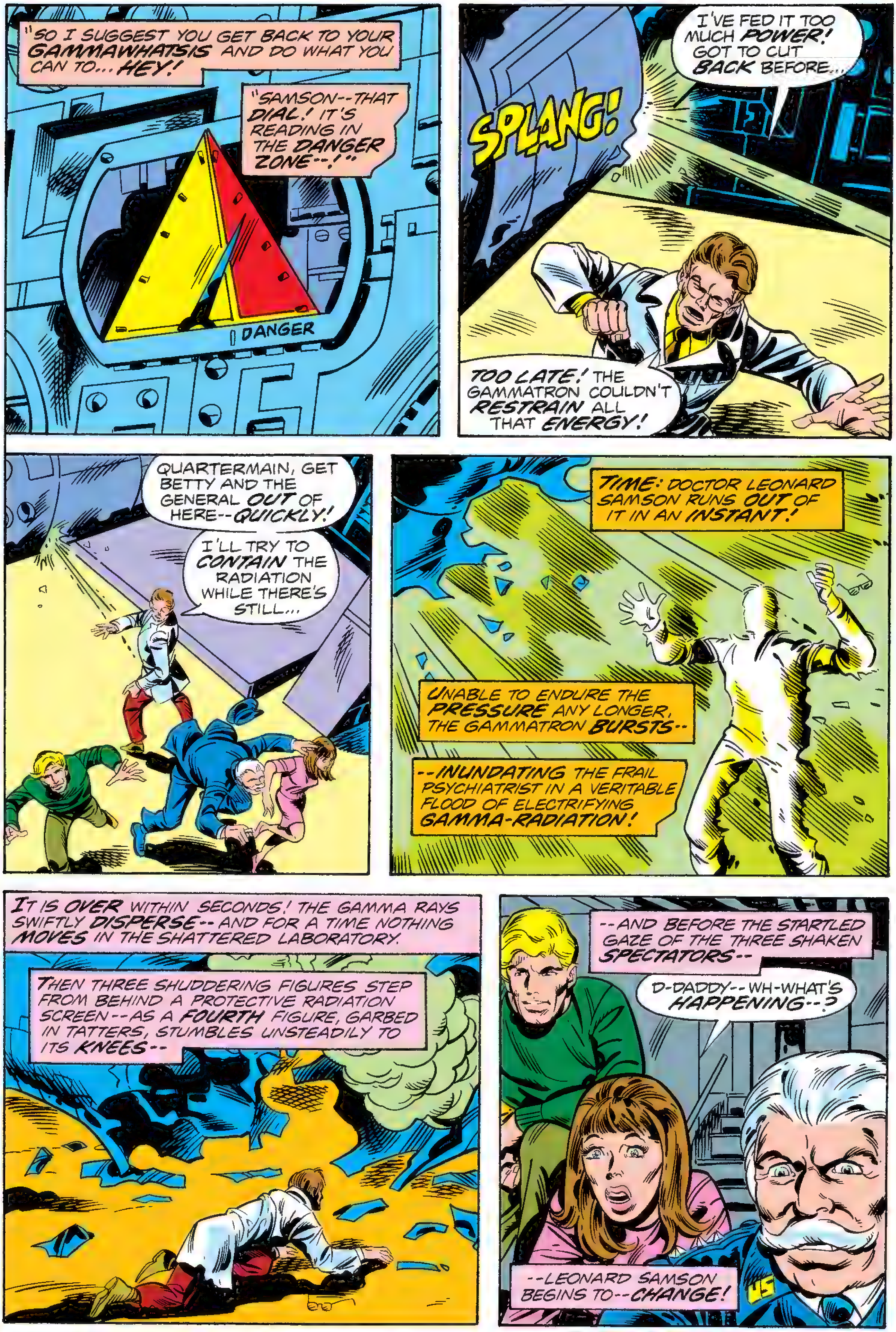

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' UP ON DECK?
YER S'POSED TA STAY IN YER BUNK AFTER DARK!
HUH? OH. SORRY, SAILOR. JUST CAME UP TO CATCH SOME FRESH AIR-- AND DO A LITTLE THINKING.
YOU DO ALL THE THINKIN' YA WANT, BUDDY-- BELOW DECKS! WE ONLY TOOK YA ABOARD ON THAT ONE CONDITION!
I TRULY AM SORRY, SAILOR. I'LL GO BELOW IN A MOMENT!
MAYBE YA DIDN'T GET THE POINT, BUSTER! YOU GO BELOW NOW--
--OR YER ARM IS GOIN' BELOW WITHOUT YA!
HEY-- LET GO! THERE'S NO NEED TO GET ROUGH!
I SAID I'D GO BELOW AND I...
EH?
NOW YOU'VE SUNK IT, MATE!
NOW YOU'VE REALLY SUNK IT!
THOSE MEN--! WH-WHAT ARE THEY DOING--?
"MY GOD! THEY'RE DUMPING RADIO-ACTIVE WASTES INTO THE SEA-- BREAKING INTER-NATIONAL LAW--!
DANGER RADIO ACTIVE
DANG RADIOACT
"THAT GARBAGE WILL POISON THE OCEAN!"
TOO BAD YA SEEN THAT, FELLA. THAT'S WHY WE WANTED YA TA STAY BELOW!
THE COMPANY THAT'S PAYIN' US TA DUMP THIS JUNK DON'T NEED THE BAD PUBLICITY THEY'LL GET IF YA BLAB ABOUT THIS!

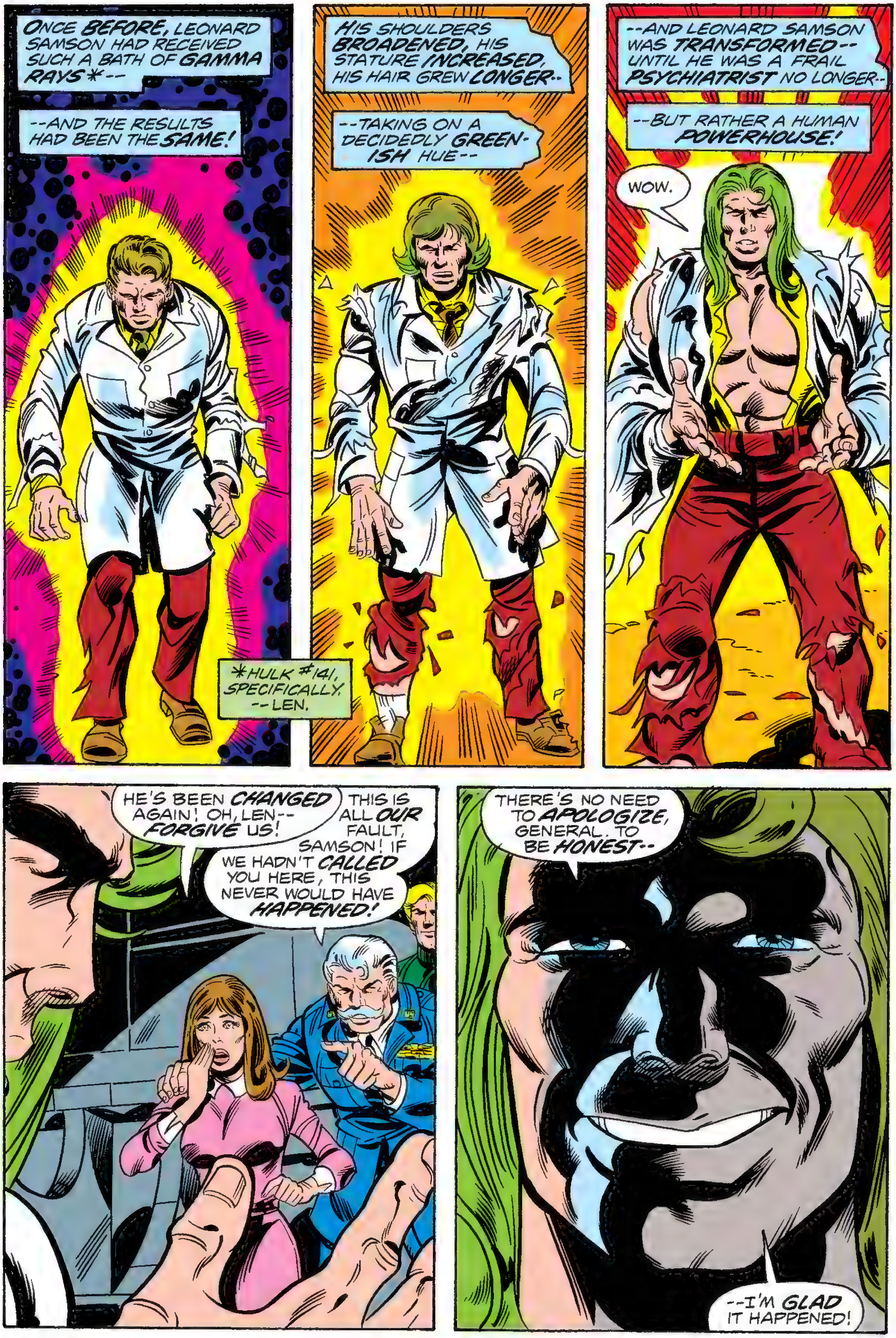

SO IT LOOKS LIKE YER JUST GONNA HAVE A LITTLE--ER--*ACCIDENT* AT SEA!
IF YA *KNOW* WHAT I MEAN!
TAKE THE LUBBER, MATES!
TAKE HIM!
NO--*DON'T*--! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *DOING!* YOU'LL...
BNOK!
UHHNN!
IT WAS ONLY A *GLANCING* BLOW--BUT IT MAKES NO *DIFFERENCE!*
IT'S STARTING MY HEAD *POUNDING*... MY PULSE *RACING*...
FOOLS! WHATEVER HAPPENS *NOW* IS YOUR OWN *FAULT!*
BRUCE BANNER WOULDN'T HAVE... *COULDN'T* HAVE DONE ANYTHING TO *HURT* YOU...
...BUT *HULK* WILL *SMASH!*
HULK WILL SMASH YOU ALL!

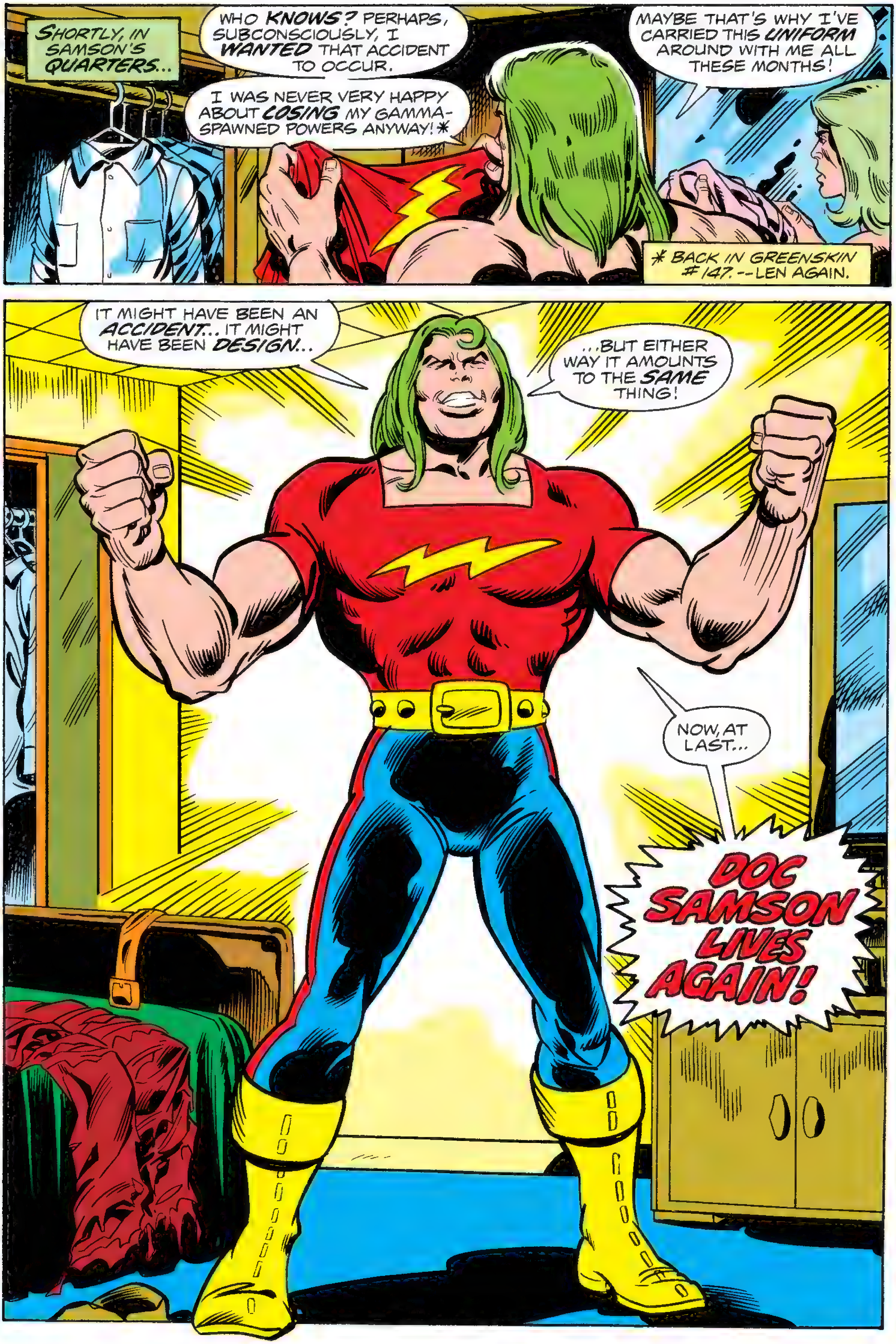

THE HULK--!?! I HEARD 'A THAT FREAK--
--BUT EVEN HE AIN'T STRONG ENOUGH TA TAKE ALL OF US!
BAH! WHEREVER HULK GOES, IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME!
PUNY HUMANS ATTACK HULK FOR NO REASON!
AND HULK IS TIRED OF IT!
SPOOM!
HULK IS TIRED OF BEING ATTACKED--TIRED OF BEING CONFUSED--!
SKRAK!
BLIMEY! THE BRUTE'S TEARIN' OUT THE WHOLE BULKHEAD!
WHERE IS HULK NOW?
HOW DID HULK GET ON PUNY BOAT?
WHUNCH!
TELL HULK, PUNY HUMANS--
--OR HULK WILL MAKE YOU SORRY!
THOOM!

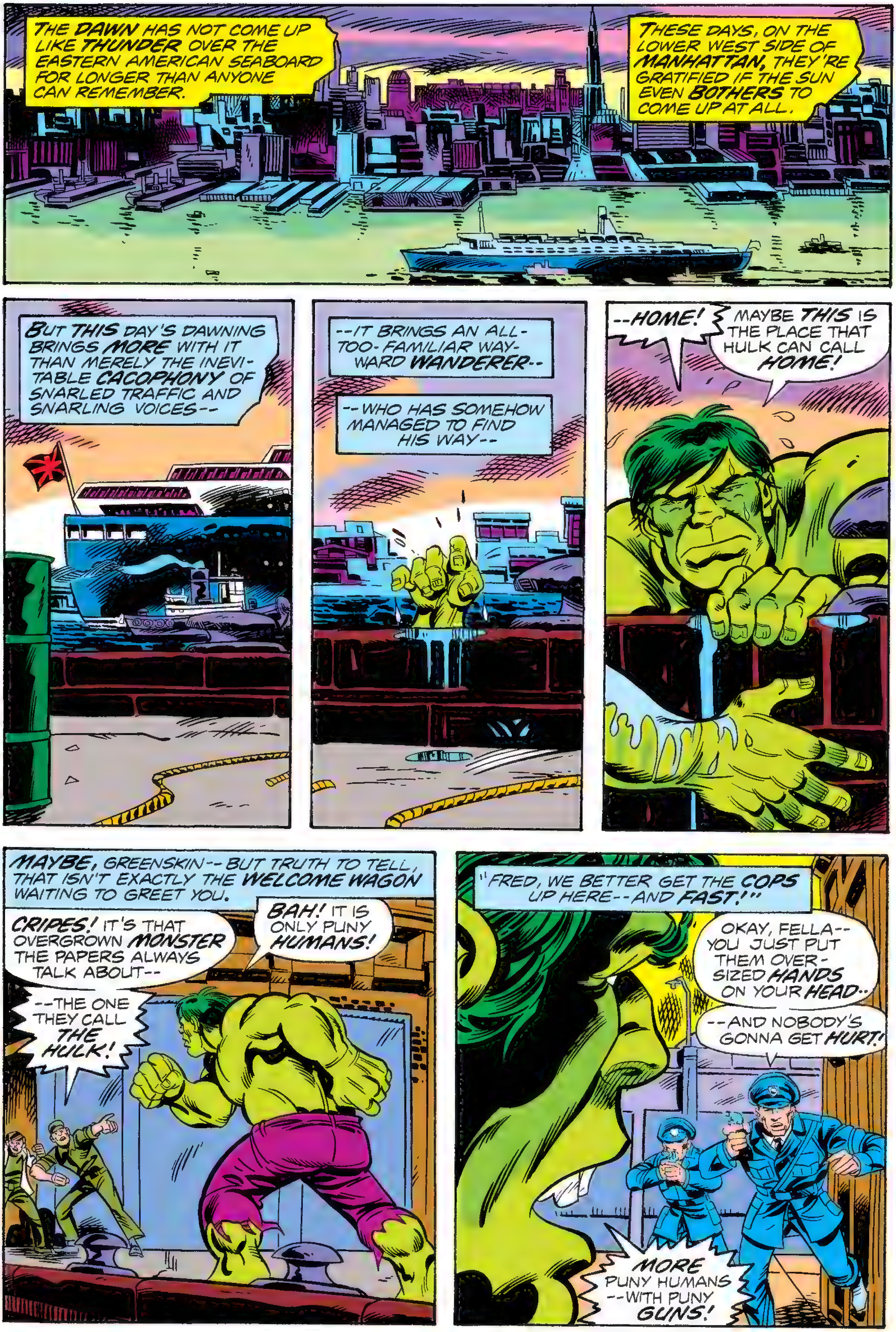

BAH! HUMANS DO NOT ANSWER HULK! HUMANS NEVER ANSWER HULK!
HUMANS THINK THEY CAN KEEP HULK ON WATER HULK HATES-- AND HULK WILL LET THEM!
RRUNK!
"BUT PUNY HUMANS ARE WRONG!"
THUUM!
TAKE HULK BACK TO LAND, PUNY HUMANS--
--OR HULK WILL TEAR YOUR PUNY BOAT APART!
DO YOU HEAR HULK, PUNY HUMANS?
DO YOU HEAR HULK??
SKRANG!
THAT, IT SEEMS, IS ONE QUESTION THAT WILL NEVER BE ANSWERED--
BUH-WHOOM!
--THOUGH THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS!

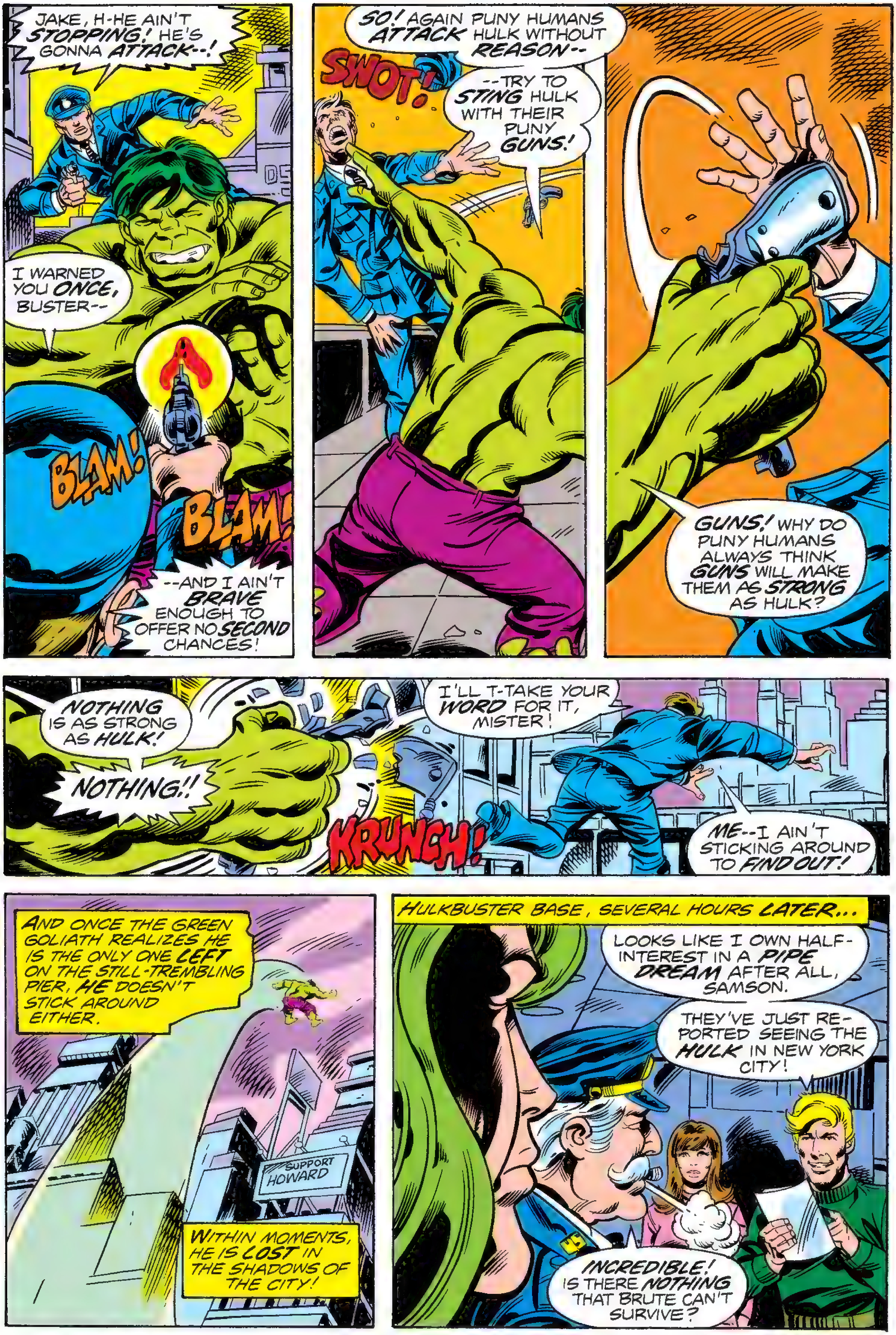

IT TAKES THE HALVES OF THE GOOD SHIP BLACKWATCH LESS THAN SEVEN MINUTES TO GO COMPLETELY UNDER--
--AND BY THEN THE MASSIVE ARMS OF A FURIOUS MAN-BRUTE ARE ALREADY PULLING HIM ACROSS THE DARK ATLANTIC--TOWARDS SOME DISTANT UNFORTUNATE SHORE.
ABOVE, THE RECONSTRUCTION WORK GOES SLOWLY ON THE RUINS OF WHAT ONCE HAD BEEN CALLED HULK-BUSTER BASE--
--BUT BELOW, IN THE UNDAMAGED RADIATION RESEARCH COMPLEX, WORK MOVES AHEAD WITH STARTLING SPEED...
IF THIS TEST RUN CHECKS OUT SATISFACTORILY, GENERAL ROSS--
--THE GAMMATRON SHOULD BE READY FOR USE BY TOMORROW!
I MUST ADMIT I'M IMPRESSED, SAMSON.
YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED A GREAT DEAL FOR SOMEONE WHO'S ONLY BEEN HERE A FEW DAYS.
DO YOU REALLY THINK YOUR RAY WILL WORK, LEONARD?
IT'S AN OUTSIDE CHANCE AT BEST, BETTY! I TOLD YOU THAT AT THE BEGINNING!
OUR BEST HOPE FOR REVIVING GLENN TALBOT STILL LIES WITH BRUCE BANNER--
--ASSUMING THAT HE'S ALIVE SOMEWHERE!
AND I DON'T THINK THE ODDS OF THAT ARE ESPECIALLY GOOD, SAMSON--
--NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED BACK AT BITTER-FROST!*
*CHECK HULK #188 FOR DETAILS.--LEN.

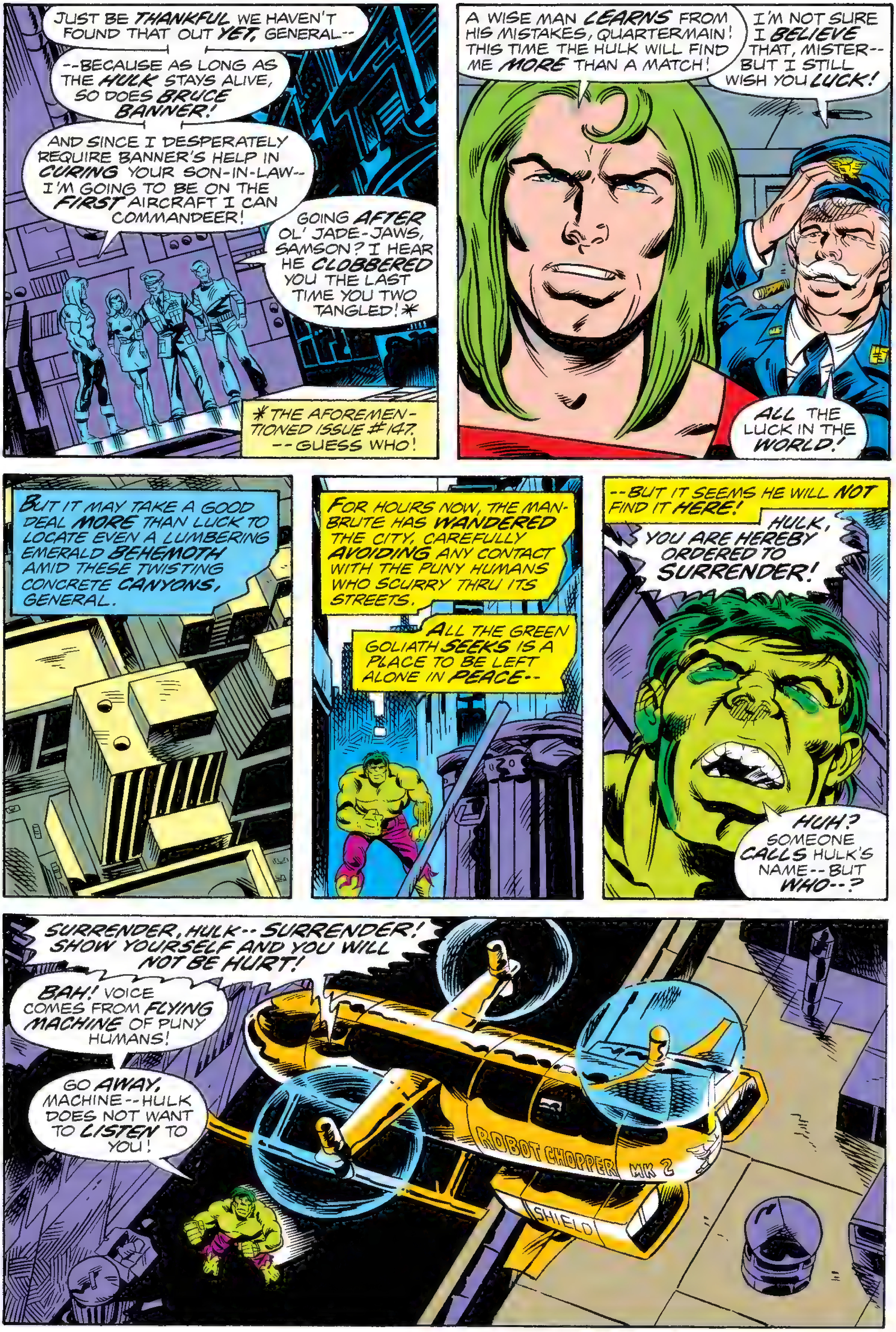

"SO I SUGGEST YOU GET BACK TO YOUR GAMMAWHATSIS AND DO WHAT YOU CAN TO... HEY!
"SAMSON--THAT DIAL! IT'S READING IN THE DANGER ZONE--!"
DANGER
I'VE FED IT TOO MUCH POWER! GOT TO CUT BACK BEFORE...
SPLANG!
TOO LATE! THE GAMMATRON COULDN'T RESTRAIN ALL THAT ENERGY!
QUARTERMAIN, GET BETTY AND THE GENERAL OUT OF HERE--QUICKLY!
I'LL TRY TO CONTAIN THE RADIATION WHILE THERE'S STILL...
TIME: DOCTOR LEONARD SAMSON RUNS OUT OF IT IN AN INSTANT!
UNABLE TO ENDURE THE PRESSURE ANY LONGER, THE GAMMATRON BURSTS--
--INUNDATING THE FRAIL PSYCHIATRIST IN A VERITABLE FLOOD OF ELECTRIFYING GAMMA-RADIATION!
IT IS OVER WITHIN SECONDS! THE GAMMA RAYS SWIFTLY DISPERSE--AND FOR A TIME NOTHING MOVES IN THE SHATTERED LABORATORY.
THEN THREE SHUDDERING FIGURES STEP FROM BEHIND A PROTECTIVE RADIATION SCREEN--AS A FOURTH FIGURE, GARBED IN TATTERS, STUMBLES UNSTEADILY TO ITS KNEES--
--AND BEFORE THE STARTLED GAZE OF THE THREE SHAKEN SPECTATORS--
D-DADDY--WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING--?
--LEONARD SAMSON BEGINS TO--CHANGE!

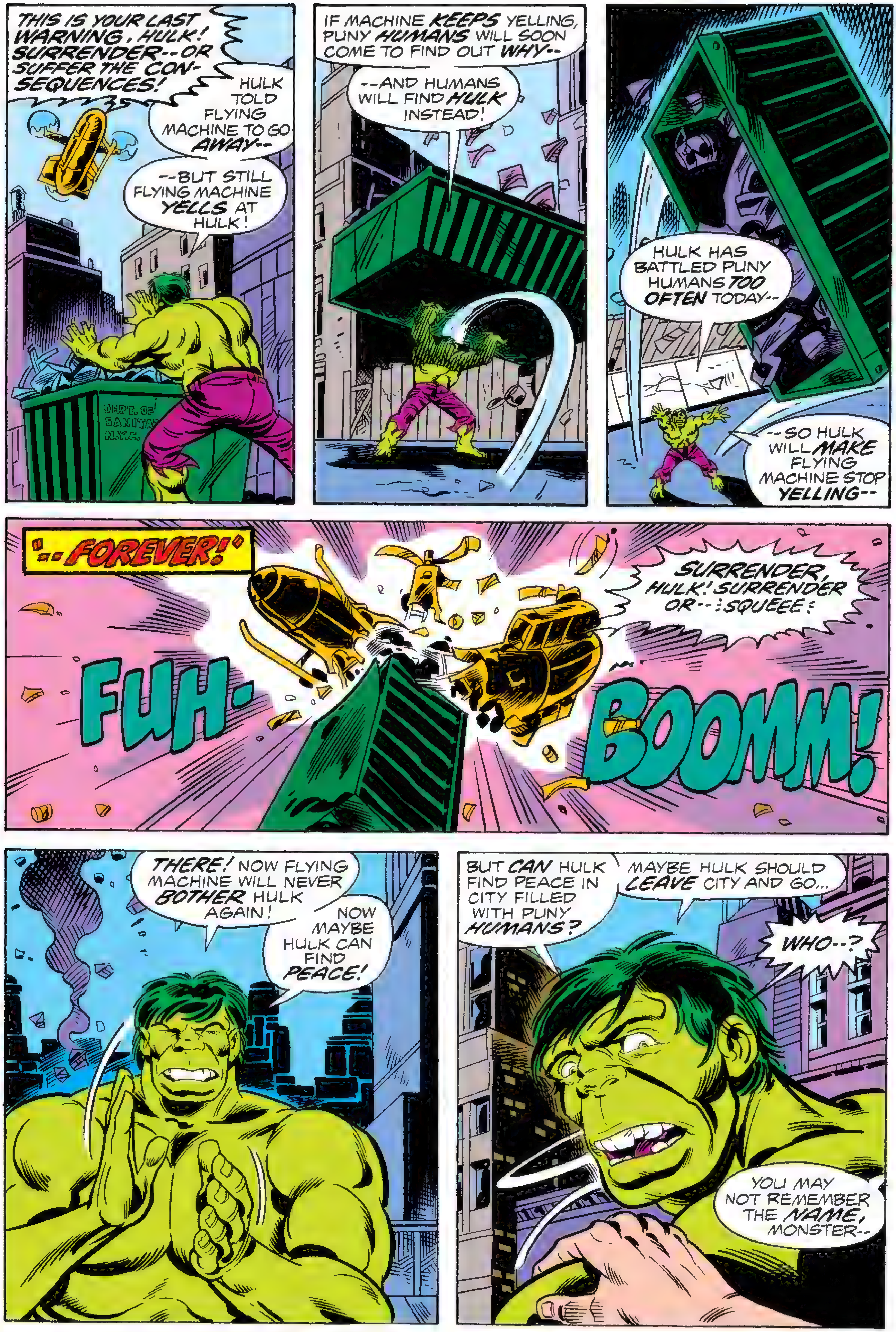

ONCE BEFORE, LEONARD SAMSON HAD RECEIVED SUCH A BATH OF GAMMA RAYS* --
--AND THE RESULTS HAD BEEN THE SAME!
*HULK #141, SPECIFICALLY. --LEN.
HIS SHOULDERS BROADENED, HIS STATURE INCREASED, HIS HAIR GREW LONGER--
--TAKING ON A DECIDEDLY GREEN-ISH HUE--
--AND LEONARD SAMSON WAS TRANSFORMED-- UNTIL HE WAS A FRAIL PSYCHIATRIST NO LONGER--
--BUT RATHER A HUMAN POWERHOUSE!
WOW.
HE'S BEEN CHANGED AGAIN! OH, LEN-- FORGIVE US!
THIS IS ALL OUR FAULT, SAMSON! IF WE HADN'T CALLED YOU HERE, THIS NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!
THERE'S NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE, GENERAL. TO BE HONEST--
--I'M GLAD IT HAPPENED!

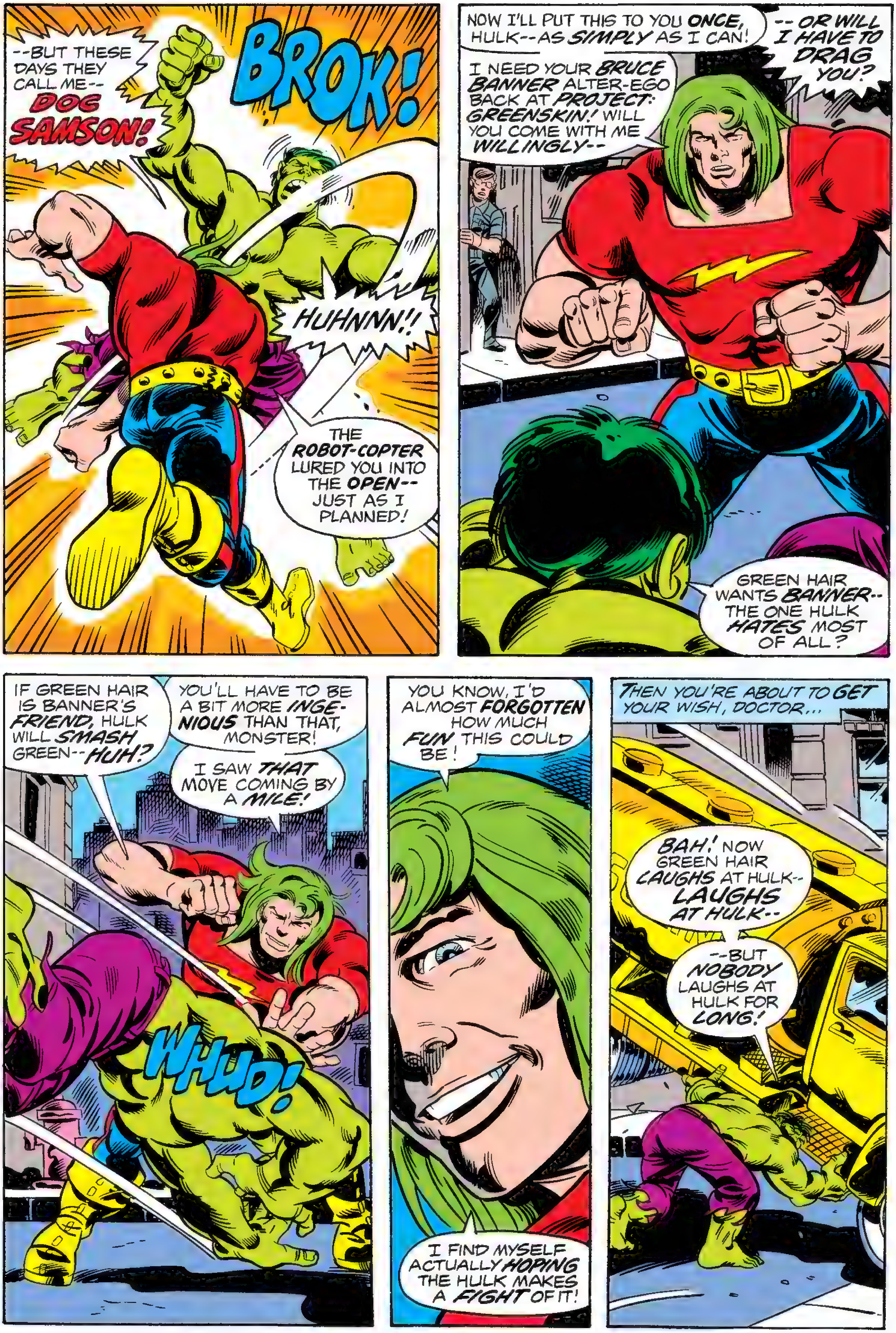

SHORTLY, IN SAMSON'S QUARTERS...
WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS, SUBCONSCIOUSLY, I WANTED THAT ACCIDENT TO OCCUR.
I WAS NEVER VERY HAPPY ABOUT LOSING MY GAMMA-SPAWNED POWERS ANYWAY! *
MAYBE THAT'S WHY I'VE CARRIED THIS UNIFORM AROUND WITH ME ALL THESE MONTHS!
* BACK IN GREENSKIN #147. --LEN AGAIN.
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT... IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DESIGN...
...BUT EITHER WAY IT AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING!
NOW, AT LAST...
DOC SAMSON LIVES AGAIN!

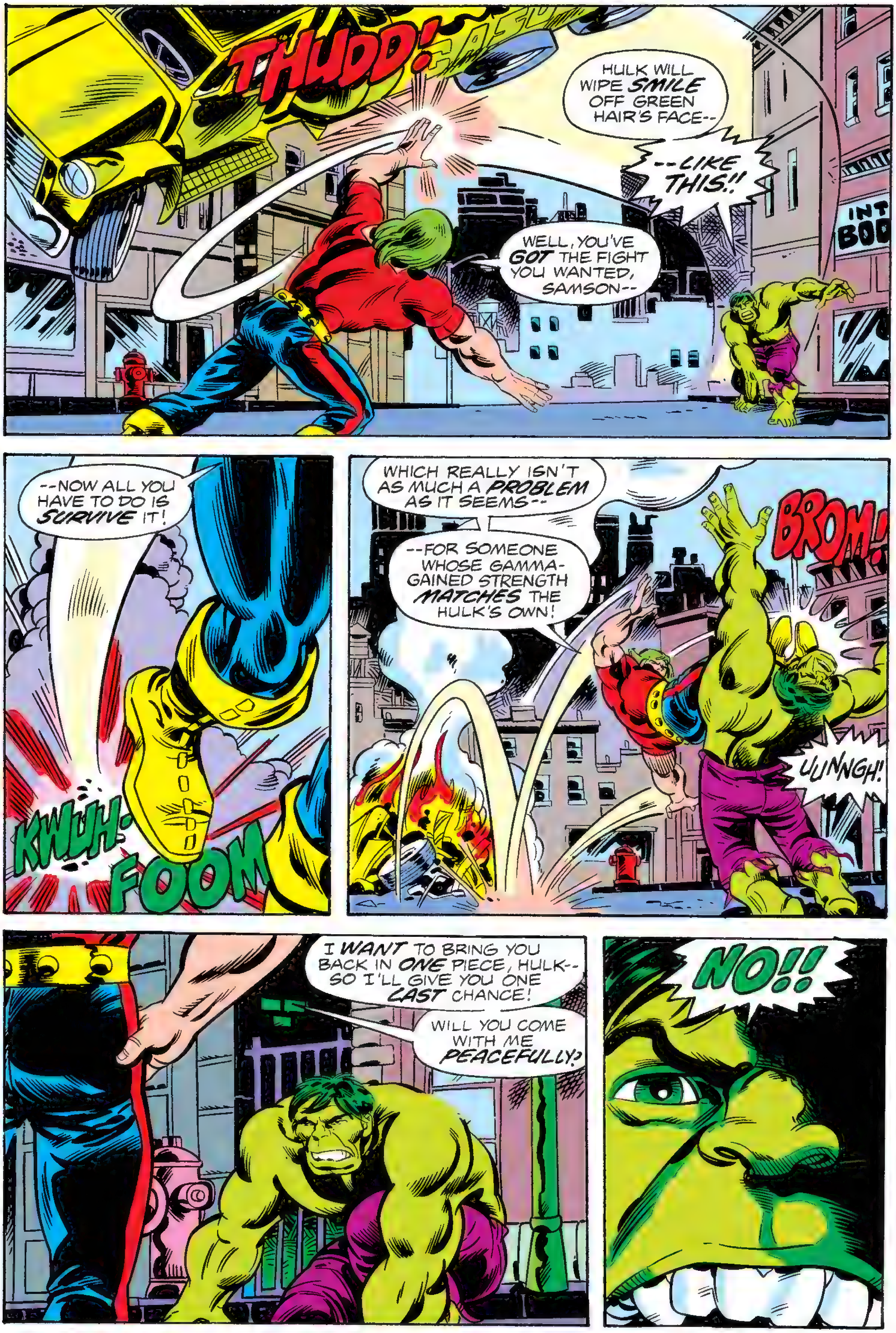

THE DAWN HAS NOT COME UP LIKE THUNDER OVER THE EASTERN AMERICAN SEABOARD FOR LONGER THAN ANYONE CAN REMEMBER.
THESE DAYS, ON THE LOWER WEST SIDE OF MANHATTAN, THEY'RE GRATIFIED IF THE SUN EVEN BOTHERS TO COME UP AT ALL.
BUT THIS DAY'S DAWNING BRINGS MORE WITH IT THAN MERELY THE INEVITABLE CACOPHONY OF SNARLED TRAFFIC AND SNARLING VOICES--
--IT BRINGS AN ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR WAYWARD WANDERER--
--WHO HAS SOMEHOW MANAGED TO FIND HIS WAY--
--HOME!
MAYBE THIS IS THE PLACE THAT HULK CAN CALL HOME!
MAYBE, GREENSKIN-- BUT TRUTH TO TELL, THAT ISN'T EXACTLY THE WELCOME WAGON WAITING TO GREET YOU.
CRIPES! IT'S THAT OVERGROWN MONSTER THE PAPERS ALWAYS TALK ABOUT--
--THE ONE THEY CALL THE HULK!
BAH! IT IS ONLY PUNY HUMANS!
"FRED, WE BETTER GET THE COPS UP HERE--AND FAST!"
OKAY, FELLA-- YOU JUST PUT THEM OVER-SIZED HANDS ON YOUR HEAD--
--AND NOBODY'S GONNA GET HURT!
MORE PUNY HUMANS --WITH PUNY GUNS!

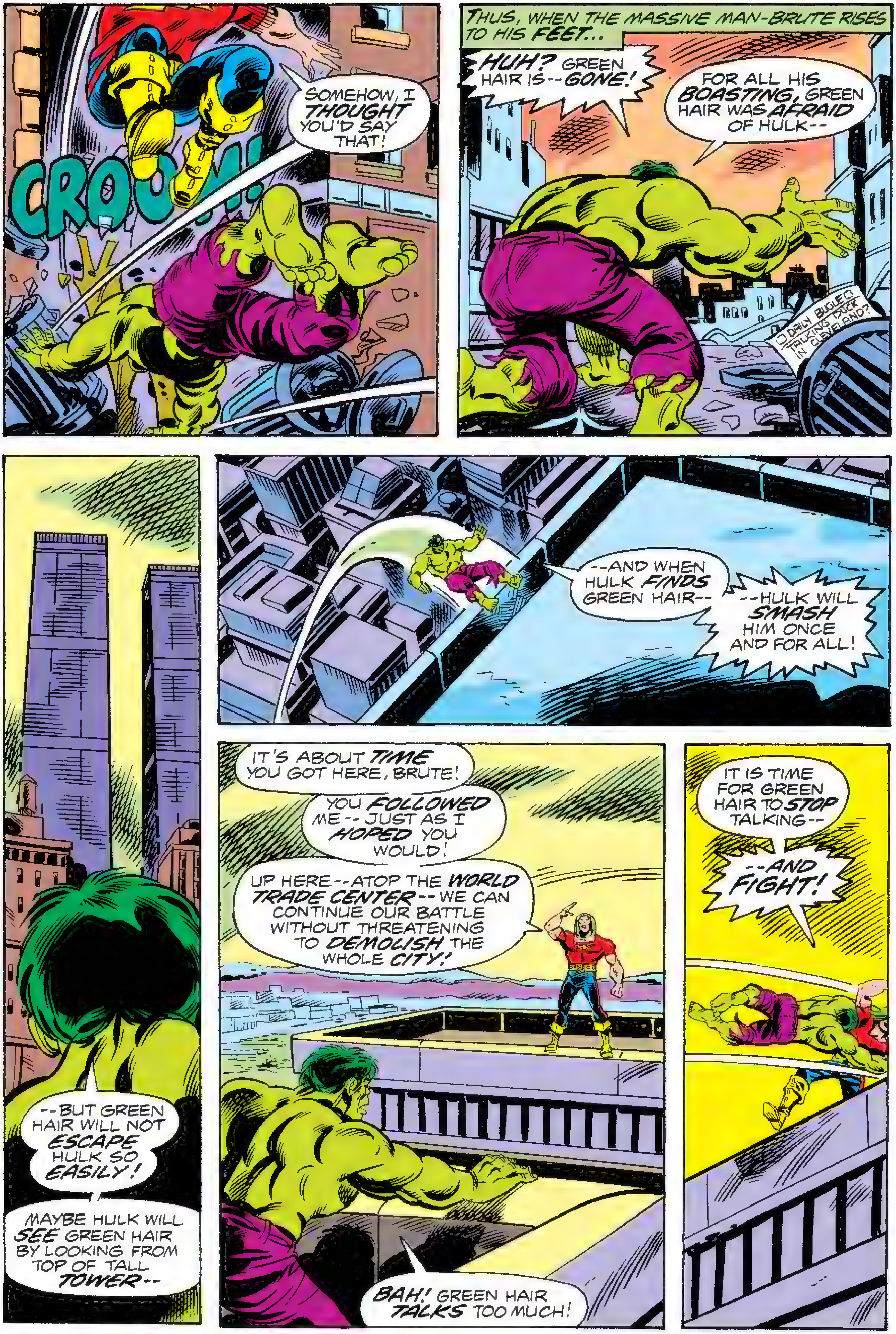

JAKE, H-HE AIN'T STOPPING! HE'S GONNA ATTACK--!
I WARNED YOU ONCE, BUSTER--
BLAM!
BLAM!
--AND I AIN'T BRAVE ENOUGH TO OFFER NO SECOND CHANCES!
SO! AGAIN PUNY HUMANS ATTACK HULK WITHOUT REASON--
SWOT!
--TRY TO STING HULK WITH THEIR PUNY GUNS!
GUNS! WHY DO PUNY HUMANS ALWAYS THINK GUNS WILL MAKE THEM AS STRONG AS HULK?
NOTHING IS AS STRONG AS HULK!
NOTHING!!
KRUNCH!
I'LL T-TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, MISTER!
ME--I AIN'T STICKING AROUND TO FIND OUT!
AND ONCE THE GREEN GOLIATH REALIZES HE IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT ON THE STILL-TREMBLING PIER, HE DOESN'T STICK AROUND EITHER.
SUPPORT HOWARD
WITHIN MOMENTS, HE IS LOST IN THE SHADOWS OF THE CITY!
HULKBUSTER BASE, SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
LOOKS LIKE I OWN HALF-INTEREST IN A PIPE DREAM AFTER ALL, SAMSON.
THEY'VE JUST REPORTED SEEING THE HULK IN NEW YORK CITY!
INCREDIBLE! IS THERE NOTHING THAT BRUTE CAN'T SURVIVE?

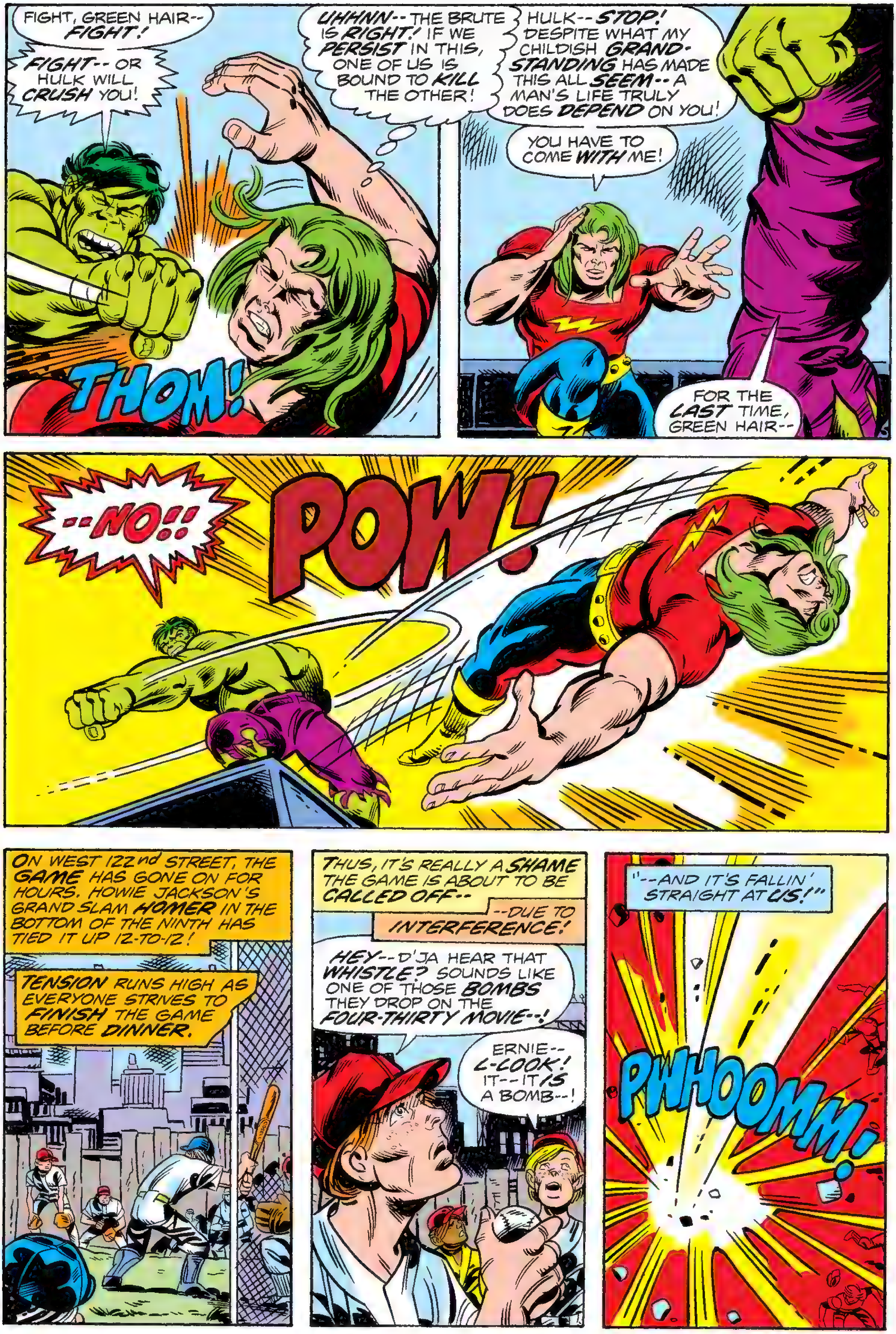

JUST BE THANKFUL WE HAVEN'T FOUND THAT OUT YET, GENERAL--
--BECAUSE AS LONG AS THE HULK STAYS ALIVE, SO DOES BRUCE BANNER!
AND SINCE I DESPERATELY REQUIRE BANNER'S HELP IN CURING YOUR SON-IN-LAW-- I'M GOING TO BE ON THE FIRST AIRCRAFT I CAN COMMANDEER!
GOING AFTER OL' JADE-JAWS, SAMSON? I HEAR HE CLOBBERED YOU THE LAST TIME YOU TWO TANGLED!*
*THE AFOREMENTIONED ISSUE #147. --GUESS WHO!
A WISE MAN LEARNS FROM HIS MISTAKES, QUARTERMAIN! THIS TIME THE HULK WILL FIND ME MORE THAN A MATCH!
I'M NOT SURE I BELIEVE THAT, MISTER-- BUT I STILL WISH YOU LUCK!
ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD!
BUT IT MAY TAKE A GOOD DEAL MORE THAN LUCK TO LOCATE EVEN A LUMBERING EMERALD BEHEMOTH AMID THESE TWISTING CONCRETE CANYONS, GENERAL.
FOR HOURS NOW, THE MAN-BRUTE HAS WANDERED THE CITY, CAREFULLY AVOIDING ANY CONTACT WITH THE PUNY HUMANS WHO SCURRY THRU ITS STREETS.
ALL THE GREEN GOLIATH SEEKS IS A PLACE TO BE LEFT ALONE IN PEACE--
--BUT IT SEEMS HE WILL NOT FIND IT HERE!
HULK, YOU ARE HEREBY ORDERED TO SURRENDER!
HUH? SOMEONE CALLS HULK'S NAME--BUT WHO--?
SURRENDER, HULK-- SURRENDER! SHOW YOURSELF AND YOU WILL NOT BE HURT!
BAH! VOICE COMES FROM FLYING MACHINE OF PUNY HUMANS!
GO AWAY, MACHINE--HULK DOES NOT WANT TO LISTEN TO YOU!
ROBOT CHOPPER MK 2
SHIELD

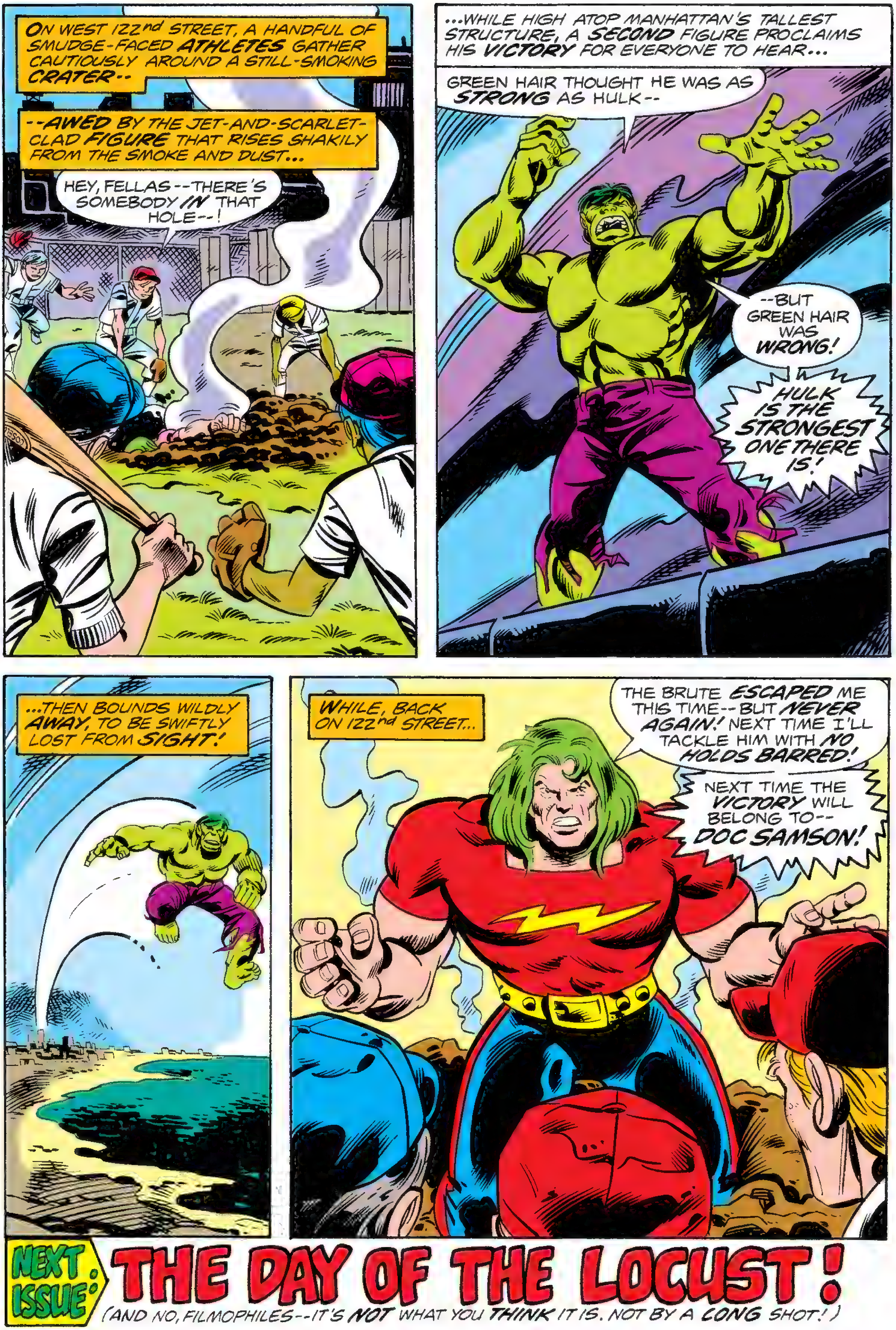

THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING, HULK! SURRENDER--OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!
HULK TOLD FLYING MACHINE TO GO AWAY--
--BUT STILL FLYING MACHINE YELLS AT HULK!
DEPT. OF SANITA N.Y.C.
IF MACHINE KEEPS YELLING, PUNY HUMANS WILL SOON COME TO FIND OUT WHY--
--AND HUMANS WILL FIND HULK INSTEAD!
HULK HAS BATTLED PUNY HUMANS TOO OFTEN TODAY--
--SO HULK WILL MAKE FLYING MACHINE STOP YELLING--
"--FOREVER!"
SURRENDER, HULK! SURRENDER OR-- :SQUEEE:
FUH-
BOOMM!
THERE! NOW FLYING MACHINE WILL NEVER BOTHER HULK AGAIN!
NOW MAYBE HULK CAN FIND PEACE!
BUT CAN HULK FIND PEACE IN CITY FILLED WITH PUNY HUMANS?
MAYBE HULK SHOULD LEAVE CITY AND GO...
WHO--?
YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER THE NAME, MONSTER--

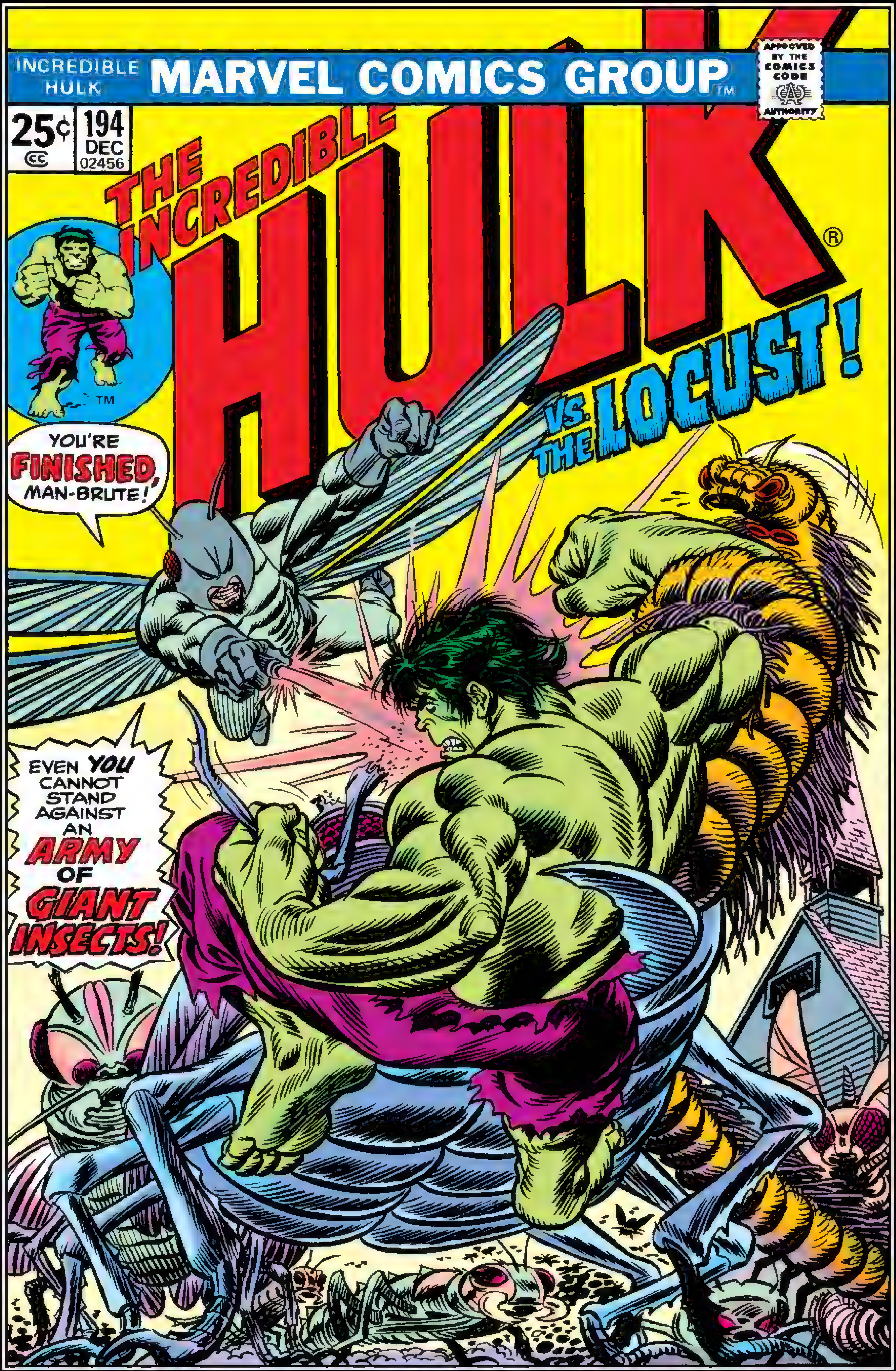

--BUT THESE DAYS THEY CALL ME-- DOC SAMSON!
BROK!
HUHNNN!!
THE ROBOT-COPTER LURED YOU INTO THE OPEN--JUST AS I PLANNED!
NOW I'LL PUT THIS TO YOU ONCE, HULK--AS SIMPLY AS I CAN!
I NEED YOUR BRUCE BANNER ALTER-EGO BACK AT PROJECT: GREENSKIN! WILL YOU COME WITH ME WILLINGLY--
--OR WILL I HAVE TO DRAG YOU?
GREEN HAIR WANTS BANNER--THE ONE HULK HATES MOST OF ALL?
IF GREEN HAIR IS BANNER'S FRIEND, HULK WILL SMASH GREEN--HUH?
YOU'LL HAVE TO BE A BIT MORE INGENIOUS THAN THAT, MONSTER!
I SAW THAT MOVE COMING BY A MILE!
WHUD!
YOU KNOW, I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW MUCH FUN THIS COULD BE!
I FIND MYSELF ACTUALLY HOPING THE HULK MAKES A FIGHT OF IT!
THEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET YOUR WISH, DOCTOR...
BAH! NOW GREEN HAIR LAUGHS AT HULK--LAUGHS AT HULK--
--BUT NOBODY LAUGHS AT HULK FOR LONG!


THUDD!
HULK WILL WIPE SMILE OFF GREEN HAIR'S FACE--
--LIKE THIS!!
WELL, YOU'VE GOT THE FIGHT YOU WANTED, SAMSON--
--NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SURVIVE IT!
KWUH-FOOM
WHICH REALLY ISN'T AS MUCH A PROBLEM AS IT SEEMS--
--FOR SOMEONE WHOSE GAMMA-GAINED STRENGTH MATCHES THE HULK'S OWN!
BROM!!
UUNNGH!
I WANT TO BRING YOU BACK IN ONE PIECE, HULK--SO I'LL GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE!
WILL YOU COME WITH ME PEACEFULLY?
NO!!


CROOM!
SOMEHOW, I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT!
THUS, WHEN THE MASSIVE MAN-BRUTE RISES TO HIS FEET...
HUH? GREEN HAIR IS--GONE!
FOR ALL HIS BOASTING, GREEN HAIR WAS AFRAID OF HULK--
DAILY BUGLE TALKING DUCK IN CLEVELAND?
--BUT GREEN HAIR WILL NOT ESCAPE HULK SO EASILY!
MAYBE HULK WILL SEE GREEN HAIR BY LOOKING FROM TOP OF TALL TOWER--
--AND WHEN HULK FINDS GREEN HAIR--
--HULK WILL SMASH HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE, BRUTE!
YOU FOLLOWED ME -- JUST AS I HOPED YOU WOULD!
UP HERE--ATOP THE WORLD TRADE CENTER--WE CAN CONTINUE OUR BATTLE WITHOUT THREATENING TO DEMOLISH THE WHOLE CITY!
BAH! GREEN HAIR TALKS TOO MUCH!
IT IS TIME FOR GREEN HAIR TO STOP TALKING--
--AND FIGHT!


FIGHT, GREEN HAIR-- FIGHT!
FIGHT-- OR HULK WILL CRUSH YOU!
UHHNN-- THE BRUTE IS RIGHT! IF WE PERSIST IN THIS, ONE OF US IS BOUND TO KILL THE OTHER!
THOM!
HULK-- STOP! DESPITE WHAT MY CHILDISH GRAND-STANDING HAS MADE THIS ALL SEEM-- A MAN'S LIFE TRULY DOES DEPEND ON YOU!
YOU HAVE TO COME WITH ME!
FOR THE LAST TIME, GREEN HAIR--
--NO!!
POW!
ON WEST 122nd STREET, THE GAME HAS GONE ON FOR HOURS. HOWIE JACKSON'S GRAND SLAM HOMER IN THE BOTTOM OF THE NINTH HAS TIED IT UP 12-TO-12!
TENSION RUNS HIGH AS EVERYONE STRIVES TO FINISH THE GAME BEFORE DINNER.
THUS, IT'S REALLY A SHAME THE GAME IS ABOUT TO BE CALLED OFF--
--DUE TO INTERFERENCE!
HEY-- D'JA HEAR THAT WHISTLE? SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THOSE BOMBS THEY DROP ON THE FOUR-THIRTY MOVIE--!
ERNIE-- L-LOOK! IT-- IT IS A BOMB--!
"--AND IT'S FALLIN' STRAIGHT AT US!"
PWHOOMM!


ON WEST 122nd STREET, A HANDFUL OF SMUDGE-FACED ATHLETES GATHER CAUTIOUSLY AROUND A STILL-SMOKING CRATER--
--AWED BY THE JET-AND-SCARLET-CLAD FIGURE THAT RISES SHAKILY FROM THE SMOKE AND DUST...
HEY, FELLAS--THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THAT HOLE--!
...WHILE HIGH ATOP MANHATTAN'S TALLEST STRUCTURE, A SECOND FIGURE PROCLAIMS HIS VICTORY FOR EVERYONE TO HEAR...
GREEN HAIR THOUGHT HE WAS AS STRONG AS HULK--
--BUT GREEN HAIR WAS WRONG!
HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!
...THEN BOUNDS WILDLY AWAY, TO BE SWIFTLY LOST FROM SIGHT!
WHILE, BACK ON 122nd STREET...
THE BRUTE ESCAPED ME THIS TIME--BUT NEVER AGAIN! NEXT TIME I'LL TACKLE HIM WITH NO HOLDS BARRED!
NEXT TIME THE VICTORY WILL BELONG TO-- DOC SAMSON!
NEXT ISSUE:
THE DAY OF THE LOCUST!
(AND NO, FILMOPHILES--IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK IT IS. NOT BY A LONG SHOT!)

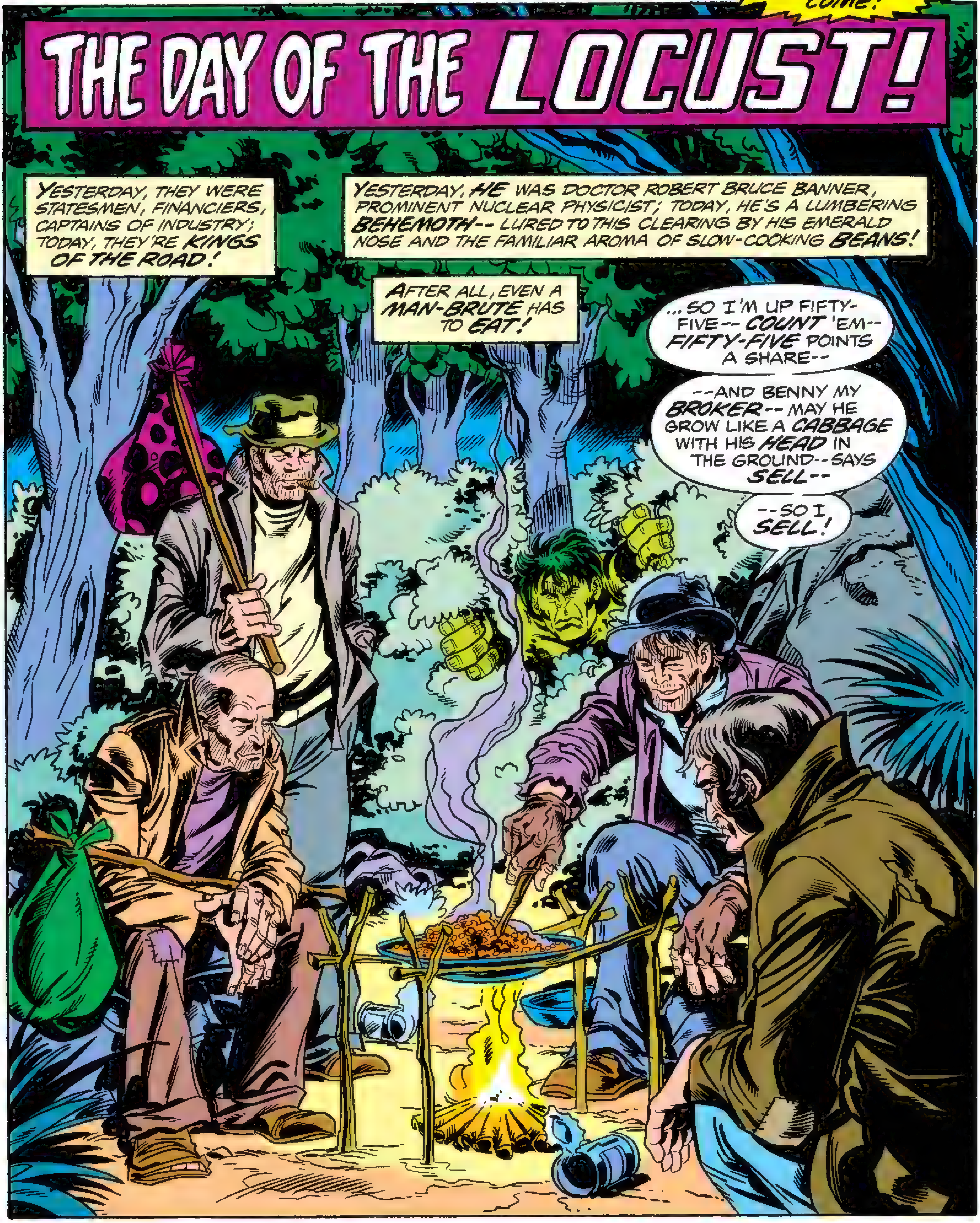

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
194 DEC 02456
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
VS. THE LOCUST!
YOU'RE FINISHED, MAN-BRUTE!
EVEN YOU CANNOT STAND AGAINST AN ARMY OF GIANT INSECTS!

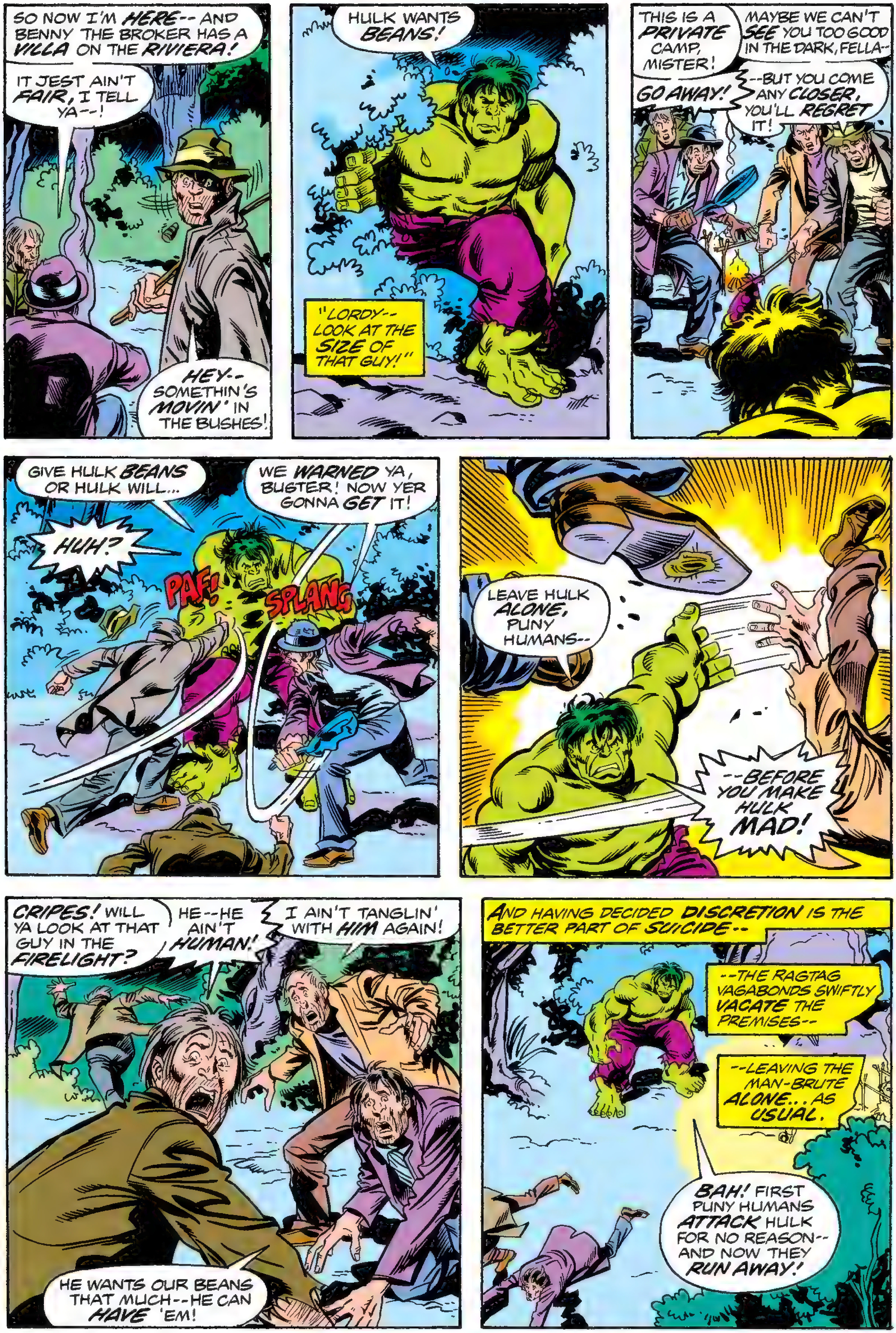
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE INCREDIBLE HULK!** ™

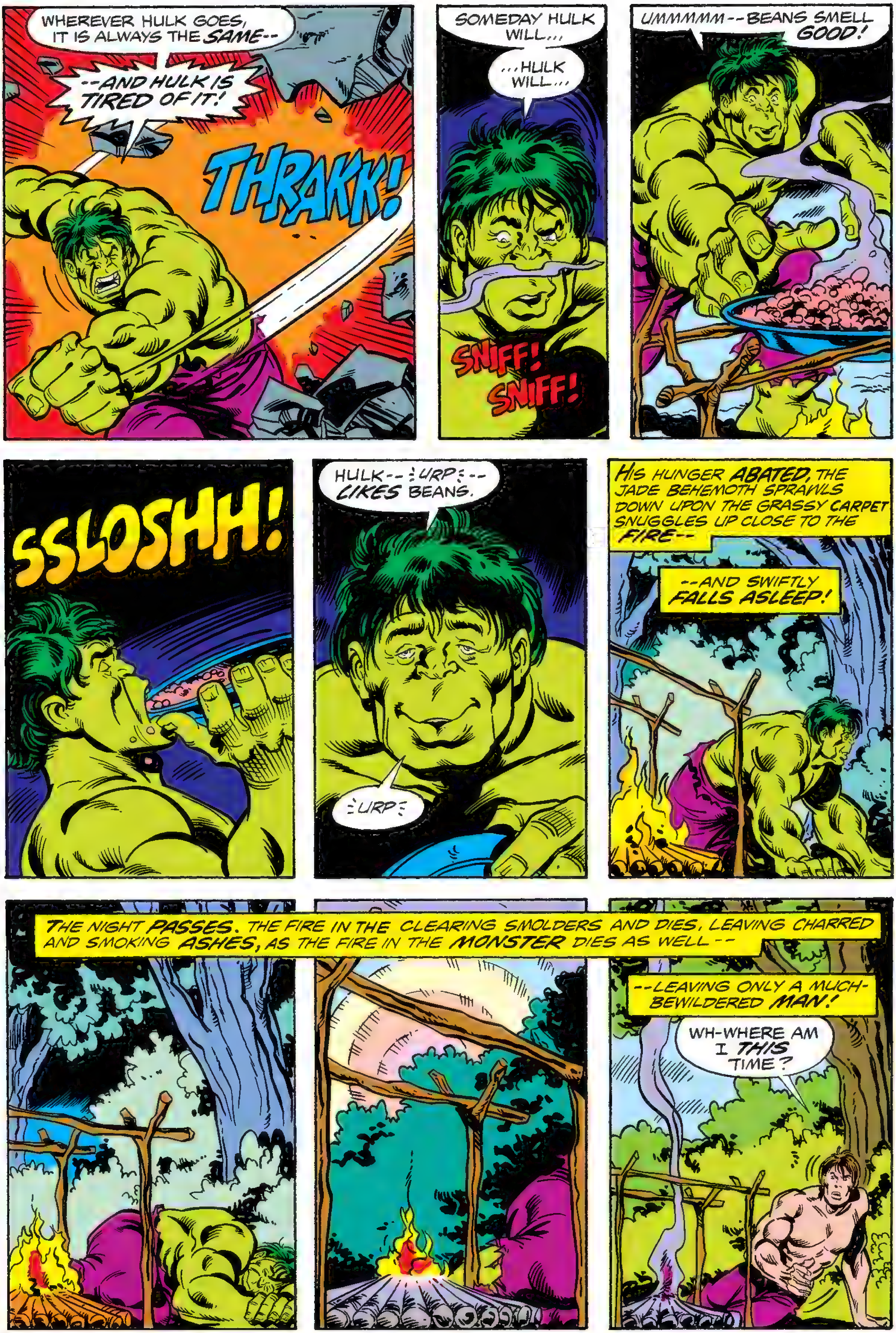
LEN WEIN WRITER/EDITOR * JOE STATON EMBELLISHER * GLYNIS WEIN COLORIST * JOHN COSTANZA LETTERER * WARMLY WELCOME ABOARD OUR PAL SAL BUSCEMA ILLUSTRATOR

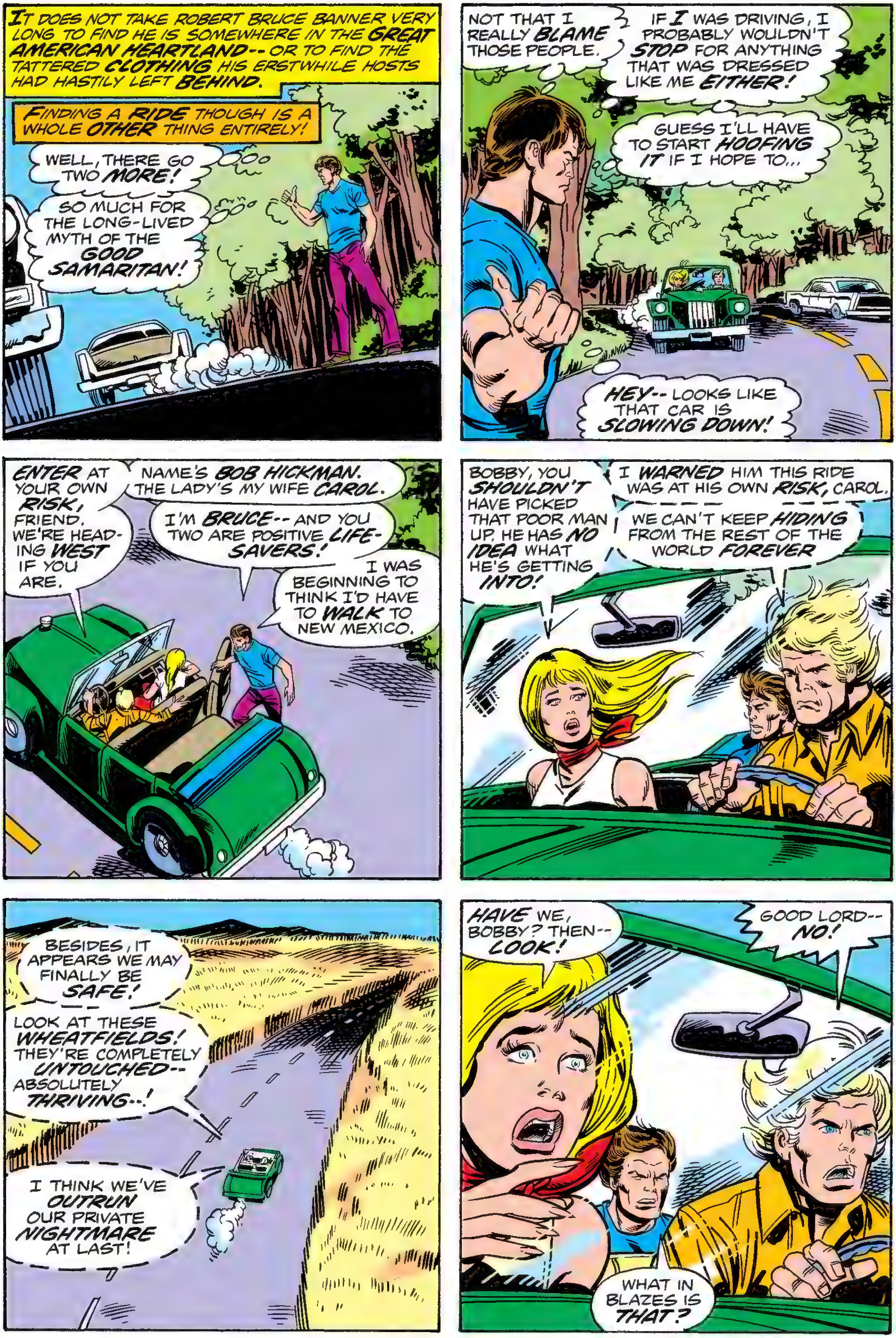
IN THE WORDS OF THE BARD, EFFENDI -- THE BEST IS YET TO COME!

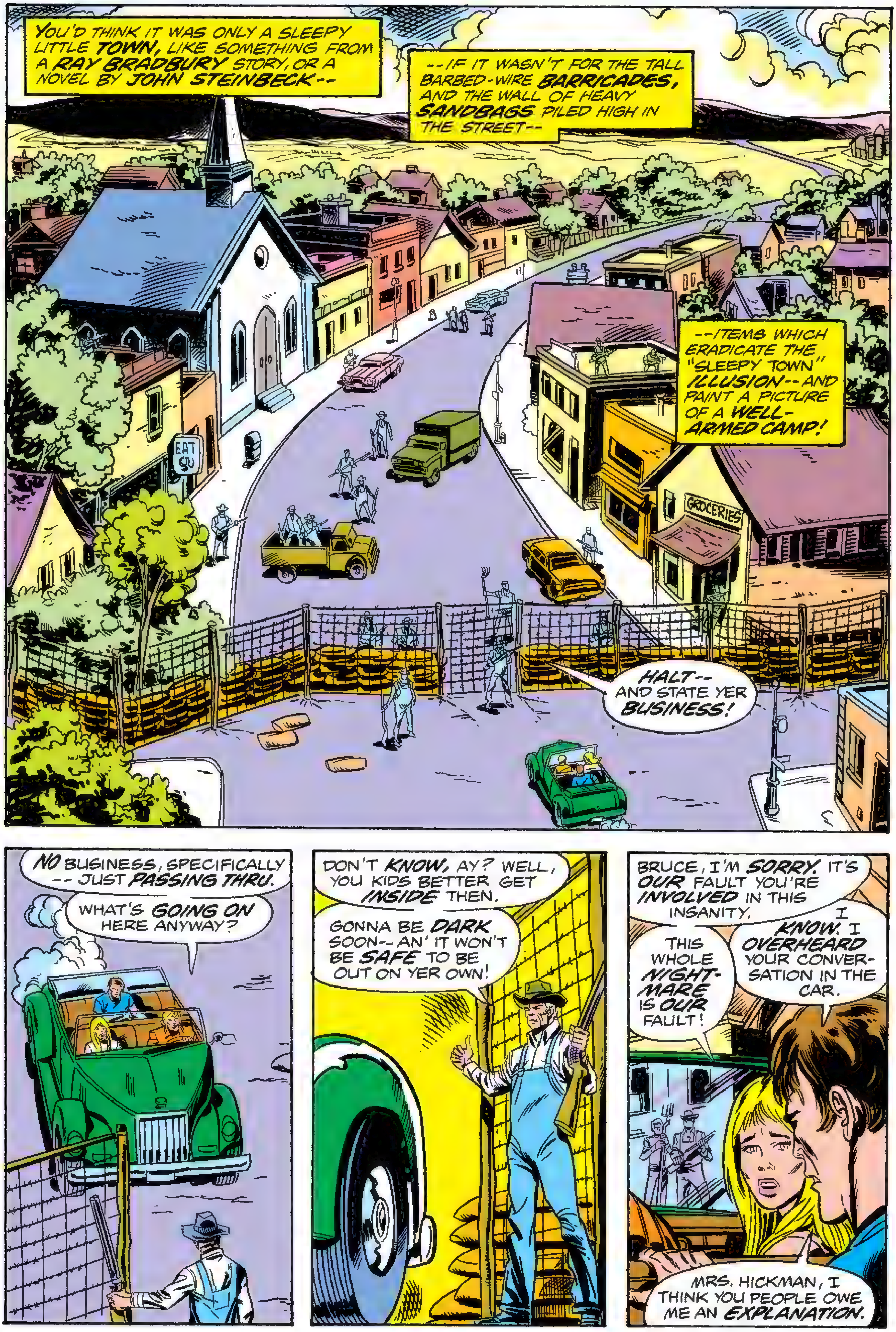
THE DAY OF THE LOCUST!

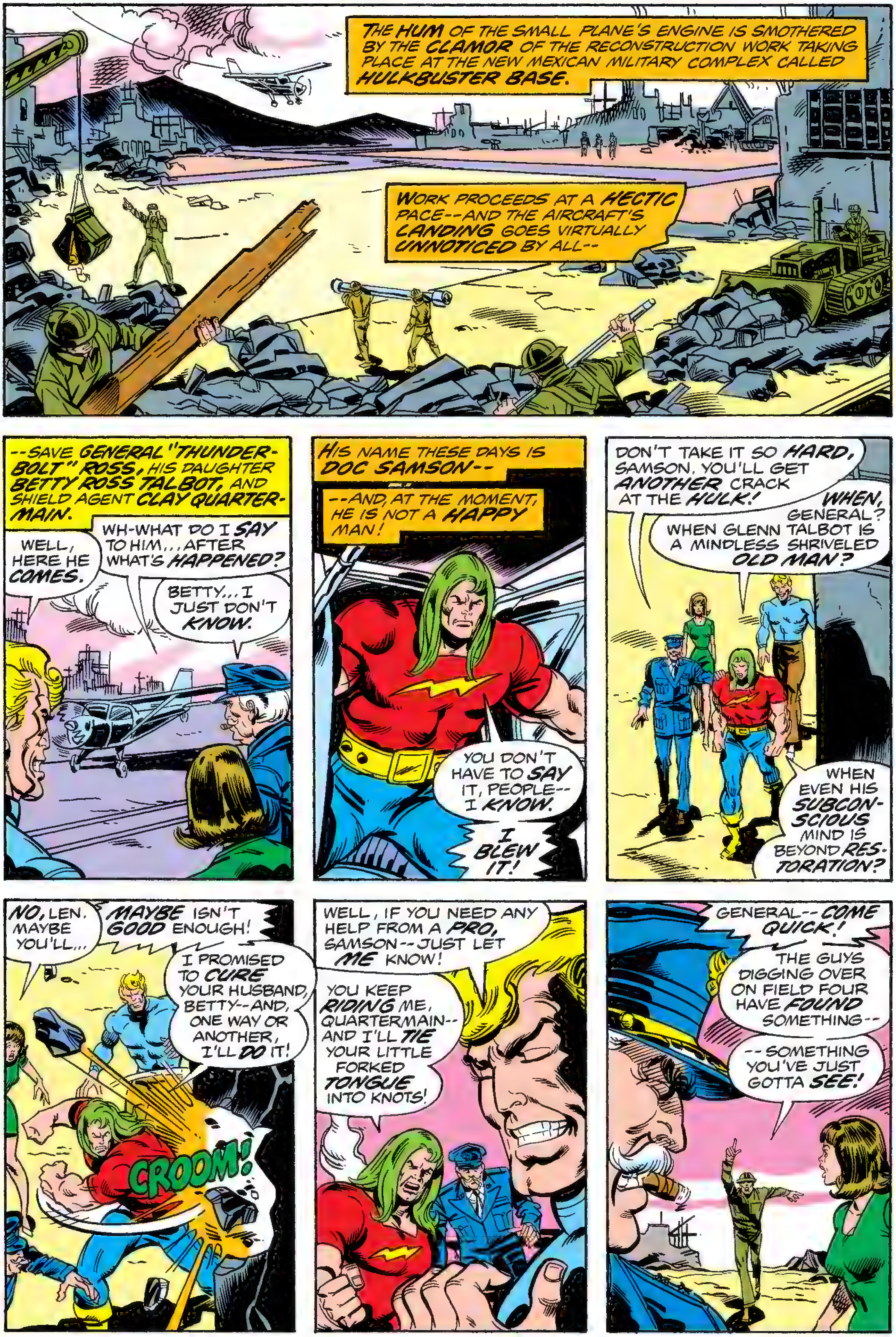

YESTERDAY, THEY WERE STATESMEN, FINANCIERS, CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY; TODAY, THEY'RE KINGS OF THE ROAD!
YESTERDAY, HE WAS DOCTOR ROBERT BRUCE BANNER, PROMINENT NUCLEAR PHYSICIST; TODAY, HE'S A LUMBERING BEHEMOTH -- LURED TO THIS CLEARING BY HIS EMERALD NOSE AND THE FAMILIAR AROMA OF SLOW-COOKING BEANS!
AFTER ALL, EVEN A MAN-BRUTE HAS TO EAT!
...SO I'M UP FIFTY-FIVE -- COUNT 'EM -- FIFTY-FIVE POINTS A SHARE --
-- AND BENNY MY BROKER -- MAY HE GROW LIKE A CABBAGE WITH HIS HEAD IN THE GROUND -- SAYS SELL --
-- SO I SELL!

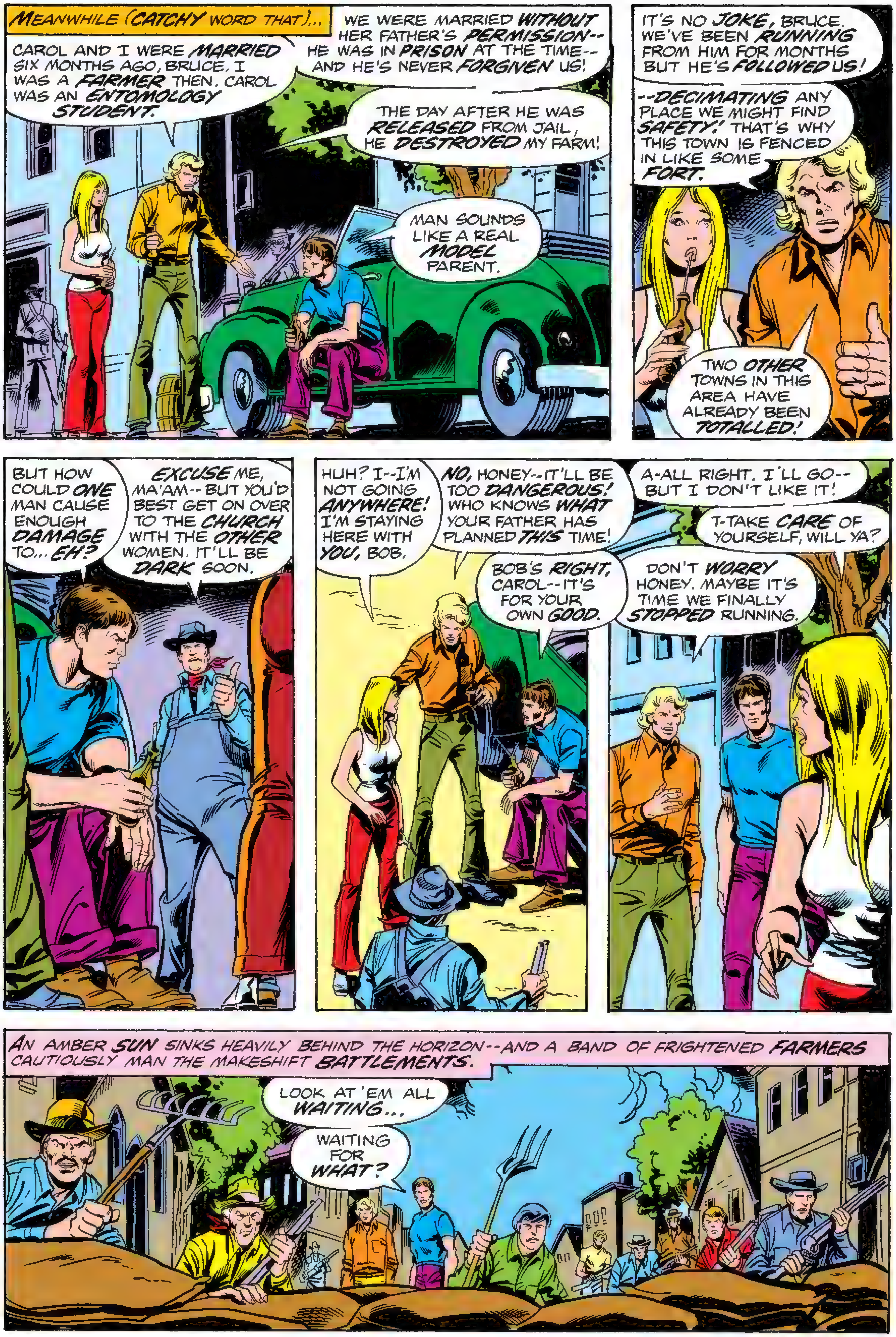

SO NOW I'M HERE-- AND BENNY THE BROKER HAS A VILLA ON THE RIVIERA!
IT JEST AIN'T FAIR, I TELL YA--!
HEY-- SOMETHIN'S MOVIN' IN THE BUSHES!
HULK WANTS BEANS!
"LORDY-- LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT GUY!"
THIS IS A PRIVATE CAMP, MISTER!
GO AWAY!
MAYBE WE CAN'T SEE YOU TOO GOOD IN THE DARK, FELLA--
--BUT YOU COME ANY CLOSER, YOU'LL REGRET IT!
GIVE HULK BEANS OR HULK WILL...
HUH?
WE WARNED YA, BUSTER! NOW YER GONNA GET IT!
PAF!
SPLANG
LEAVE HULK ALONE, PUNY HUMANS--
--BEFORE YOU MAKE HULK MAD!
CRIPES! WILL YA LOOK AT THAT GUY IN THE FIRELIGHT?
HE--HE AIN'T HUMAN!
I AIN'T TANGLIN' WITH HIM AGAIN!
HE WANTS OUR BEANS THAT MUCH--HE CAN HAVE 'EM!
AND HAVING DECIDED DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF SUICIDE--
--THE RAGTAG VAGABONDS SWIFTLY VACATE THE PREMISES--
--LEAVING THE MAN-BRUTE ALONE... AS USUAL.
BAH! FIRST PUNY HUMANS ATTACK HULK FOR NO REASON-- AND NOW THEY RUN AWAY!

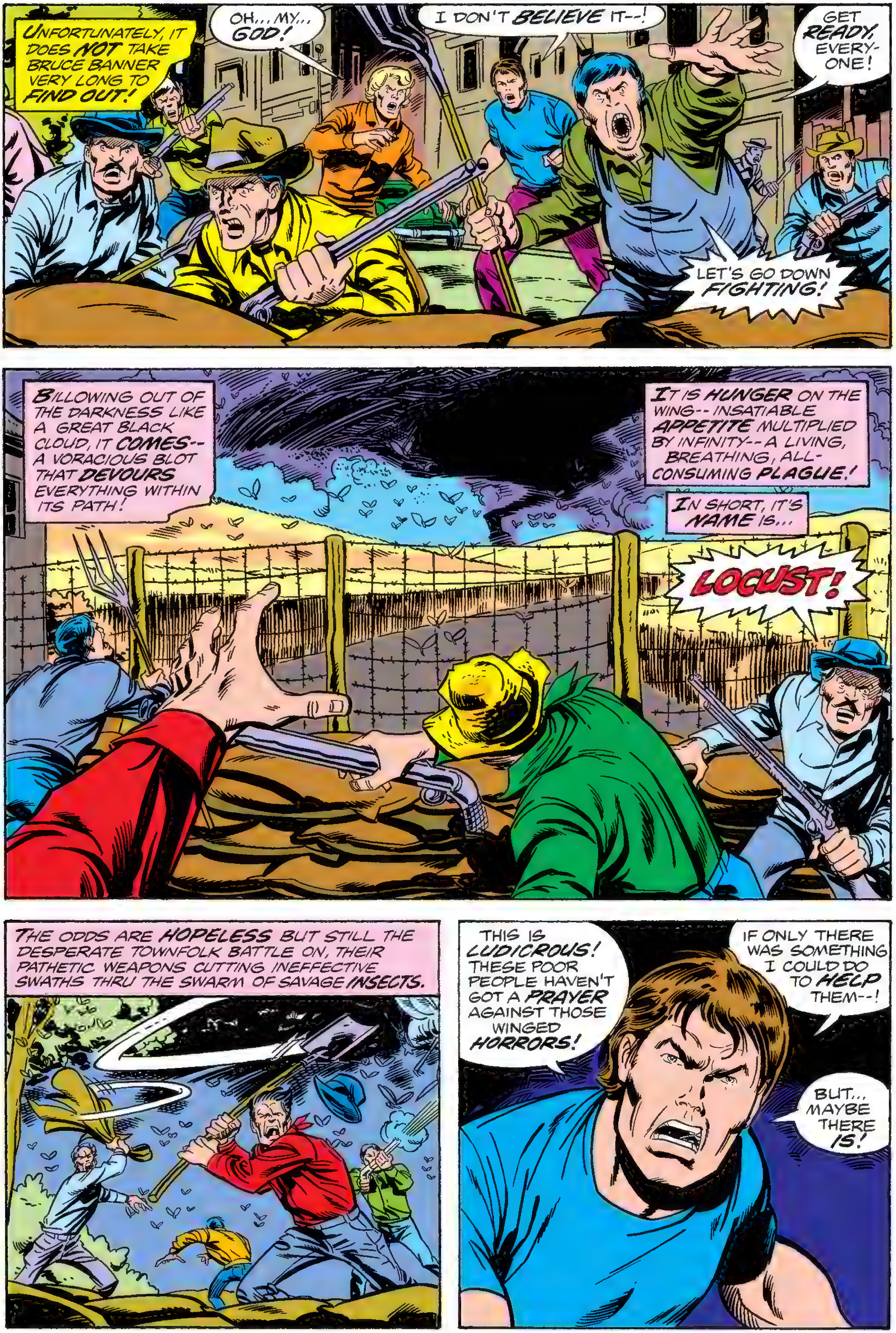

WHEREVER HULK GOES, IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME--
--AND HULK IS TIRED OF IT!
THRAKK!
SOMEDAY HULK WILL...
...HULK WILL...
SNIFF! SNIFF!
UMMMMM--BEANS SMELL GOOD!
SSLOSHH!
HULK--:URP:--LIKES BEANS.
:URP:
HIS HUNGER ABATED, THE JADE BEHEMOTH SPRAWLS DOWN UPON THE GRASSY CARPET SNUGGLES UP CLOSE TO THE FIRE--
--AND SWIFTLY FALLS ASLEEP!
THE NIGHT PASSES. THE FIRE IN THE CLEARING SMOLDERS AND DIES, LEAVING CHARRED AND SMOKING ASHES, AS THE FIRE IN THE MONSTER DIES AS WELL--
--LEAVING ONLY A MUCH-BEWILDERED MAN!
WH-WHERE AM I THIS TIME?

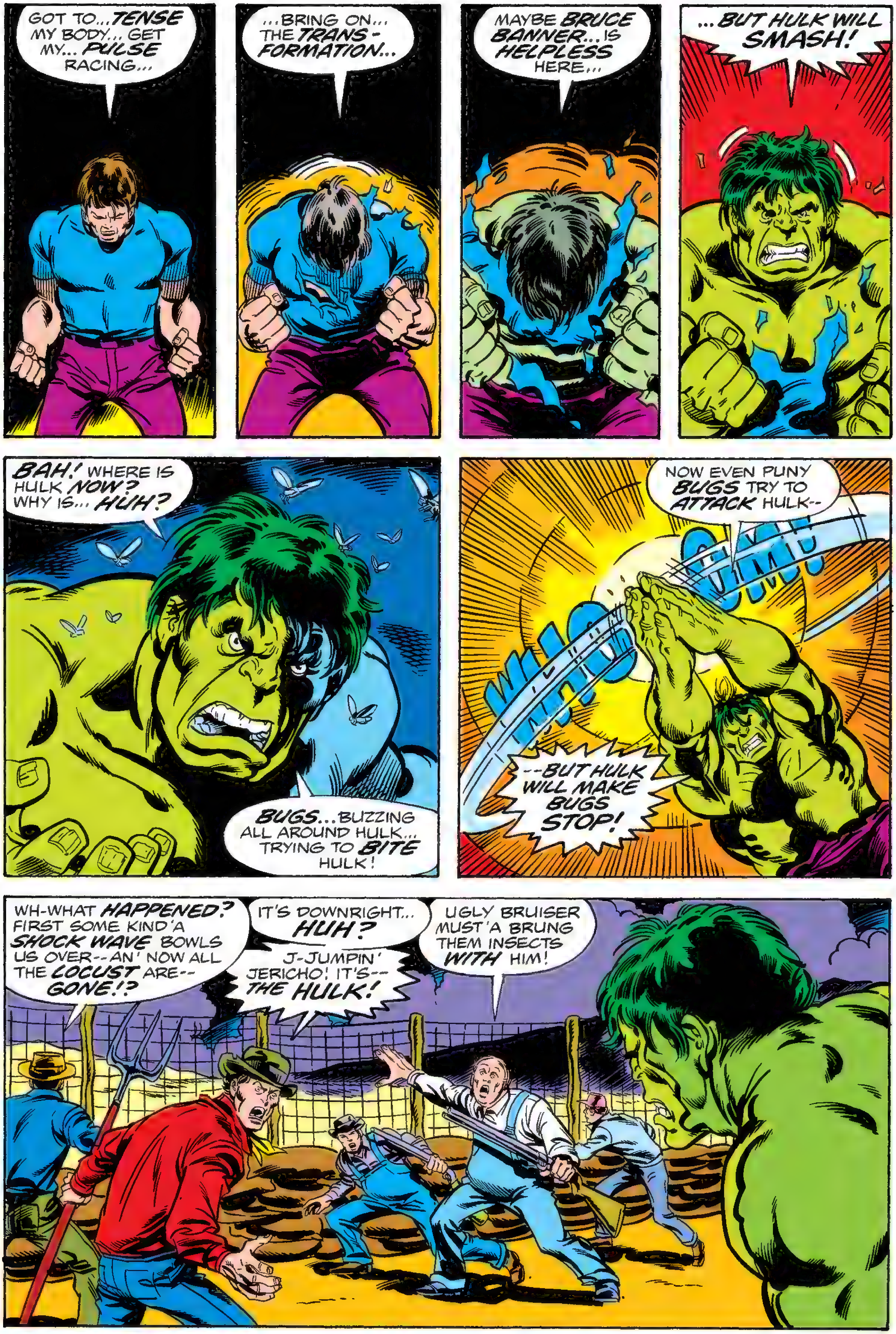

IT DOES NOT TAKE ROBERT BRUCE BANNER VERY LONG TO FIND HE IS SOMEWHERE IN THE GREAT AMERICAN HEARTLAND-- OR TO FIND THE TATTERED CLOTHING HIS ERSTWHILE HOSTS HAD HASTILY LEFT BEHIND.
FINDING A RIDE THOUGH IS A WHOLE OTHER THING ENTIRELY!
WELL, THERE GO TWO MORE!
SO MUCH FOR THE LONG-LIVED MYTH OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN!
NOT THAT I REALLY BLAME THOSE PEOPLE.
IF I WAS DRIVING, I PROBABLY WOULDN'T STOP FOR ANYTHING THAT WAS DRESSED LIKE ME EITHER!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO START HOOFING IT IF I HOPE TO...
HEY-- LOOKS LIKE THAT CAR IS SLOWING DOWN!
ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK, FRIEND. WE'RE HEADING WEST IF YOU ARE.
NAME'S BOB HICKMAN. THE LADY'S MY WIFE CAROL.
I'M BRUCE-- AND YOU TWO ARE POSITIVE LIFE-SAVERS!
I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I'D HAVE TO WALK TO NEW MEXICO.
BOBBY, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE PICKED THAT POOR MAN UP. HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT HE'S GETTING INTO!
I WARNED HIM THIS RIDE WAS AT HIS OWN RISK, CAROL.
WE CAN'T KEEP HIDING FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD FOREVER.
BESIDES, IT APPEARS WE MAY FINALLY BE SAFE!
LOOK AT THESE WHEATFIELDS! THEY'RE COMPLETELY UNTOUCHED-- ABSOLUTELY THRIVING--!
I THINK WE'VE OUTRUN OUR PRIVATE NIGHTMARE AT LAST!
HAVE WE, BOBBY? THEN-- LOOK!
GOOD LORD-- NO!
WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT?

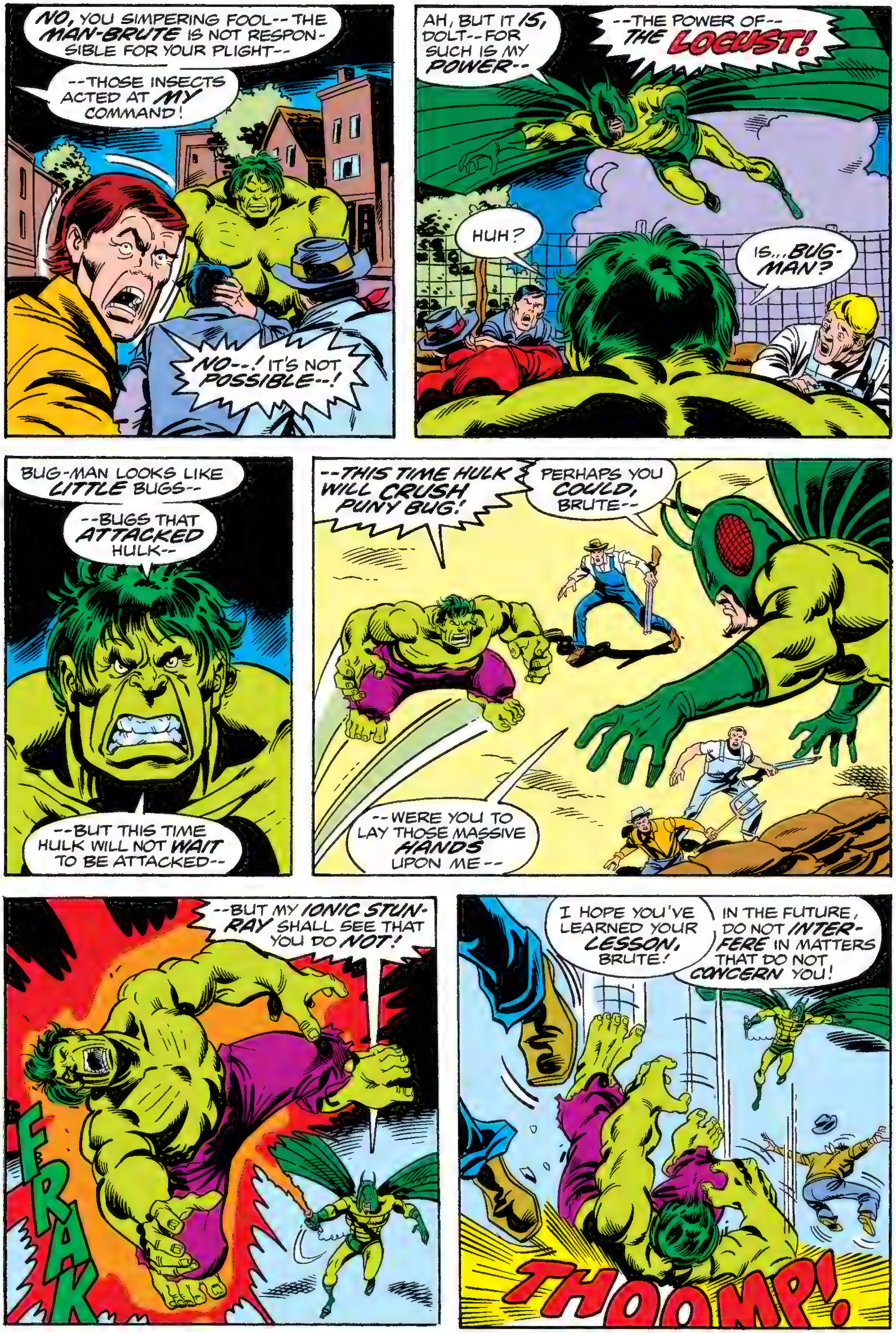

YOU'D THINK IT WAS ONLY A SLEEPY LITTLE TOWN, LIKE SOMETHING FROM A RAY BRADBURY STORY, OR A NOVEL BY JOHN STEINBECK--
--IF IT WASN'T FOR THE TALL BARBED-WIRE BARRICADES, AND THE WALL OF HEAVY SANDBAGS PILED HIGH IN THE STREET--
--ITEMS WHICH ERADICATE THE "SLEEPY TOWN" ILLUSION--AND PAINT A PICTURE OF A WELL-ARMED CAMP!
EAT
GROCERIES
HALT--AND STATE YER BUSINESS!
NO BUSINESS, SPECIFICALLY -- JUST PASSING THRU.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ANYWAY?
DON'T KNOW, AY? WELL, YOU KIDS BETTER GET INSIDE THEN.
GONNA BE DARK SOON--AN' IT WON'T BE SAFE TO BE OUT ON YER OWN!
BRUCE, I'M SORRY. IT'S OUR FAULT YOU'RE INVOLVED IN THIS INSANITY.
THIS WHOLE NIGHTMARE IS OUR FAULT!
I KNOW. I OVERHEARD YOUR CONVERSATION IN THE CAR.
MRS. HICKMAN, I THINK YOU PEOPLE OWE ME AN EXPLANATION.

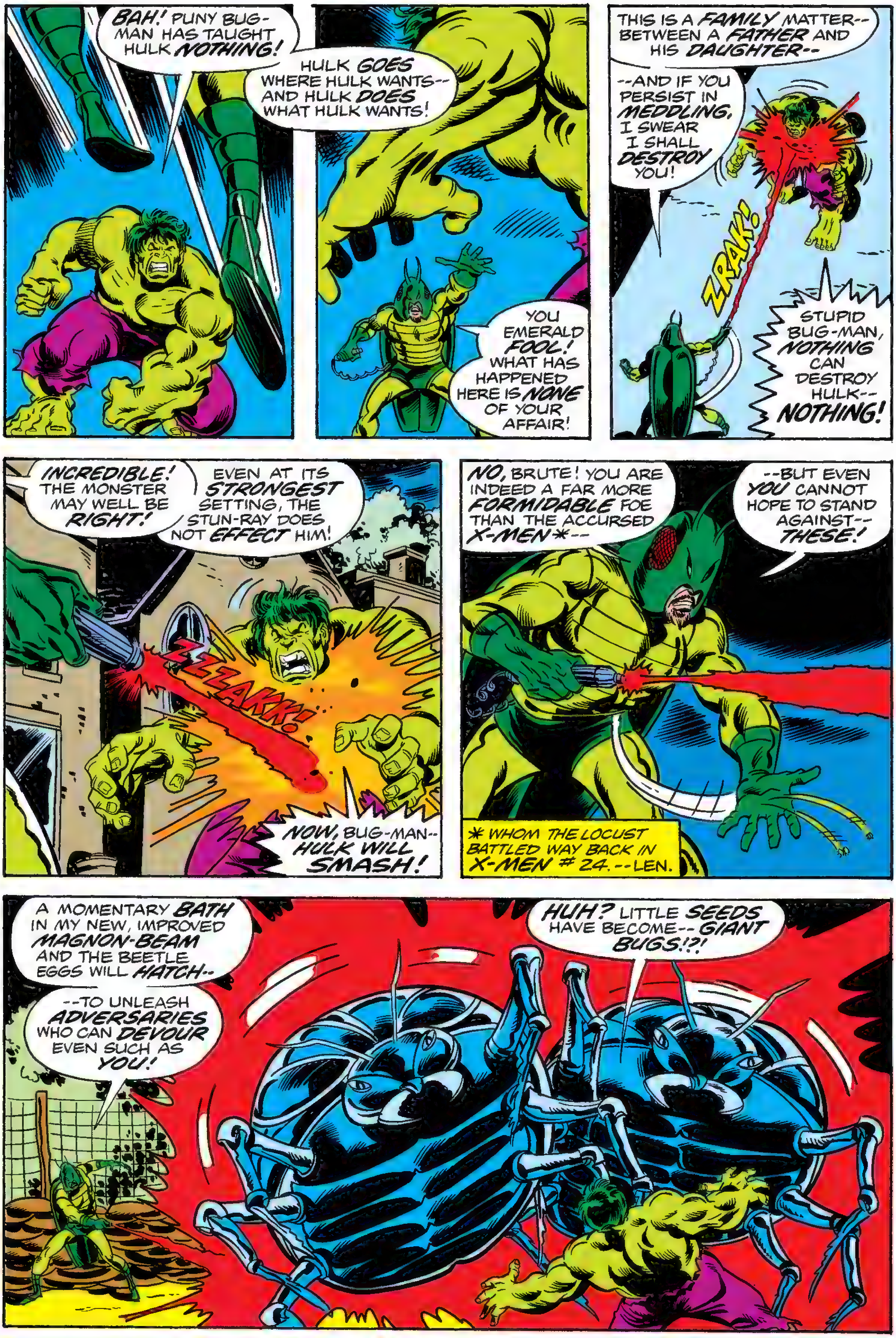

THE HUM OF THE SMALL PLANE'S ENGINE IS SMOTHERED BY THE CLAMOR OF THE RECONSTRUCTION WORK TAKING PLACE AT THE NEW MEXICAN MILITARY COMPLEX CALLED HULKBUSTER BASE.
WORK PROCEEDS AT A HECTIC PACE--AND THE AIRCRAFT'S LANDING GOES VIRTUALLY UNNOTICED BY ALL--
--SAVE GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS, HIS DAUGHTER BETTY ROSS TALBOT, AND SHIELD AGENT CLAY QUARTERMAIN.
WELL, HERE HE COMES.
WH-WHAT DO I SAY TO HIM... AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED?
BETTY... I JUST DON'T KNOW.
HIS NAME THESE DAYS IS DOC SAMSON--
--AND, AT THE MOMENT, HE IS NOT A HAPPY MAN!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY IT, PEOPLE-- I KNOW.
I BLEW IT!
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, SAMSON. YOU'LL GET ANOTHER CRACK AT THE HULK!
WHEN, GENERAL? WHEN GLENN TALBOT IS A MINDLESS SHRIVELED OLD MAN?
WHEN EVEN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND IS BEYOND RESTORATION?
NO, LEN. MAYBE YOU'LL...
MAYBE ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH!
I PROMISED TO CURE YOUR HUSBAND, BETTY--AND, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I'LL DO IT!
CROOM!
WELL, IF YOU NEED ANY HELP FROM A PRO, SAMSON--JUST LET ME KNOW!
YOU KEEP RIDING ME, QUARTERMAIN-- AND I'LL TIE YOUR LITTLE FORKED TONGUE INTO KNOTS!
GENERAL--COME QUICK!
THE GUYS DIGGING OVER ON FIELD FOUR HAVE FOUND SOMETHING--
--SOMETHING YOU'VE JUST GOTTA SEE!

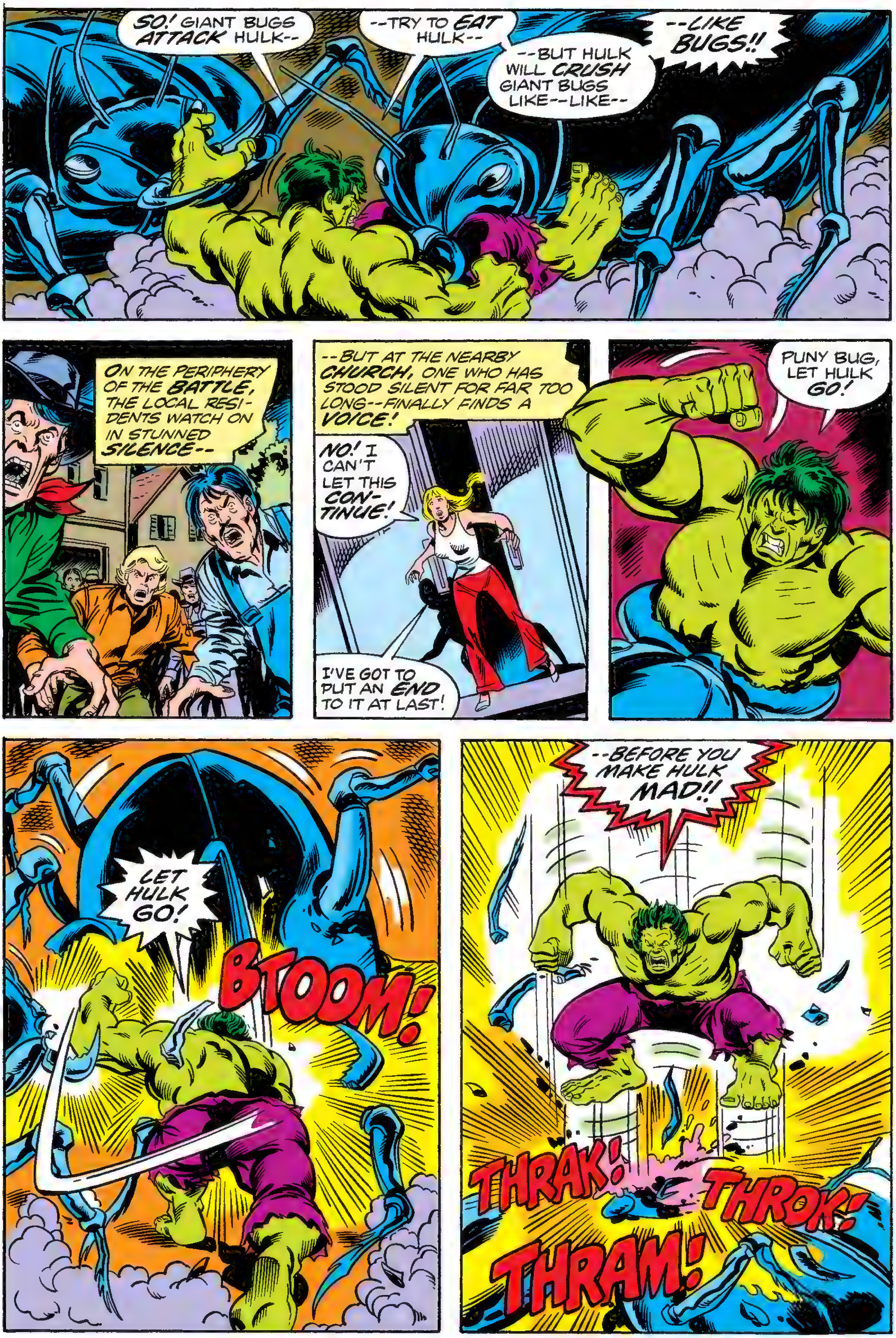

MEANWHILE (CATCHY WORD THAT)...
CAROL AND I WERE MARRIED SIX MONTHS AGO, BRUCE. I WAS A FARMER THEN. CAROL WAS AN ENTOMOLOGY STUDENT.
WE WERE MARRIED WITHOUT HER FATHER'S PERMISSION-- HE WAS IN PRISON AT THE TIME-- AND HE'S NEVER FORGIVEN US!
THE DAY AFTER HE WAS RELEASED FROM JAIL, HE DESTROYED MY FARM!
MAN SOUNDS LIKE A REAL MODEL PARENT.
IT'S NO JOKE, BRUCE. WE'VE BEEN RUNNING FROM HIM FOR MONTHS BUT HE'S FOLLOWED US!
--DECIMATING ANY PLACE WE MIGHT FIND SAFETY! THAT'S WHY THIS TOWN IS FENCED IN LIKE SOME FORT.
TWO OTHER TOWNS IN THIS AREA HAVE ALREADY BEEN TOTALLED!
BUT HOW COULD ONE MAN CAUSE ENOUGH DAMAGE TO... EH?
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM-- BUT YOU'D BEST GET ON OVER TO THE CHURCH WITH THE OTHER WOMEN. IT'LL BE DARK SOON.
HUH? I--I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE! I'M STAYING HERE WITH YOU, BOB.
NO, HONEY--IT'LL BE TOO DANGEROUS! WHO KNOWS WHAT YOUR FATHER HAS PLANNED THIS TIME!
BOB'S RIGHT, CAROL--IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
A-ALL RIGHT. I'LL GO-- BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!
T-TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, WILL YA?
DON'T WORRY HONEY. MAYBE IT'S TIME WE FINALLY STOPPED RUNNING.
AN AMBER SUN SINKS HEAVILY BEHIND THE HORIZON--AND A BAND OF FRIGHTENED FARMERS CAUTIOUSLY MAN THE MAKESHIFT BATTLEMENTS.
LOOK AT 'EM ALL WAITING...
WAITING FOR WHAT?

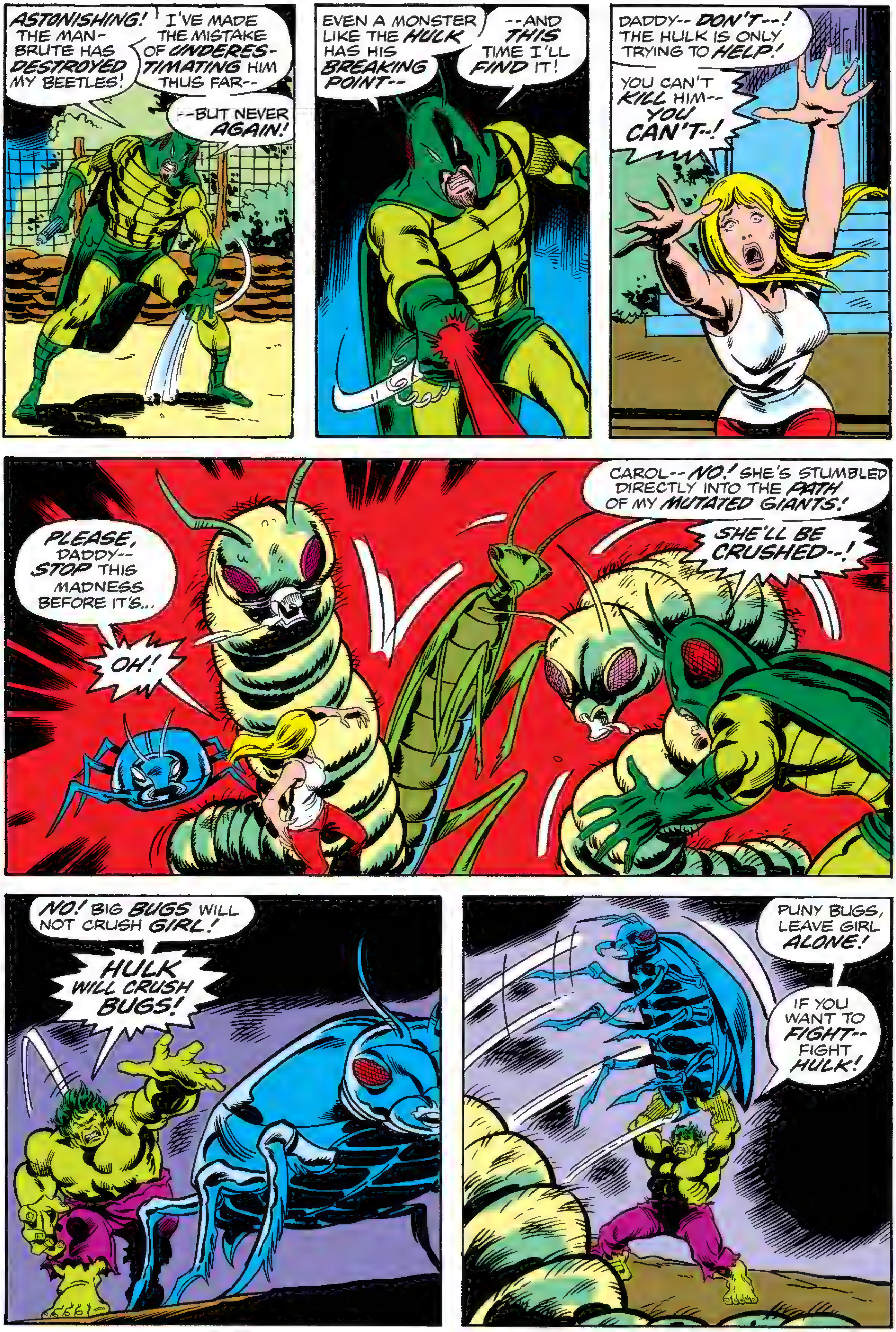

UNFORTUNATELY, IT DOES NOT TAKE BRUCE BANNER VERY LONG TO FIND OUT!
OH... MY... GOD!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT--!
GET READY, EVERYONE!
LET'S GO DOWN FIGHTING!
BILLOWING OUT OF THE DARKNESS LIKE A GREAT BLACK CLOUD, IT COMES-- A VORACIOUS BLOT THAT DEVOURS EVERYTHING WITHIN ITS PATH!
IT IS HUNGER ON THE WING-- INSATIABLE APPETITE MULTIPLIED BY INFINITY-- A LIVING, BREATHING, ALL-CONSUMING PLAGUE!
IN SHORT, IT'S NAME IS...
LOCUST!
THE ODDS ARE HOPELESS BUT STILL THE DESPERATE TOWNFOLK BATTLE ON, THEIR PATHETIC WEAPONS CUTTING INEFFECTIVE SWATHS THRU THE SWARM OF SAVAGE INSECTS.
THIS IS LUDICROUS! THESE POOR PEOPLE HAVEN'T GOT A PRAYER AGAINST THOSE WINGED HORRORS!
IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO TO HELP THEM--!
BUT... MAYBE THERE IS!

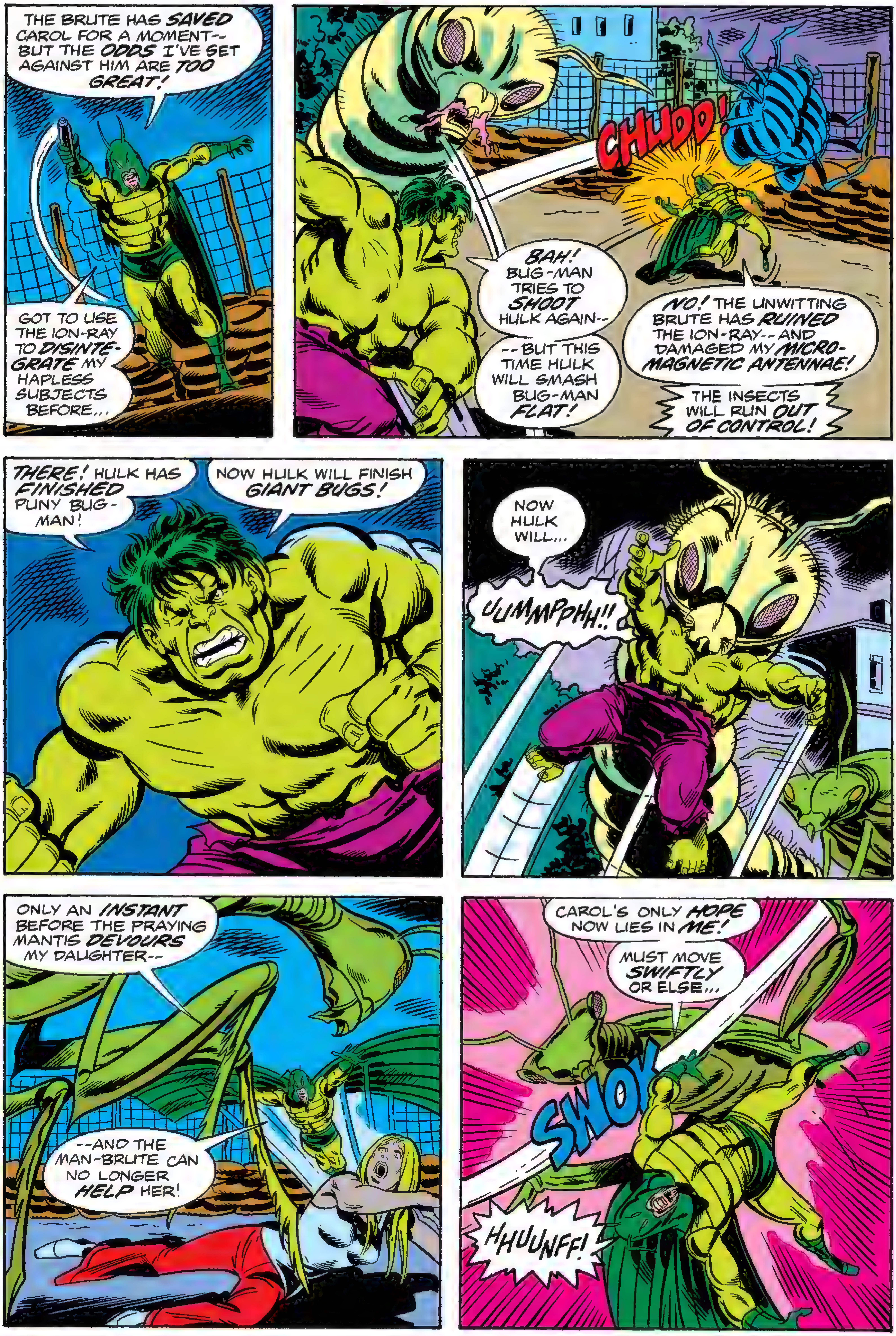

GOT TO... TENSE MY BODY... GET MY... PULSE RACING...
...BRING ON... THE TRANS-FORMATION...
MAYBE BRUCE BANNER... IS HELPLESS HERE...
...BUT HULK WILL SMASH!
BAH! WHERE IS HULK NOW? WHY IS... HUH?
BUGS... BUZZING ALL AROUND HULK... TRYING TO BITE HULK!
NOW EVEN PUNY BUGS TRY TO ATTACK HULK--
--BUT HULK WILL MAKE BUGS STOP!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? FIRST SOME KIND'A SHOCK WAVE BOWLS US OVER--AN' NOW ALL THE LOCUST ARE--GONE!?
IT'S DOWNRIGHT... HUH?
J-JUMPIN' JERICHO! IT'S--THE HULK!
UGLY BRUISER MUST'A BRUNG THEM INSECTS WITH HIM!

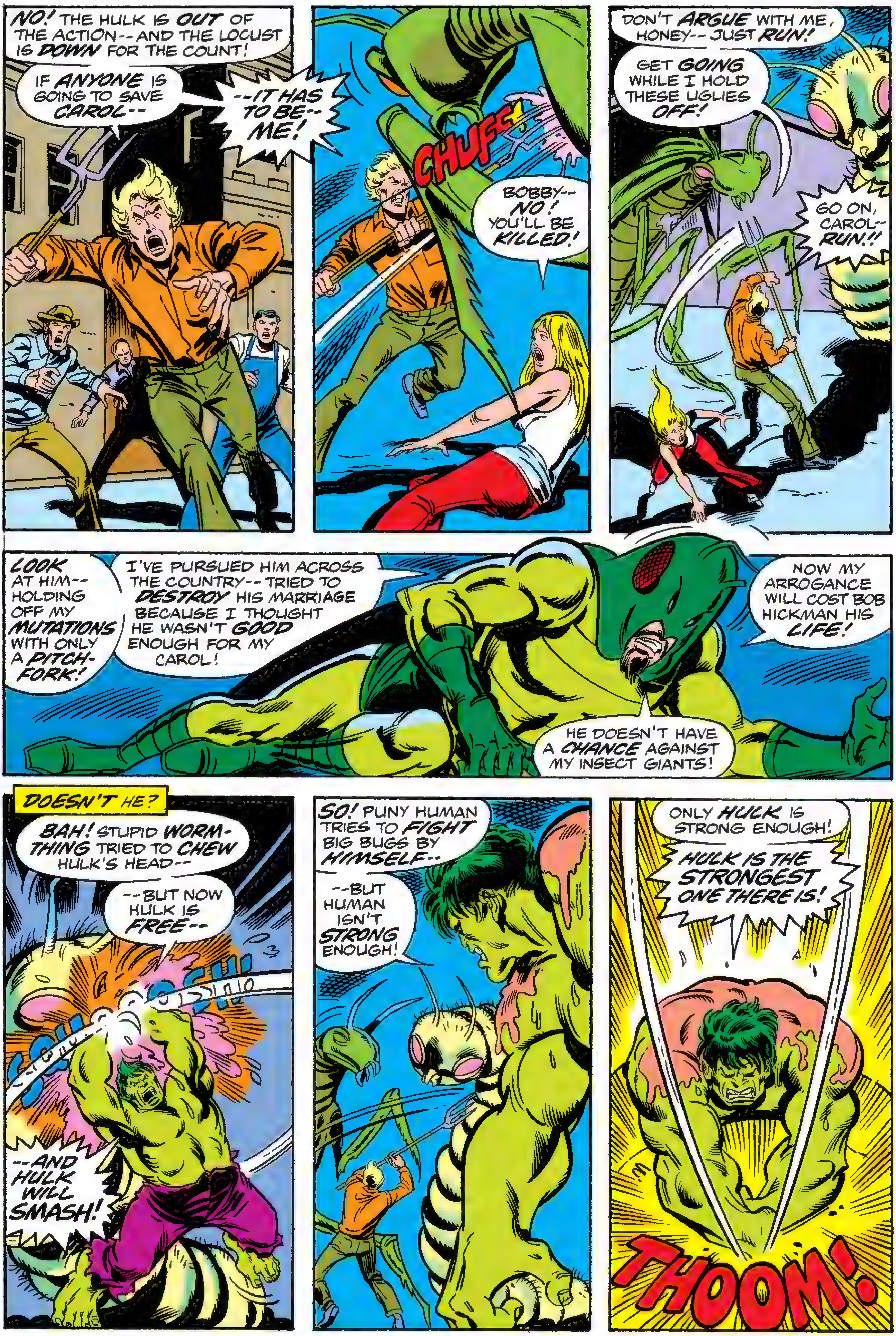

NO, YOU SIMPERING FOOL-- THE MAN-BRUTE IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR PLIGHT--
--THOSE INSECTS ACTED AT MY COMMAND!
NO--! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE--!
AH, BUT IT IS, DOLT--FOR SUCH IS MY POWER--
--THE POWER OF-- THE LOCUST!
HUH?
IS...BUG-MAN?
BUG-MAN LOOKS LIKE LITTLE BUGS--
--BUGS THAT ATTACKED HULK--
--BUT THIS TIME HULK WILL NOT WAIT TO BE ATTACKED--
--THIS TIME HULK WILL CRUSH PUNY BUG!
PERHAPS YOU COULD, BRUTE--
--WERE YOU TO LAY THOSE MASSIVE HANDS UPON ME--
--BUT MY IONIC STUN-RAY SHALL SEE THAT YOU DO NOT!
FRAK
I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON, BRUTE!
IN THE FUTURE, DO NOT INTERFERE IN MATTERS THAT DO NOT CONCERN YOU!
THOOMP!

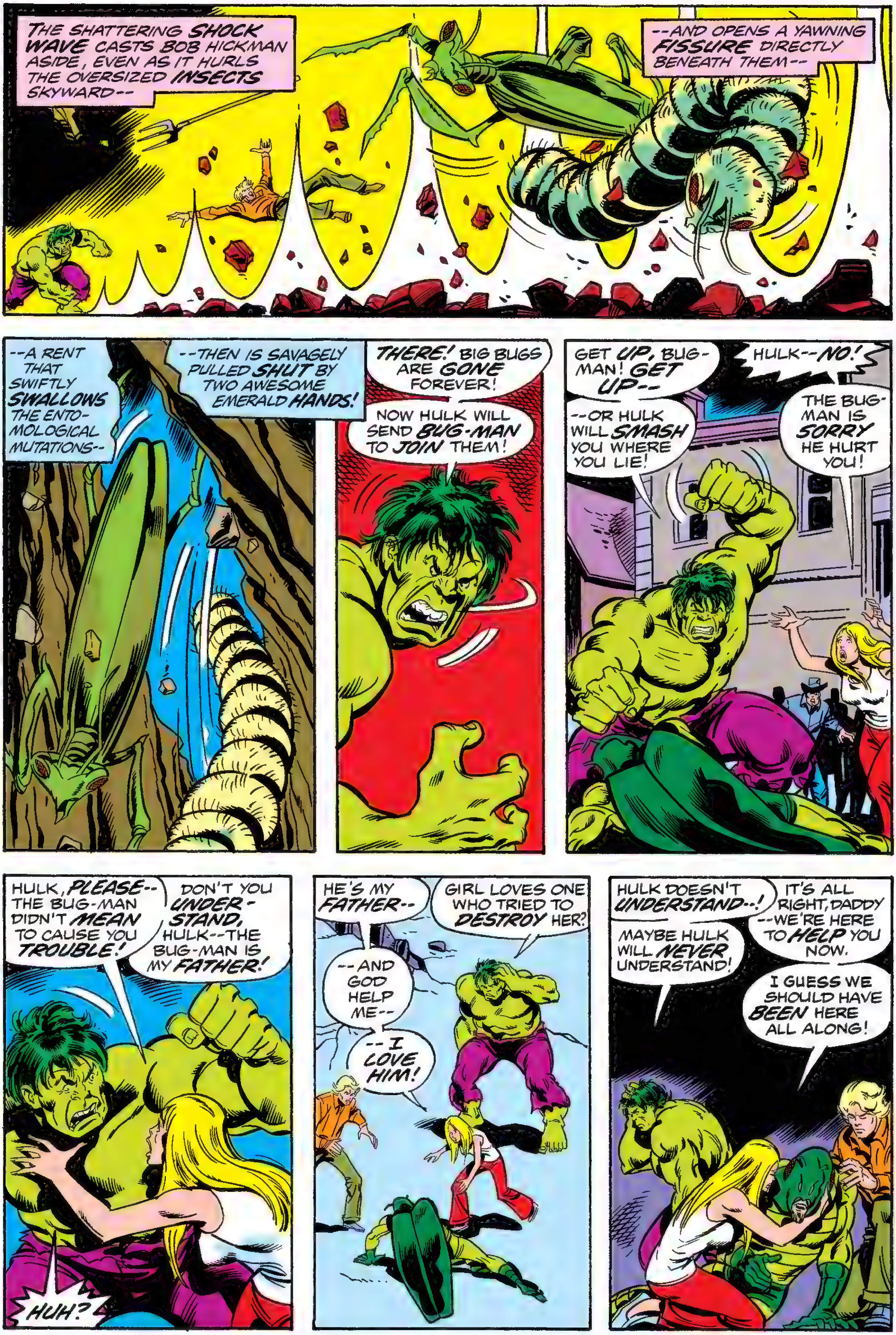

BAH! PUNY BUG-MAN HAS TAUGHT HULK NOTHING!
HULK GOES WHERE HULK WANTS-- AND HULK DOES WHAT HULK WANTS!
YOU EMERALD FOOL! WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE IS NONE OF YOUR AFFAIR!
THIS IS A FAMILY MATTER-- BETWEEN A FATHER AND HIS DAUGHTER--
--AND IF YOU PERSIST IN MEDDLING, I SWEAR I SHALL DESTROY YOU!
ZRAK!
STUPID BUG-MAN, NOTHING CAN DESTROY HULK-- NOTHING!
INCREDIBLE! THE MONSTER MAY WELL BE RIGHT!
EVEN AT ITS STRONGEST SETTING, THE STUN-RAY DOES NOT EFFECT HIM!
ZZZAKK!
NOW, BUG-MAN-- HULK WILL SMASH!
NO, BRUTE! YOU ARE INDEED A FAR MORE FORMIDABLE FOE THAN THE ACCURSED X-MEN*--
--BUT EVEN YOU CANNOT HOPE TO STAND AGAINST-- THESE!
* WHOM THE LOCUST BATTLED WAY BACK IN X-MEN # 24. --LEN.
A MOMENTARY BATH IN MY NEW, IMPROVED MAGNON-BEAM AND THE BEETLE EGGS WILL HATCH--
--TO UNLEASH ADVERSARIES WHO CAN DEVOUR EVEN SUCH AS YOU!
HUH? LITTLE SEEDS HAVE BECOME-- GIANT BUGS!?!

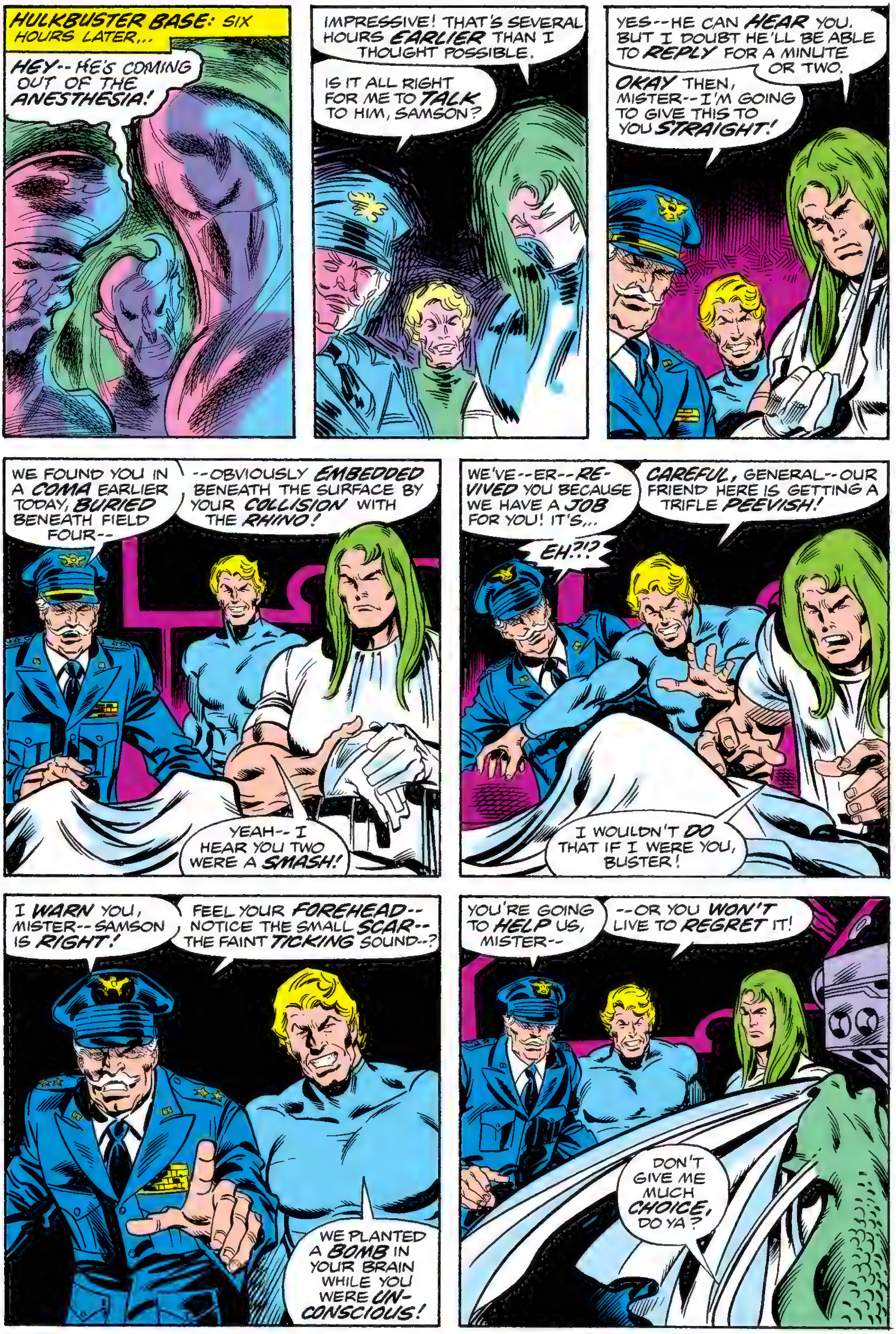

SO! GIANT BUGS ATTACK HULK--
--TRY TO EAT HULK--
--BUT HULK WILL CRUSH GIANT BUGS LIKE--LIKE--
--LIKE BUGS!!
ON THE PERIPHERY OF THE BATTLE, THE LOCAL RESIDENTS WATCH ON IN STUNNED SILENCE--
--BUT AT THE NEARBY CHURCH, ONE WHO HAS STOOD SILENT FOR FAR TOO LONG--FINALLY FINDS A VOICE!
NO! I CAN'T LET THIS CONTINUE!
I'VE GOT TO PUT AN END TO IT AT LAST!
PUNY BUG, LET HULK GO!
LET HULK GO!
BTOOM!
--BEFORE YOU MAKE HULK MAD!!
THRAK!
THROK!
THRAM!

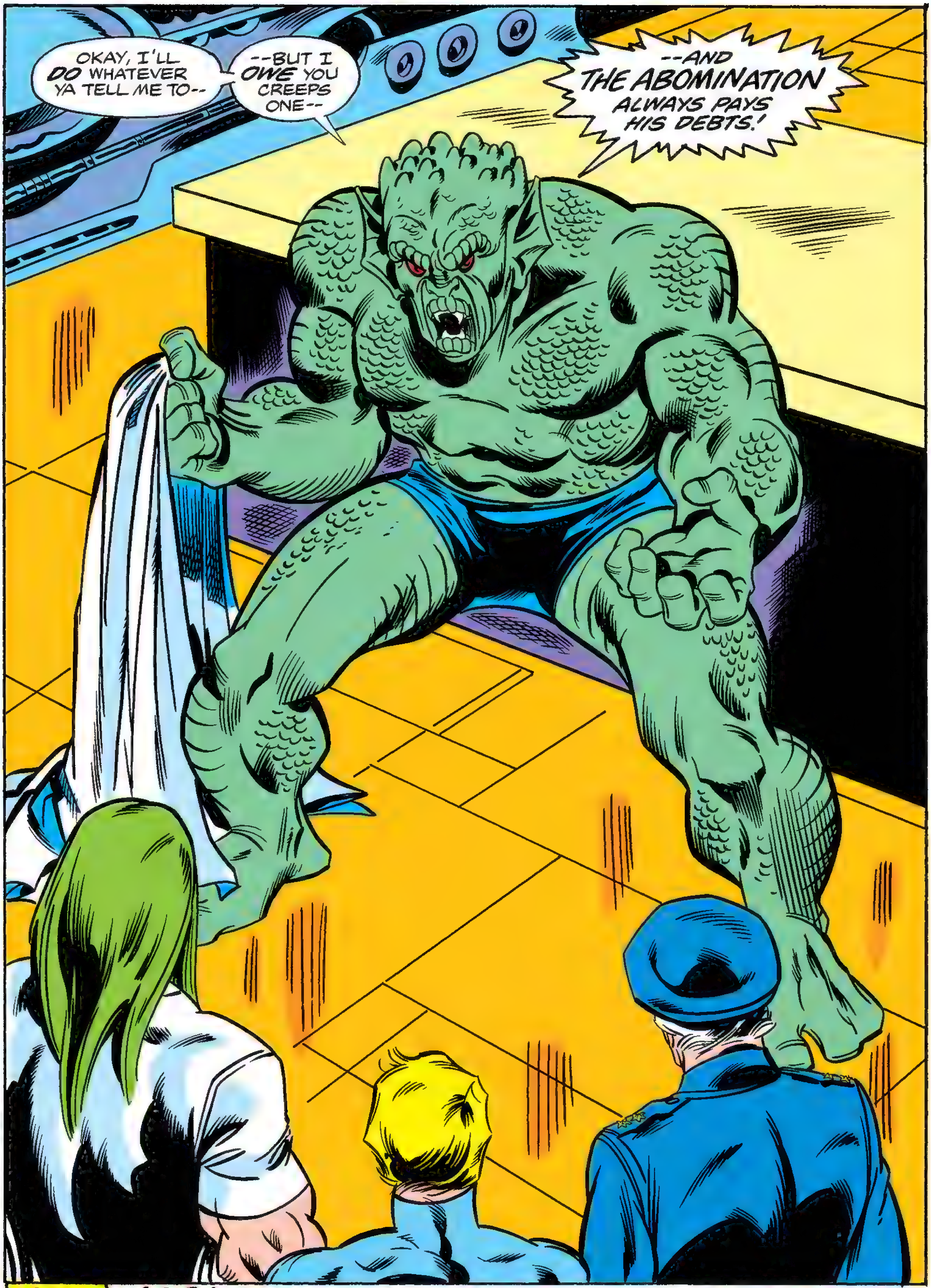

ASTONISHING! THE MAN-BRUTE HAS DESTROYED MY BEETLES!
I'VE MADE THE MISTAKE OF UNDERESTIMATING HIM THUS FAR--
--BUT NEVER AGAIN!
EVEN A MONSTER LIKE THE HULK HAS HIS BREAKING POINT--
--AND THIS TIME I'LL FIND IT!
DADDY-- DON'T--! THE HULK IS ONLY TRYING TO HELP!
YOU CAN'T KILL HIM-- YOU CAN'T--!
PLEASE, DADDY-- STOP THIS MADNESS BEFORE IT'S...
OH!
CAROL-- NO! SHE'S STUMBLED DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF MY MUTATED GIANTS!
SHE'LL BE CRUSHED--!
NO! BIG BUGS WILL NOT CRUSH GIRL!
HULK WILL CRUSH BUGS!
PUNY BUGS, LEAVE GIRL ALONE!
IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT-- FIGHT HULK!


THE BRUTE HAS *SAVED* CAROL FOR A MOMENT-- BUT THE *ODDS* I'VE SET AGAINST HIM ARE *TOO GREAT!*
GOT TO USE THE ION-RAY TO *DISINTEGRATE* MY HAPLESS SUBJECTS BEFORE...
CHUDD!
BAH! BUG-MAN TRIES TO *SHOOT* HULK AGAIN--
--BUT THIS TIME HULK WILL SMASH BUG-MAN *FLAT!*
NO! THE UNWITTING BRUTE HAS *RUINED* THE ION-RAY--AND DAMAGED MY *MICRO-MAGNETIC ANTENNAE!*
THE INSECTS WILL RUN *OUT OF CONTROL!*
THERE! HULK HAS *FINISHED* PUNY BUG-MAN!
NOW HULK WILL FINISH *GIANT BUGS!*
NOW HULK WILL...
UUMMPHH!!
ONLY AN *INSTANT* BEFORE THE PRAYING MANTIS *DEVOURS* MY DAUGHTER--
--AND THE MAN-BRUTE CAN NO LONGER *HELP* HER!
CAROL'S ONLY *HOPE* NOW LIES IN *ME!*
MUST MOVE *SWIFTLY* OR ELSE...
SWOK
HHUUNFF!

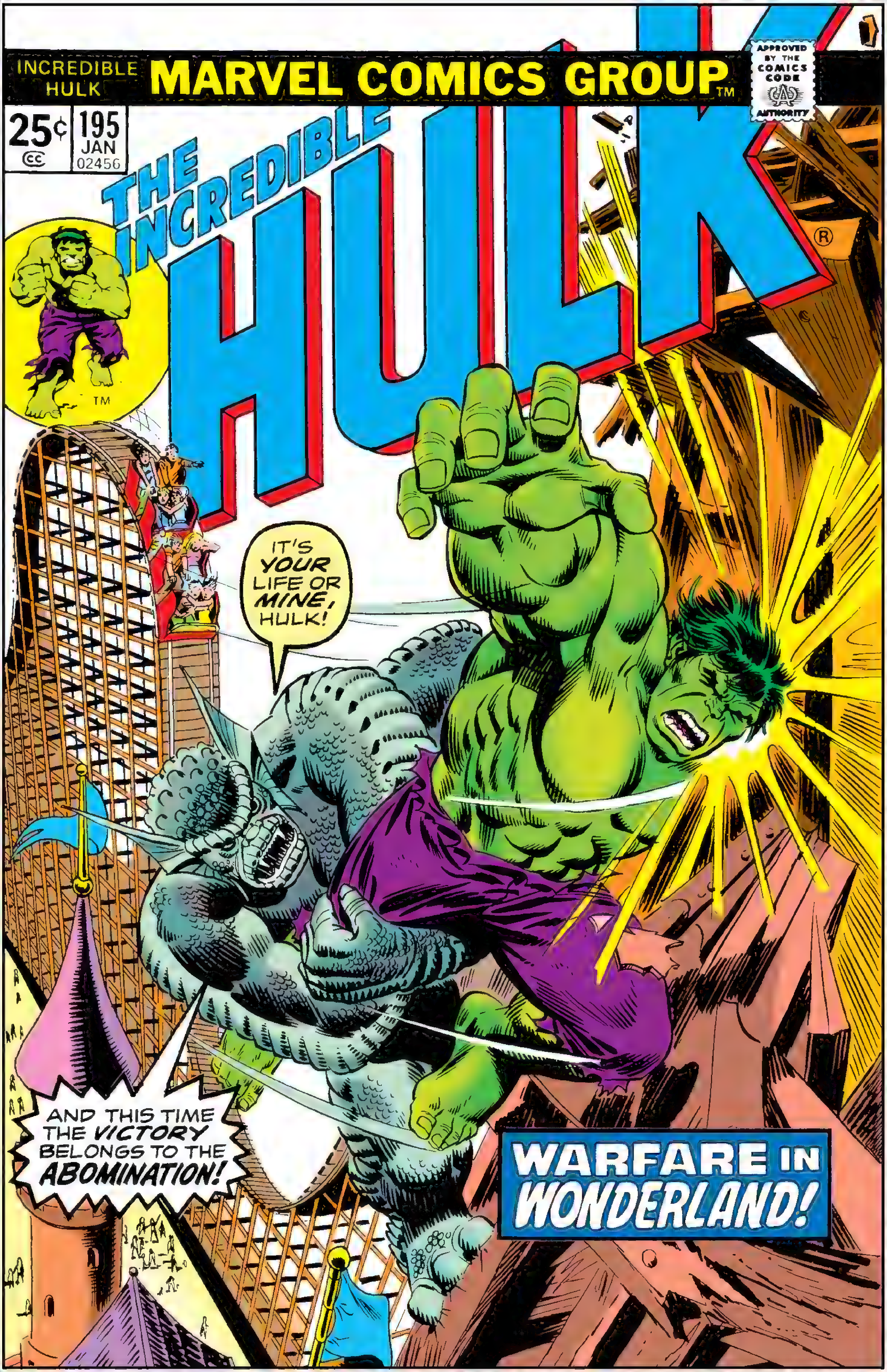

NO! THE HULK IS OUT OF THE ACTION--AND THE LOCUST IS DOWN FOR THE COUNT!
IF ANYONE IS GOING TO SAVE CAROL--
--IT HAS TO BE--ME!
CHUFF!
BOBBY--NO! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, HONEY--JUST RUN!
GET GOING WHILE I HOLD THESE UGLIES OFF!
GO ON, CAROL--RUN!!
LOOK AT HIM--HOLDING OFF MY MUTATIONS WITH ONLY A PITCH-FORK!
I'VE PURSUED HIM ACROSS THE COUNTRY--TRIED TO DESTROY HIS MARRIAGE BECAUSE I THOUGHT HE WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR MY CAROL!
NOW MY ARROGANCE WILL COST BOB HICKMAN HIS LIFE!
HE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST MY INSECT GIANTS!
DOESN'T HE?
BAH! STUPID WORM-THING TRIED TO CHEW HULK'S HEAD--
--BUT NOW HULK IS FREE--
--AND HULK WILL SMASH!
SO! PUNY HUMAN TRIES TO FIGHT BIG BUGS BY HIMSELF--
--BUT HUMAN ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH!
ONLY HULK IS STRONG ENOUGH!
HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!
THOOM!


THE SHATTERING SHOCK WAVE CASTS BOB HICKMAN ASIDE, EVEN AS IT HURLS THE OVERSIZED INSECTS SKYWARD--
--AND OPENS A YAWNING FISSURE DIRECTLY BENEATH THEM--
--A RENT THAT SWIFTLY SWALLOWS THE ENTOMOLOGICAL MUTATIONS--
--THEN IS SAVAGELY PULLED SHUT BY TWO AWESOME EMERALD HANDS!
THERE! BIG BUGS ARE GONE FOREVER!
NOW HULK WILL SEND BUG-MAN TO JOIN THEM!
GET UP, BUG-MAN! GET UP--
--OR HULK WILL SMASH YOU WHERE YOU LIE!
HULK--NO!
THE BUG-MAN IS SORRY HE HURT YOU!
HULK, PLEASE--THE BUG-MAN DIDN'T MEAN TO CAUSE YOU TROUBLE!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, HULK--THE BUG-MAN IS MY FATHER!
HUH?
HE'S MY FATHER--
--AND GOD HELP ME--
--I LOVE HIM!
GIRL LOVES ONE WHO TRIED TO DESTROY HER?
HULK DOESN'T UNDERSTAND--!
MAYBE HULK WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DADDY--WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU NOW.
I GUESS WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE ALL ALONG!


HULKBUSTER BASE: SIX HOURS LATER...
HEY--HE'S COMING OUT OF THE ANESTHESIA!
IMPRESSIVE! THAT'S SEVERAL HOURS EARLIER THAN I THOUGHT POSSIBLE.
IS IT ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO TALK TO HIM, SAMSON?
YES--HE CAN HEAR YOU. BUT I DOUBT HE'LL BE ABLE TO REPLY FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.
OKAY THEN, MISTER--I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS TO YOU STRAIGHT!
WE FOUND YOU IN A COMA EARLIER TODAY, BURIED BENEATH FIELD FOUR--
--OBVIOUSLY EMBEDDED BENEATH THE SURFACE BY YOUR COLLISION WITH THE RHINO!
YEAH-- I HEAR YOU TWO WERE A SMASH!
WE'VE--ER--REVIVED YOU BECAUSE WE HAVE A JOB FOR YOU! IT'S...
CAREFUL, GENERAL--OUR FRIEND HERE IS GETTING A TRIFLE PEEVISH!
EH?!?
I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU, BUSTER!
I WARN YOU, MISTER--SAMSON IS RIGHT!
FEEL YOUR FOREHEAD--NOTICE THE SMALL SCAR--THE FAINT TICKING SOUND--?
WE PLANTED A BOMB IN YOUR BRAIN WHILE YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS!
YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US, MISTER--
--OR YOU WON'T LIVE TO REGRET IT!
DON'T GIVE ME MUCH CHOICE, DO YA?


OKAY, I'LL *DO* WHATEVER YA TELL ME TO--
--BUT I *OWE* YOU CREEPS ONE--
--AND THE ABOMINATION ALWAYS PAYS HIS DEBTS!

NEXT ISSUE: WARFARE IN WONDERLAND!


INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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JAN
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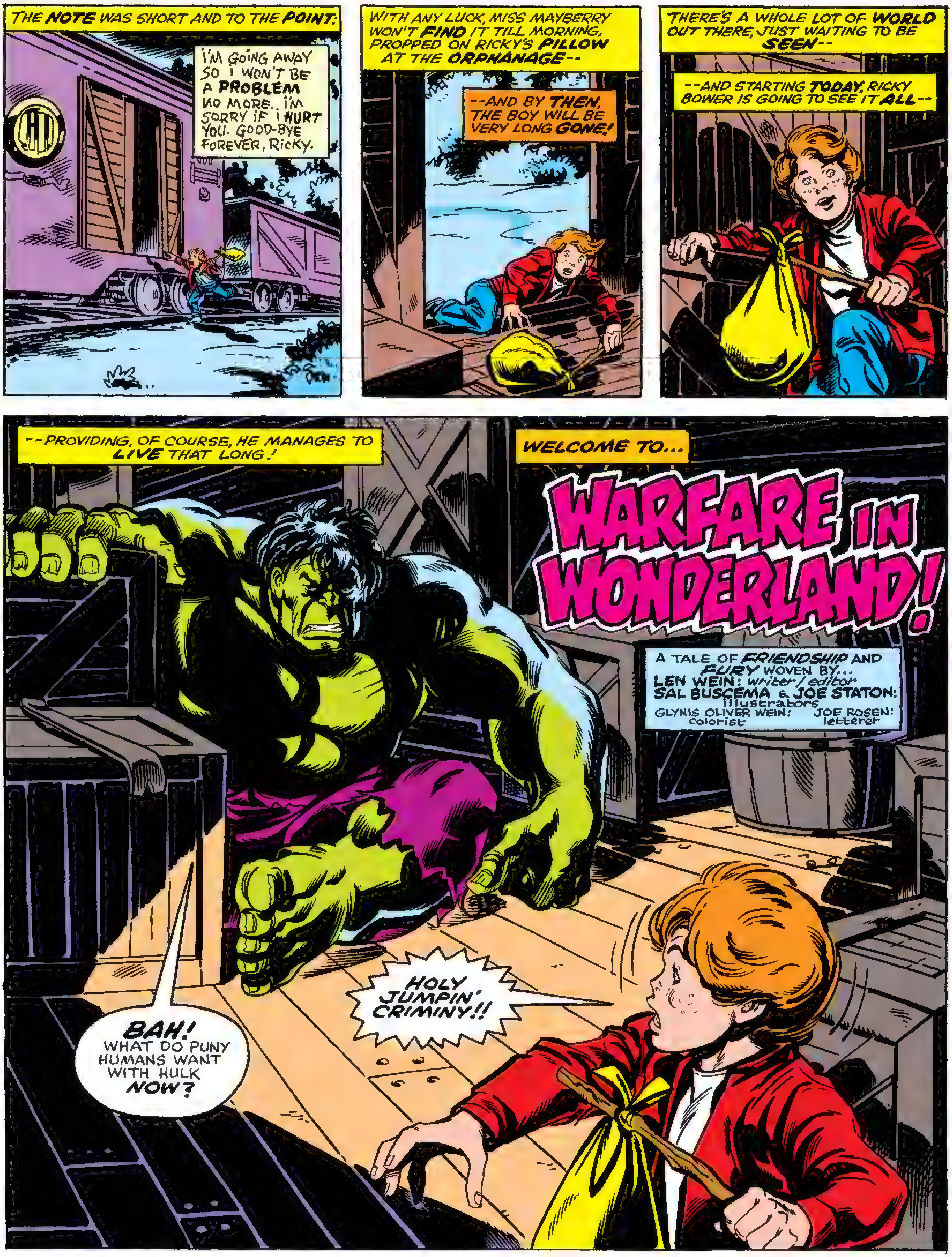
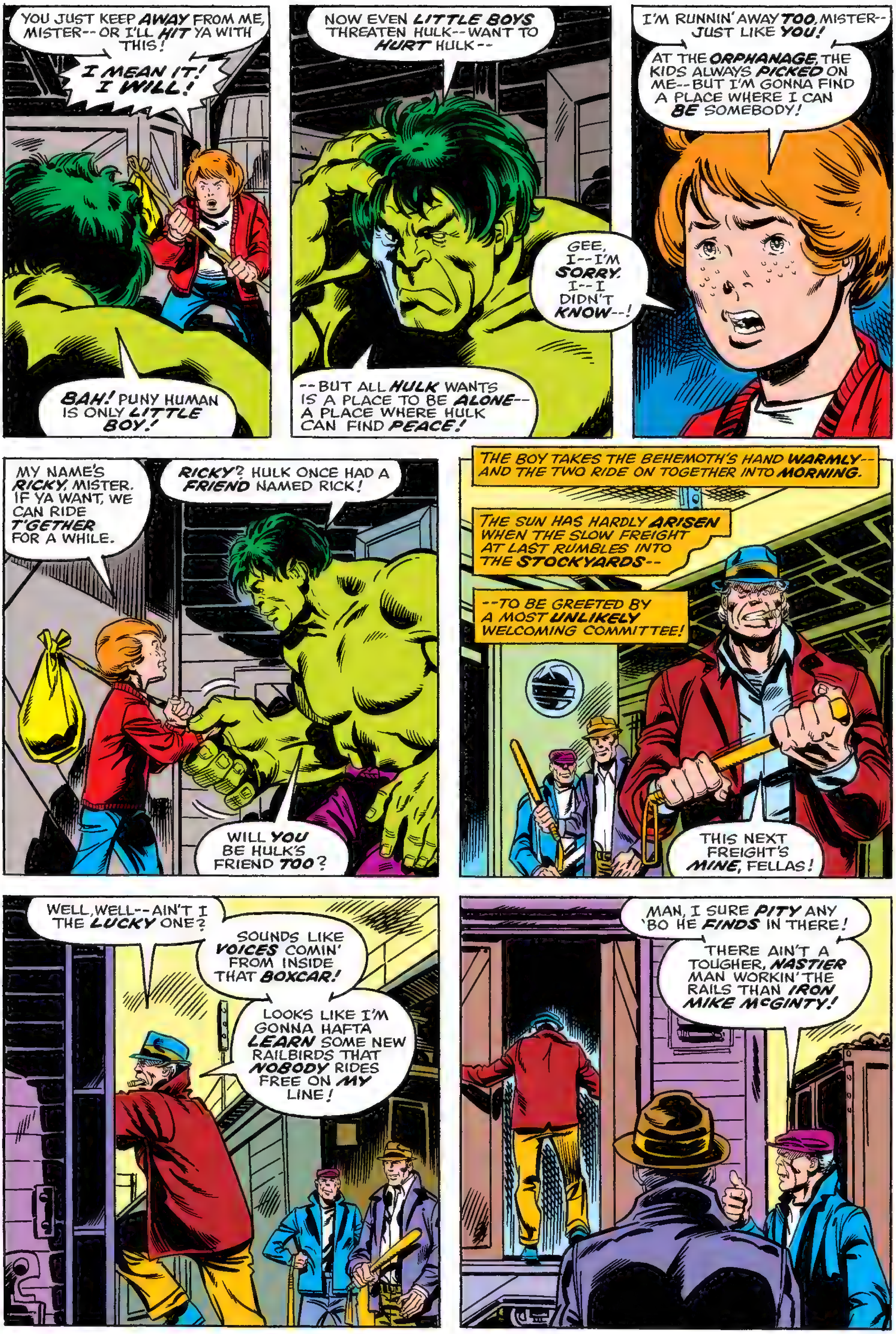
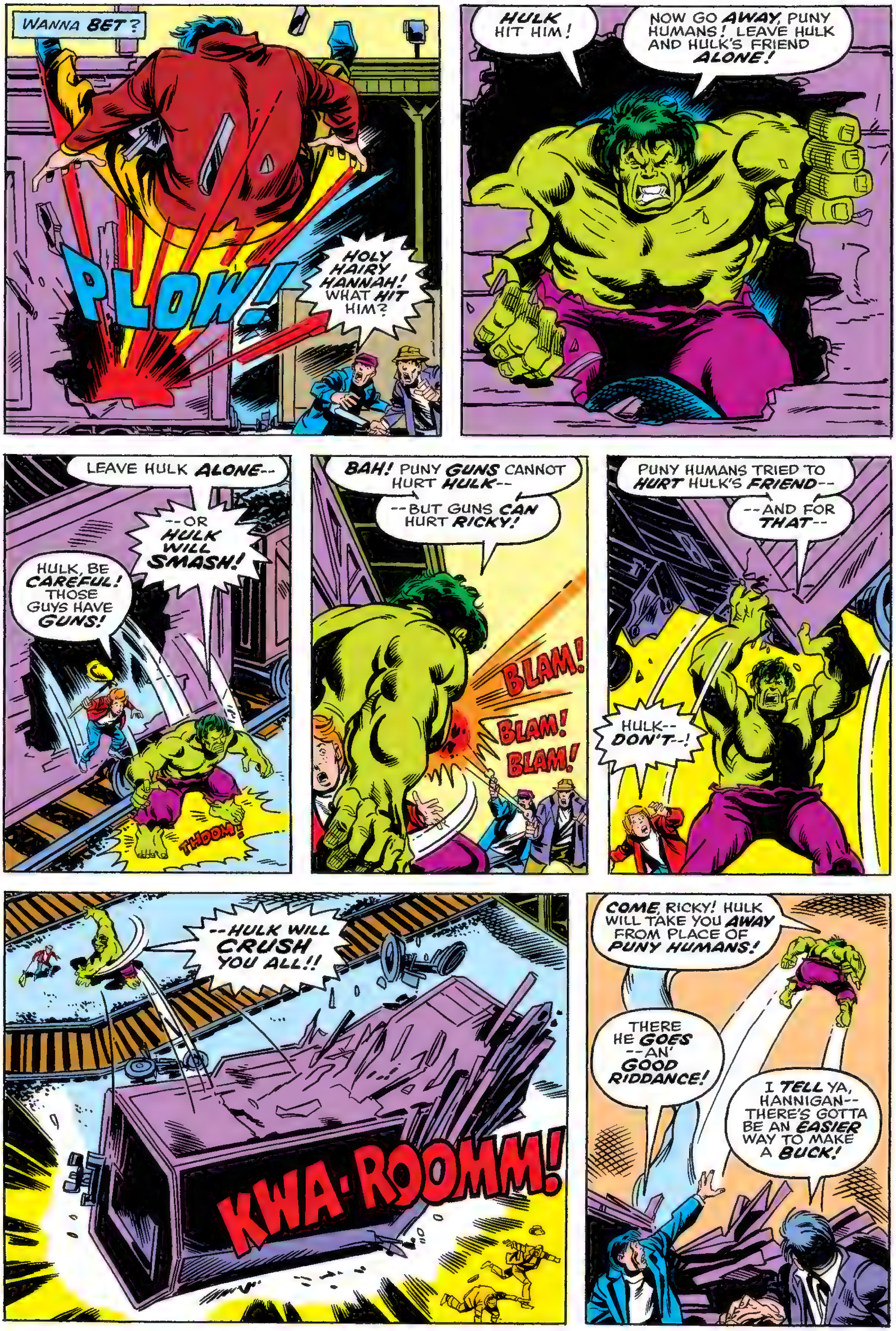
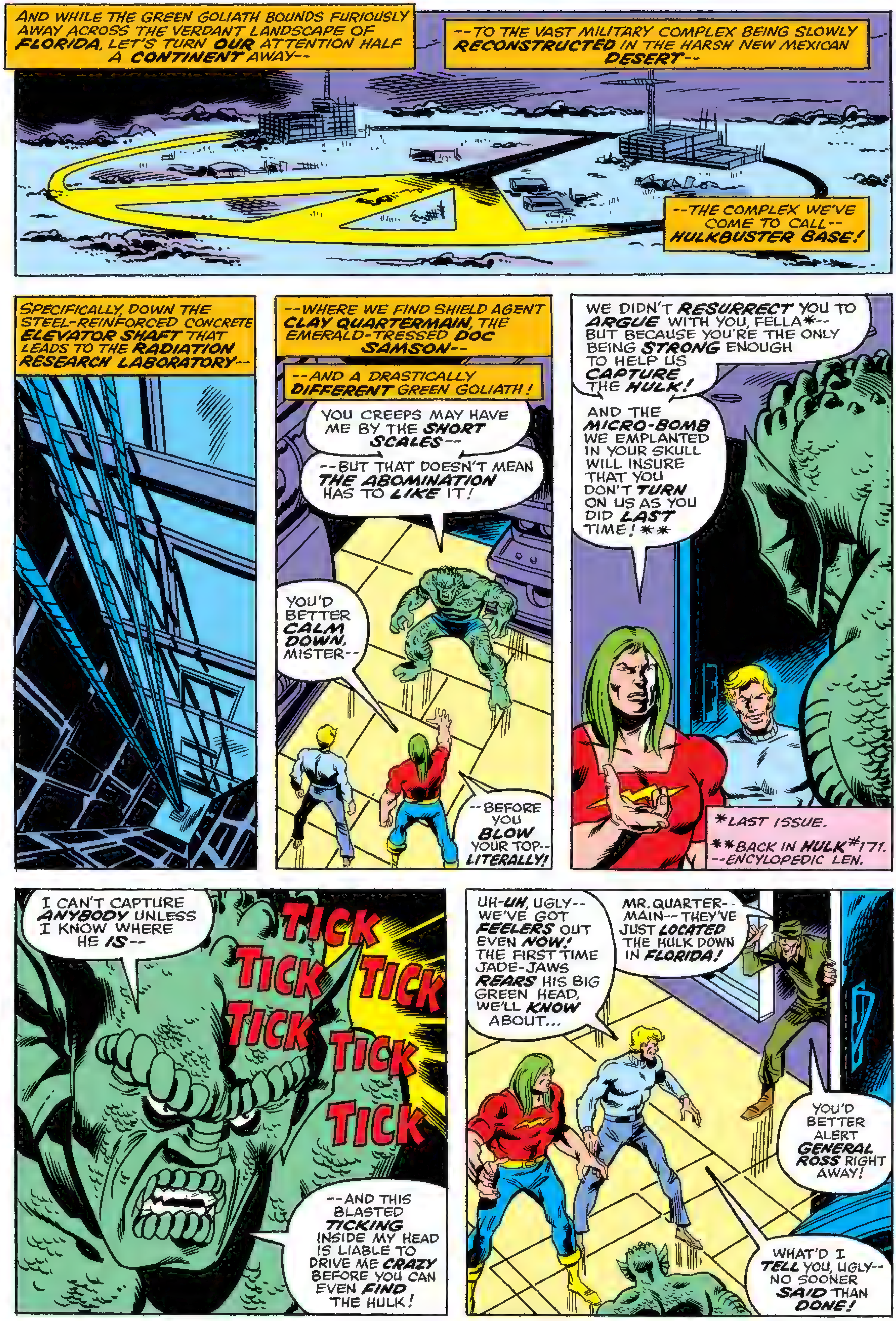
THE INCREDIBLE HULK®
™
IT'S *YOUR* LIFE OR *MINE*, HULK!
AND THIS TIME THE *VICTORY* BELONGS TO THE *ABOMINATION!*
WARFARE IN WONDERLAND!

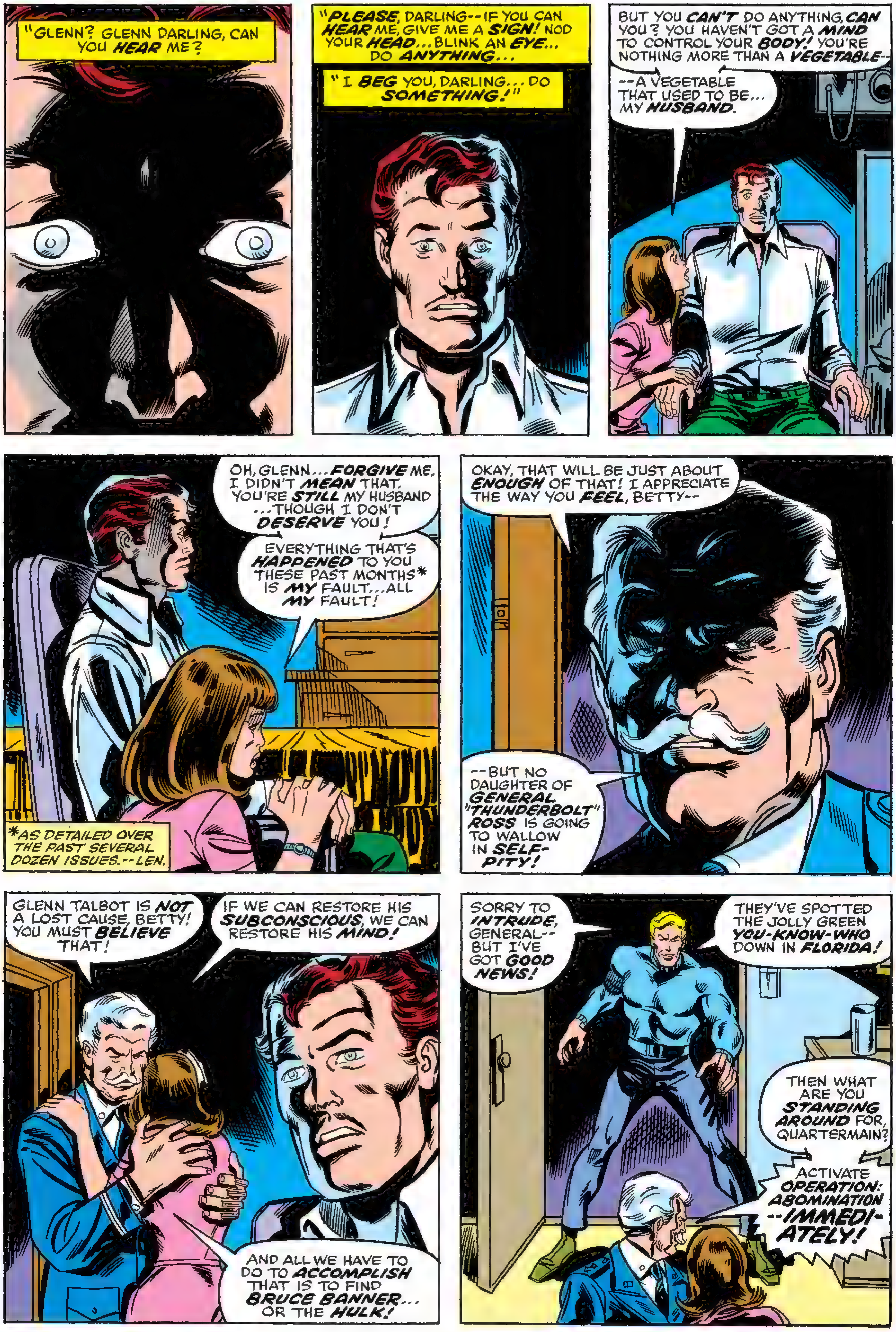
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

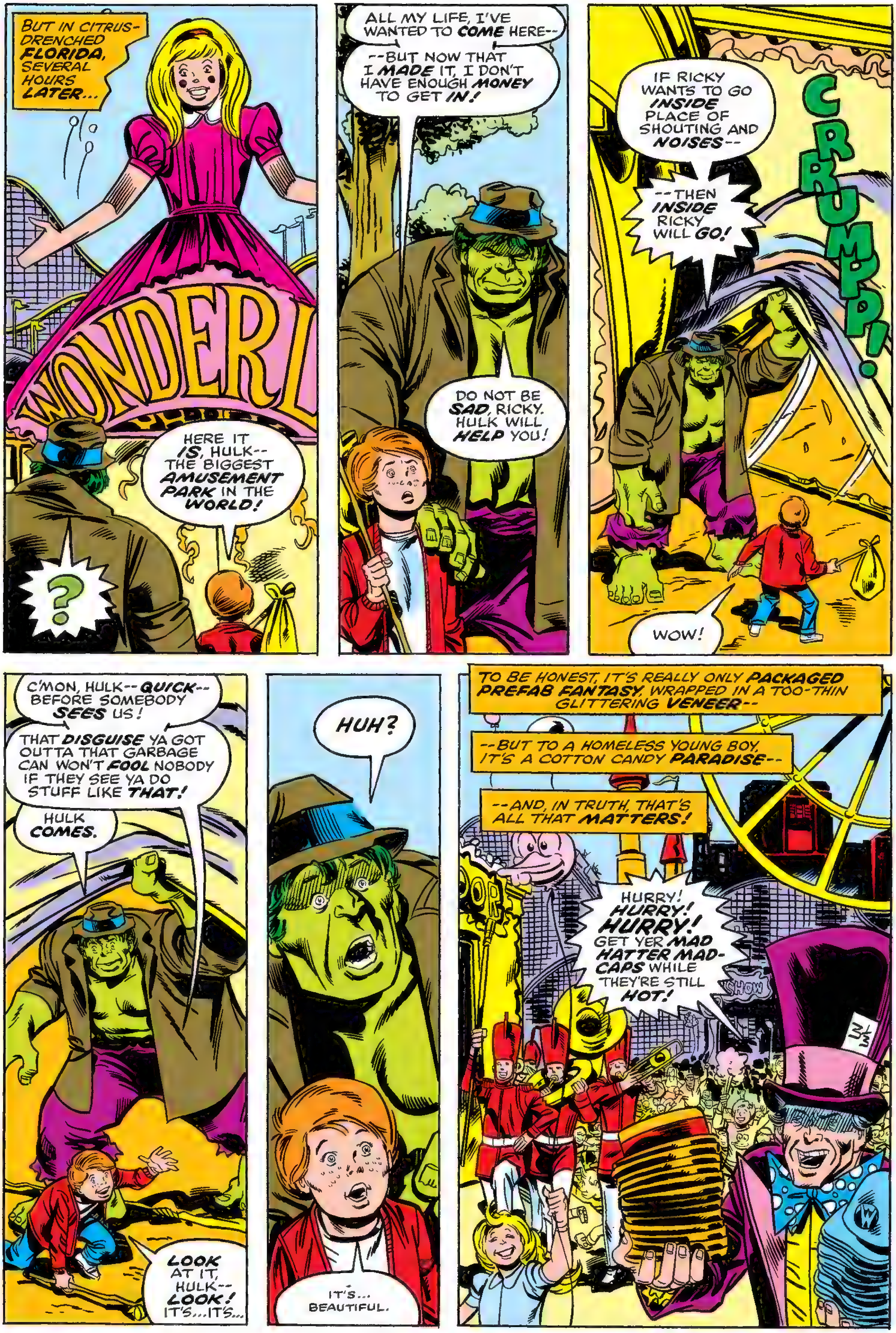

THE NOTE WAS SHORT AND TO THE POINT:
I'M GOING AWAY SO I WON'T BE A PROBLEM NO MORE.. I'M SORRY IF I HURT YOU. GOOD-BYE FOREVER, Ricky.
WITH ANY LUCK, MISS MAYBERRY WON'T FIND IT TILL MORNING, PROPPED ON RICKY'S PILLOW AT THE ORPHANAGE--
--AND BY THEN, THE BOY WILL BE VERY LONG GONE!
THERE'S A WHOLE LOT OF WORLD OUT THERE, JUST WAITING TO BE SEEN--
--AND STARTING TODAY, RICKY BOWER IS GOING TO SEE IT ALL--
--PROVIDING, OF COURSE, HE MANAGES TO LIVE THAT LONG!
WELCOME TO...
WARFARE IN WONDERLAND!
A TALE OF FRIENDSHIP AND FURY WOVEN BY... LEN WEIN: writer/editor SAL BUSCEMA & JOE STATON: illustrators GLYNIS OLIVER WEIN: colorist JOE ROSEN: letterer
HOLY JUMPIN' CRIMINY!!
BAH! WHAT DO PUNY HUMANS WANT WITH HULK NOW?

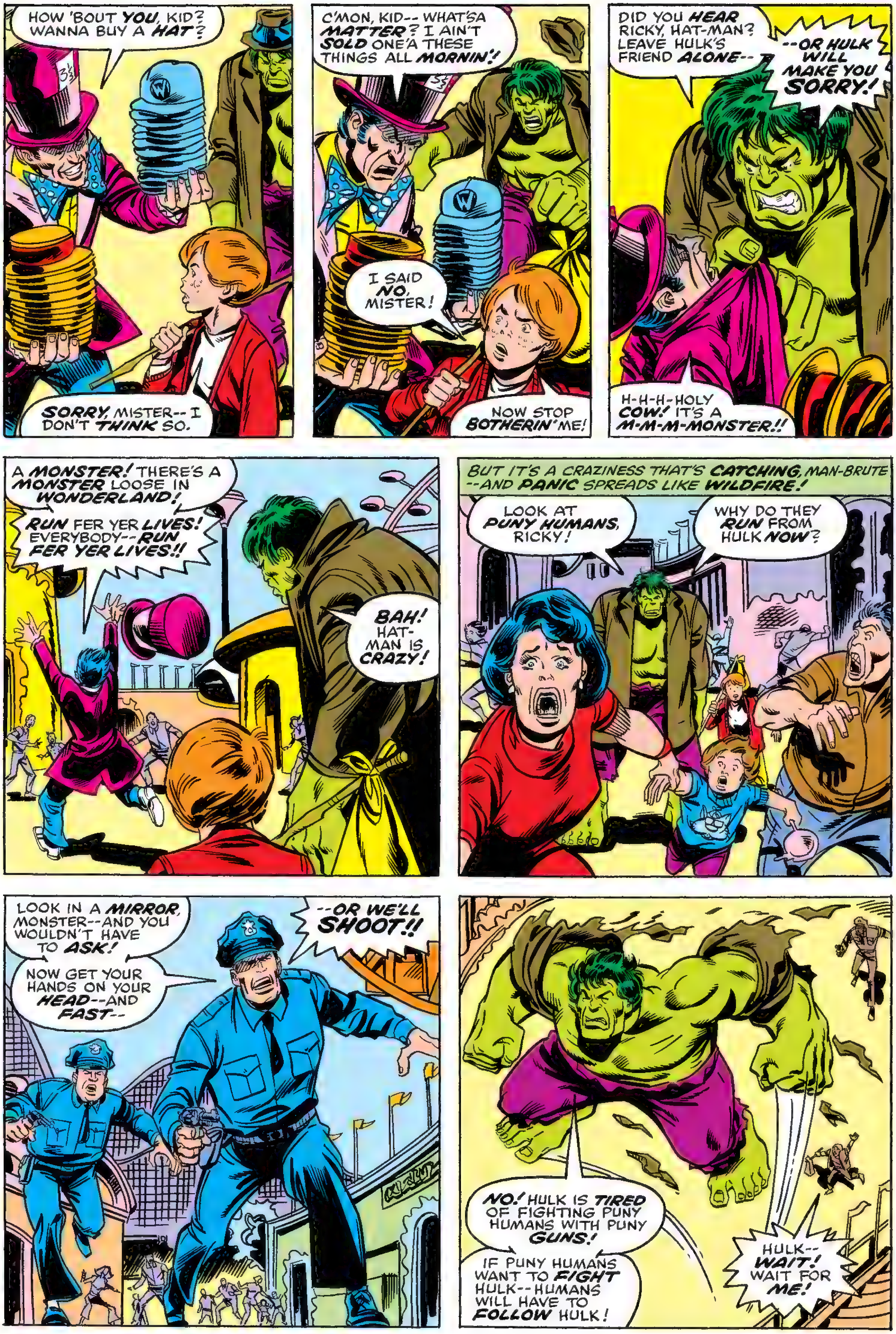

YOU JUST KEEP AWAY FROM ME, MISTER-- OR I'LL HIT YA WITH THIS!
I MEAN IT! I WILL!
BAH! PUNY HUMAN IS ONLY LITTLE BOY!
NOW EVEN LITTLE BOYS THREATEN HULK--WANT TO HURT HULK--
--BUT ALL HULK WANTS IS A PLACE TO BE ALONE-- A PLACE WHERE HULK CAN FIND PEACE!
GEE, I--I'M SORRY. I--I DIDN'T KNOW--!
I'M RUNNIN' AWAY TOO, MISTER-- JUST LIKE YOU!
AT THE ORPHANAGE, THE KIDS ALWAYS PICKED ON ME--BUT I'M GONNA FIND A PLACE WHERE I CAN BE SOMEBODY!
MY NAME'S RICKY, MISTER. IF YA WANT, WE CAN RIDE T'GETHER FOR A WHILE.
RICKY? HULK ONCE HAD A FRIEND NAMED RICK!
WILL YOU BE HULK'S FRIEND TOO?
THE BOY TAKES THE BEHEMOTH'S HAND WARMLY-- AND THE TWO RIDE ON TOGETHER INTO MORNING.
THE SUN HAS HARDLY ARISEN WHEN THE SLOW FREIGHT AT LAST RUMBLES INTO THE STOCKYARDS--
--TO BE GREETED BY A MOST UNLIKELY WELCOMING COMMITTEE!
THIS NEXT FREIGHT'S MINE, FELLAS!
WELL, WELL--AIN'T I THE LUCKY ONE?
SOUNDS LIKE VOICES COMIN' FROM INSIDE THAT BOXCAR!
LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA HAFTA LEARN SOME NEW RAILBIRDS THAT NOBODY RIDES FREE ON MY LINE!
MAN, I SURE PITY ANY 'BO HE FINDS IN THERE!
THERE AIN'T A TOUGHER, NASTIER MAN WORKIN' THE RAILS THAN IRON MIKE McGINTY!

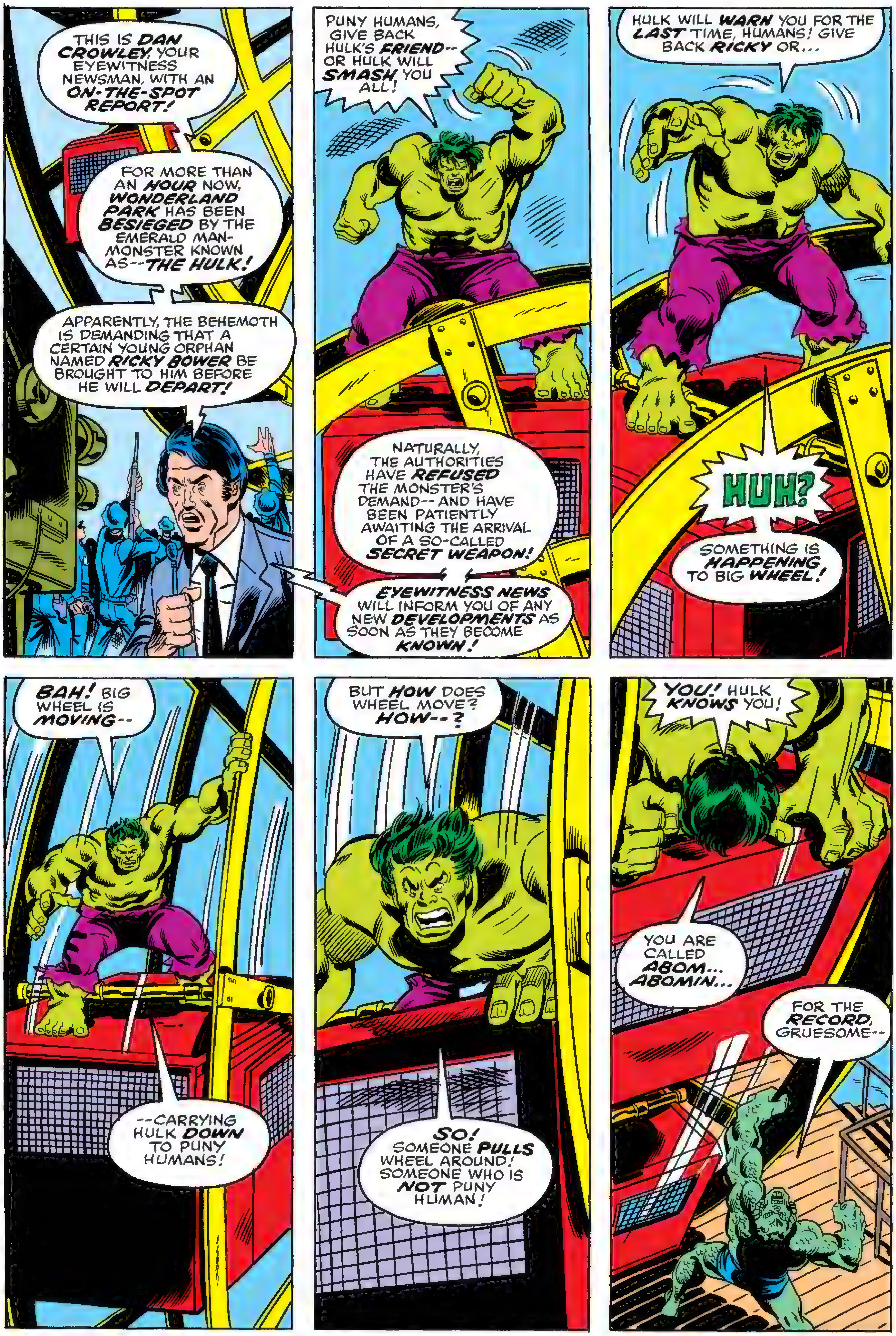

WANNA BET?
PLOW!
HOLY HAIRY HANNAH! WHAT HIT HIM?
HULK HIT HIM!
NOW GO AWAY, PUNY HUMANS! LEAVE HULK AND HULK'S FRIEND ALONE!
LEAVE HULK ALONE--
--OR HULK WILL SMASH!
HULK, BE CAREFUL! THOSE GUYS HAVE GUNS!
THOOM!
BAH! PUNY GUNS CANNOT HURT HULK--
--BUT GUNS CAN HURT RICKY!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
PUNY HUMANS TRIED TO HURT HULK'S FRIEND--
--AND FOR THAT--
HULK-- DON'T--!
--HULK WILL CRUSH YOU ALL!!
KWA-ROOMM!
COME, RICKY! HULK WILL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM PLACE OF PUNY HUMANS!
THERE HE GOES --AN' GOOD RIDDANCE!
I TELL YA, HANNIGAN-- THERE'S GOTTA BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE A BUCK!

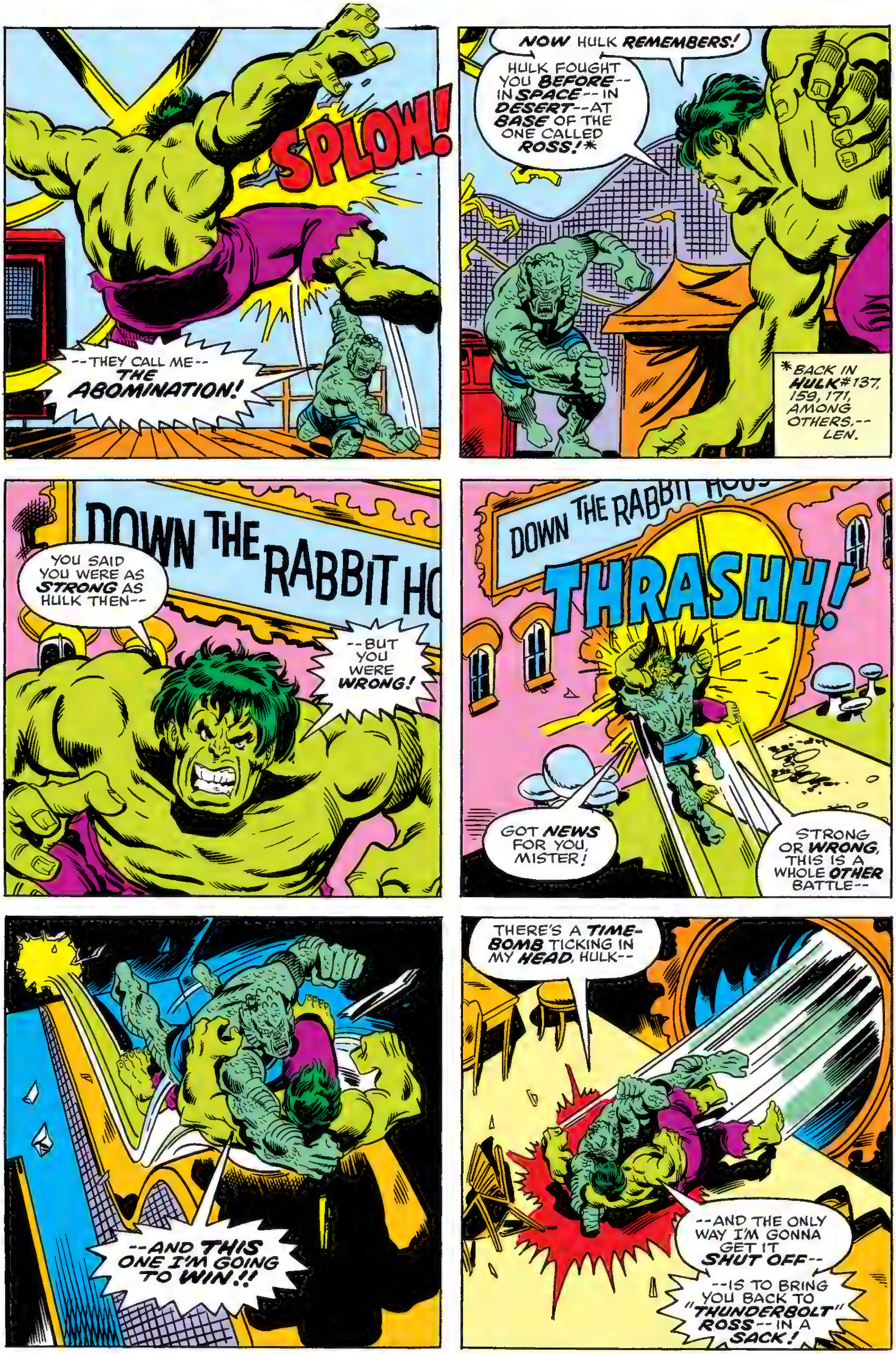

AND WHILE THE GREEN GOLIATH BOUNDS FURIOUSLY AWAY ACROSS THE VERDANT LANDSCAPE OF FLORIDA, LET'S TURN OUR ATTENTION HALF A CONTINENT AWAY--
--TO THE VAST MILITARY COMPLEX BEING SLOWLY RECONSTRUCTED IN THE HARSH NEW MEXICAN DESERT--
--THE COMPLEX WE'VE COME TO CALL--HULKBUSTER BASE!
SPECIFICALLY, DOWN THE STEEL-REINFORCED CONCRETE ELEVATOR SHAFT THAT LEADS TO THE RADIATION RESEARCH LABORATORY--
--WHERE WE FIND SHIELD AGENT CLAY QUARTERMAIN, THE EMERALD-TRESSED DOC SAMSON--
--AND A DRASTICALLY DIFFERENT GREEN GOLIATH!
YOU CREEPS MAY HAVE ME BY THE SHORT SCALES--
--BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THE ABOMINATION HAS TO LIKE IT!
YOU'D BETTER CALM DOWN, MISTER--
--BEFORE YOU BLOW YOUR TOP--LITERALLY!
WE DIDN'T RESURRECT YOU TO ARGUE WITH YOU, FELLA*--BUT BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY BEING STRONG ENOUGH TO HELP US CAPTURE THE HULK!
AND THE MICRO-BOMB WE EMPLANTED IN YOUR SKULL WILL INSURE THAT YOU DON'T TURN ON US AS YOU DID LAST TIME!**
*LAST ISSUE.
**BACK IN HULK #171. --ENCYCLOPEDIC LEN.
I CAN'T CAPTURE ANYBODY UNLESS I KNOW WHERE HE IS--
TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK
--AND THIS BLASTED TICKING INSIDE MY HEAD IS LIABLE TO DRIVE ME CRAZY BEFORE YOU CAN EVEN FIND THE HULK!
UH-UH, UGLY--WE'VE GOT FEELERS OUT EVEN NOW! THE FIRST TIME JADE-JAWS REARS HIS BIG GREEN HEAD, WE'LL KNOW ABOUT...
MR. QUARTERMAIN--THEY'VE JUST LOCATED THE HULK DOWN IN FLORIDA!
YOU'D BETTER ALERT GENERAL ROSS RIGHT AWAY!
WHAT'D I TELL YOU, UGLY--NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!

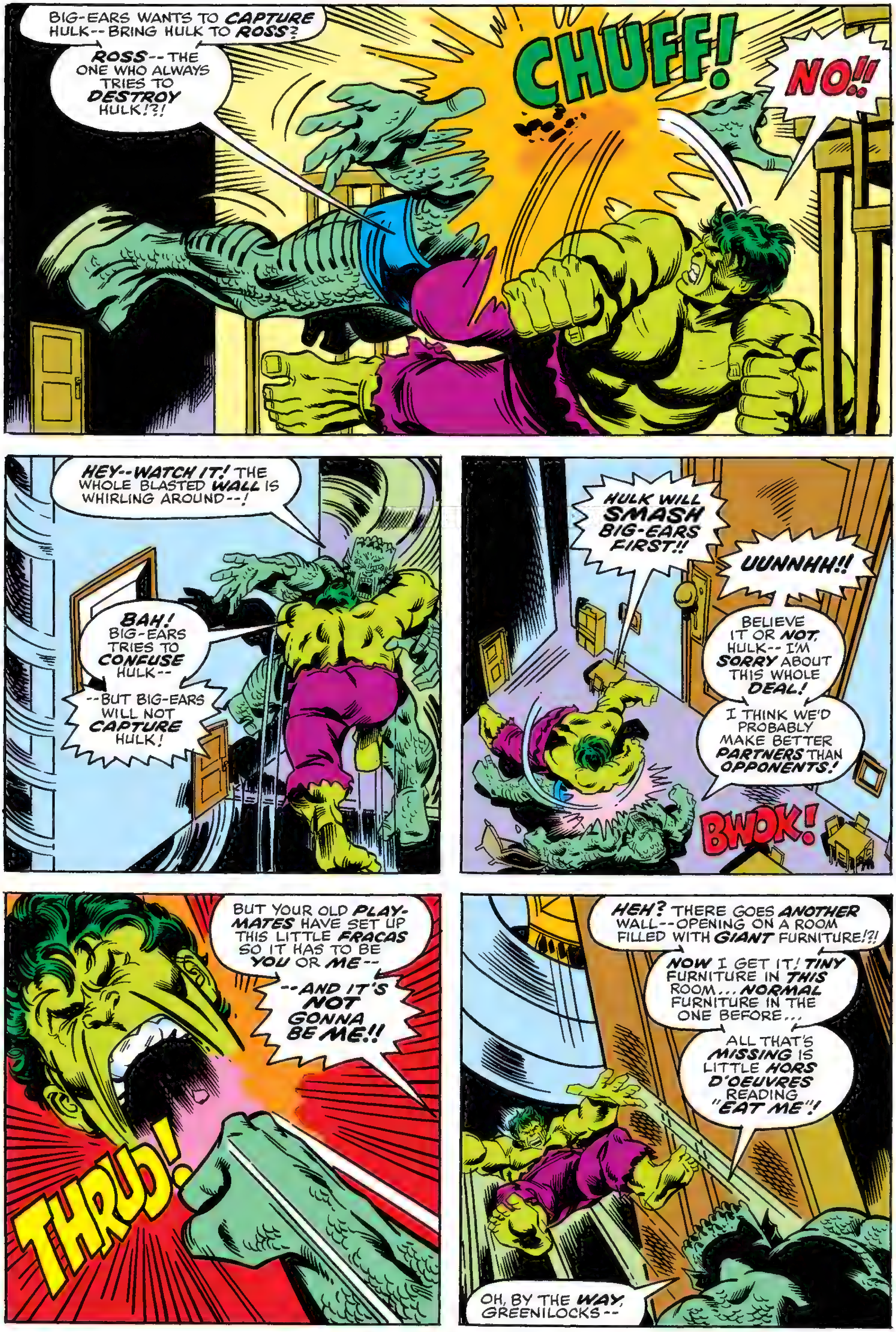

"GLENN? GLENN DARLING, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
"PLEASE, DARLING--IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, GIVE ME A SIGN! NOD YOUR HEAD...BLINK AN EYE... DO ANYTHING...
"I BEG YOU, DARLING... DO SOMETHING!"
BUT YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING, CAN YOU? YOU HAVEN'T GOT A MIND TO CONTROL YOUR BODY! YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A VEGETABLE--
--A VEGETABLE THAT USED TO BE... MY HUSBAND.
OH, GLENN... FORGIVE ME. I DIDN'T MEAN THAT. YOU'RE STILL MY HUSBAND ...THOUGH I DON'T DESERVE YOU!
EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU THESE PAST MONTHS* IS MY FAULT...ALL MY FAULT!
*AS DETAILED OVER THE PAST SEVERAL DOZEN ISSUES.--LEN.
OKAY, THAT WILL BE JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF THAT! I APPRECIATE THE WAY YOU FEEL, BETTY--
--BUT NO DAUGHTER OF GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS IS GOING TO WALLOW IN SELF-PITY!
GLENN TALBOT IS NOT A LOST CAUSE, BETTY! YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT!
IF WE CAN RESTORE HIS SUBCONSCIOUS, WE CAN RESTORE HIS MIND!
AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO TO ACCOMPLISH THAT IS TO FIND BRUCE BANNER... OR THE HULK!
SORRY TO INTRUDE, GENERAL-- BUT I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS!
THEY'VE SPOTTED THE JOLLY GREEN YOU-KNOW-WHO DOWN IN FLORIDA!
THEN WHAT ARE YOU STANDING AROUND FOR, QUARTERMAIN?
ACTIVATE OPERATION: ABOMINATION --IMMEDIATELY!

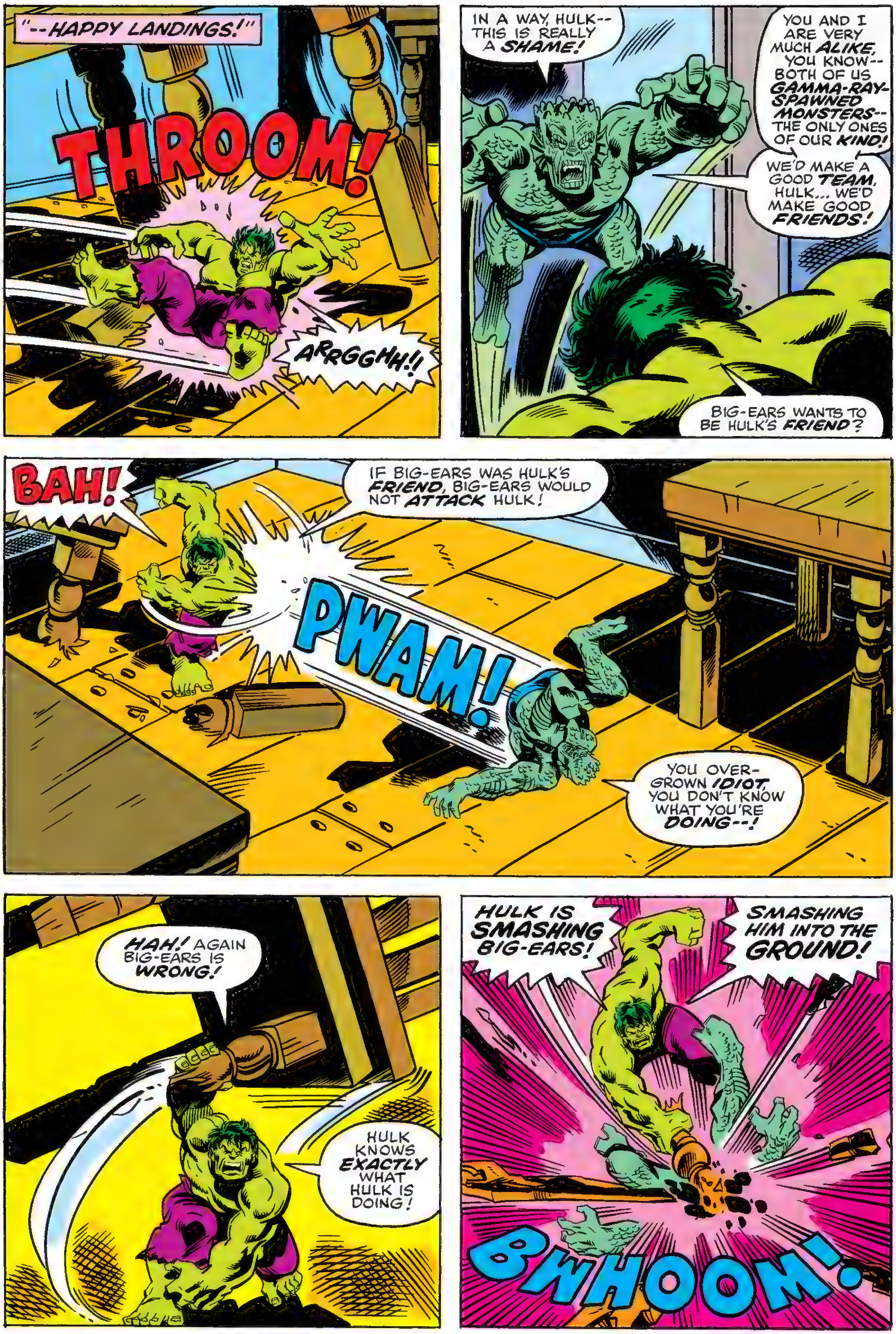

BUT IN CITRUS-DRENCHED FLORIDA, SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
WONDERL
HERE IT IS, HULK-- THE BIGGEST AMUSEMENT PARK IN THE WORLD!
?
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE WANTED TO COME HERE--
--BUT NOW THAT I MADE IT, I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO GET IN!
DO NOT BE SAD, RICKY. HULK WILL HELP YOU!
IF RICKY WANTS TO GO INSIDE PLACE OF SHOUTING AND NOISES--
--THEN INSIDE RICKY WILL GO!
CRRUMPP!
WOW!
C'MON, HULK--QUICK-- BEFORE SOMEBODY SEES US!
THAT DISGUISE YA GOT OUTTA THAT GARBAGE CAN WON'T FOOL NOBODY IF THEY SEE YA DO STUFF LIKE THAT!
HULK COMES.
LOOK AT IT, HULK-- LOOK! IT'S...IT'S...
HUH?
IT'S... BEAUTIFUL.
TO BE HONEST, IT'S REALLY ONLY PACKAGED PREFAB FANTASY, WRAPPED IN A TOO-THIN GLITTERING VENEER--
--BUT TO A HOMELESS YOUNG BOY, IT'S A COTTON CANDY PARADISE--
--AND, IN TRUTH, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!
HURRY! HURRY! HURRY! GET YER MAD HATTER MAD-CAPS WHILE THEY'RE STILL HOT!
SHOW

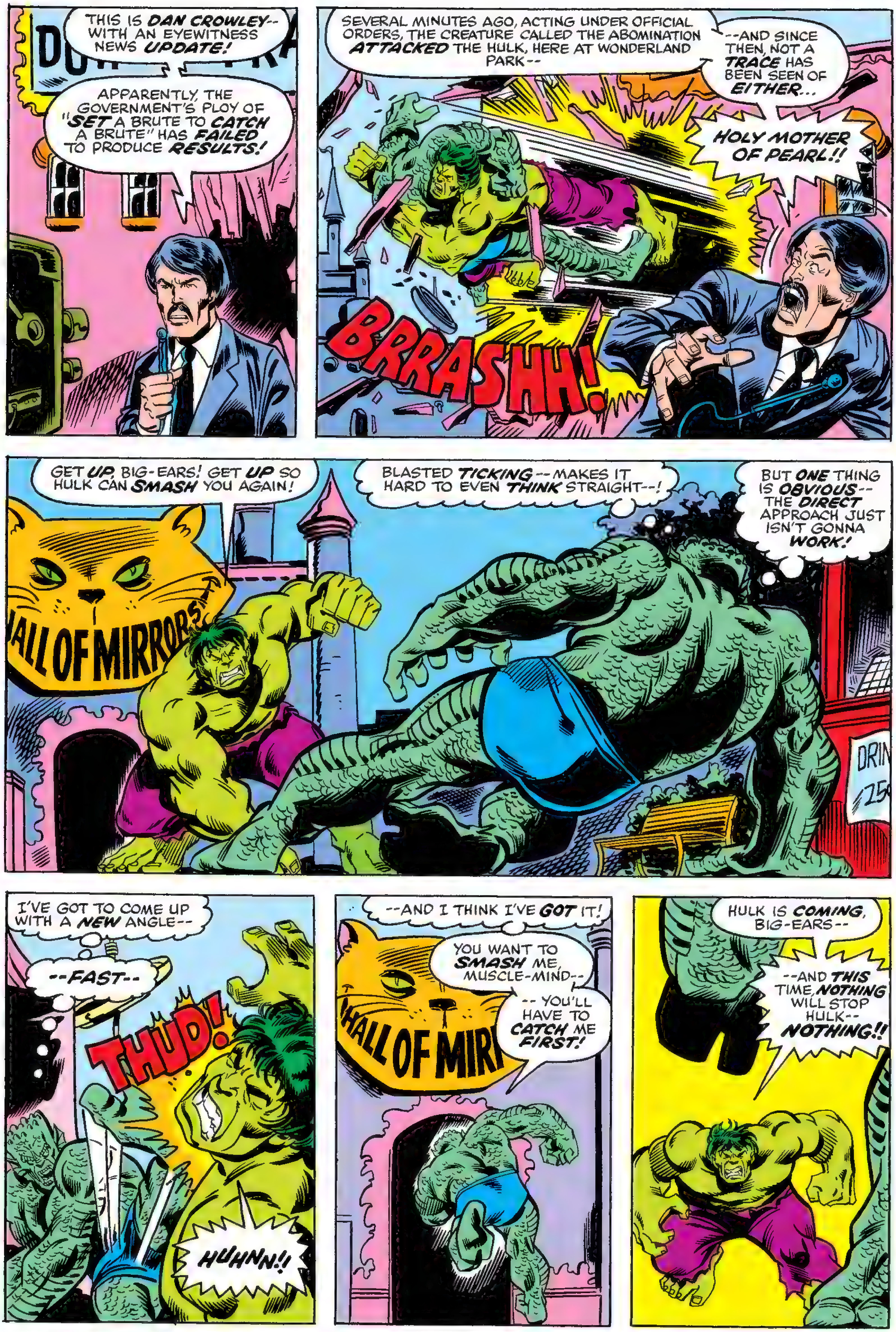

HOW 'BOUT YOU, KID? WANNA BUY A HAT?
SORRY, MISTER-- I DON'T THINK SO.
C'MON, KID-- WHAT'SA MATTER? I AIN'T SOLD ONE'A THESE THINGS ALL MORNIN'!
I SAID NO, MISTER!
NOW STOP BOTHERIN' ME!
DID YOU HEAR RICKY, HAT-MAN? LEAVE HULK'S FRIEND ALONE--
--OR HULK WILL MAKE YOU SORRY!
H-H-H-HOLY COW! IT'S A M-M-M-MONSTER!!
A MONSTER! THERE'S A MONSTER LOOSE IN WONDERLAND!
RUN FER YER LIVES! EVERYBODY--RUN FER YER LIVES!!
BAH! HAT-MAN IS CRAZY!
BUT IT'S A CRAZINESS THAT'S CATCHING, MAN-BRUTE --AND PANIC SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE!
LOOK AT PUNY HUMANS, RICKY!
WHY DO THEY RUN FROM HULK NOW?
LOOK IN A MIRROR, MONSTER--AND YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO ASK!
NOW GET YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD--AND FAST--
--OR WE'LL SHOOT!!
NO! HULK IS TIRED OF FIGHTING PUNY HUMANS WITH PUNY GUNS!
IF PUNY HUMANS WANT TO FIGHT HULK--HUMANS WILL HAVE TO FOLLOW HULK!
HULK-- WAIT! WAIT FOR ME!

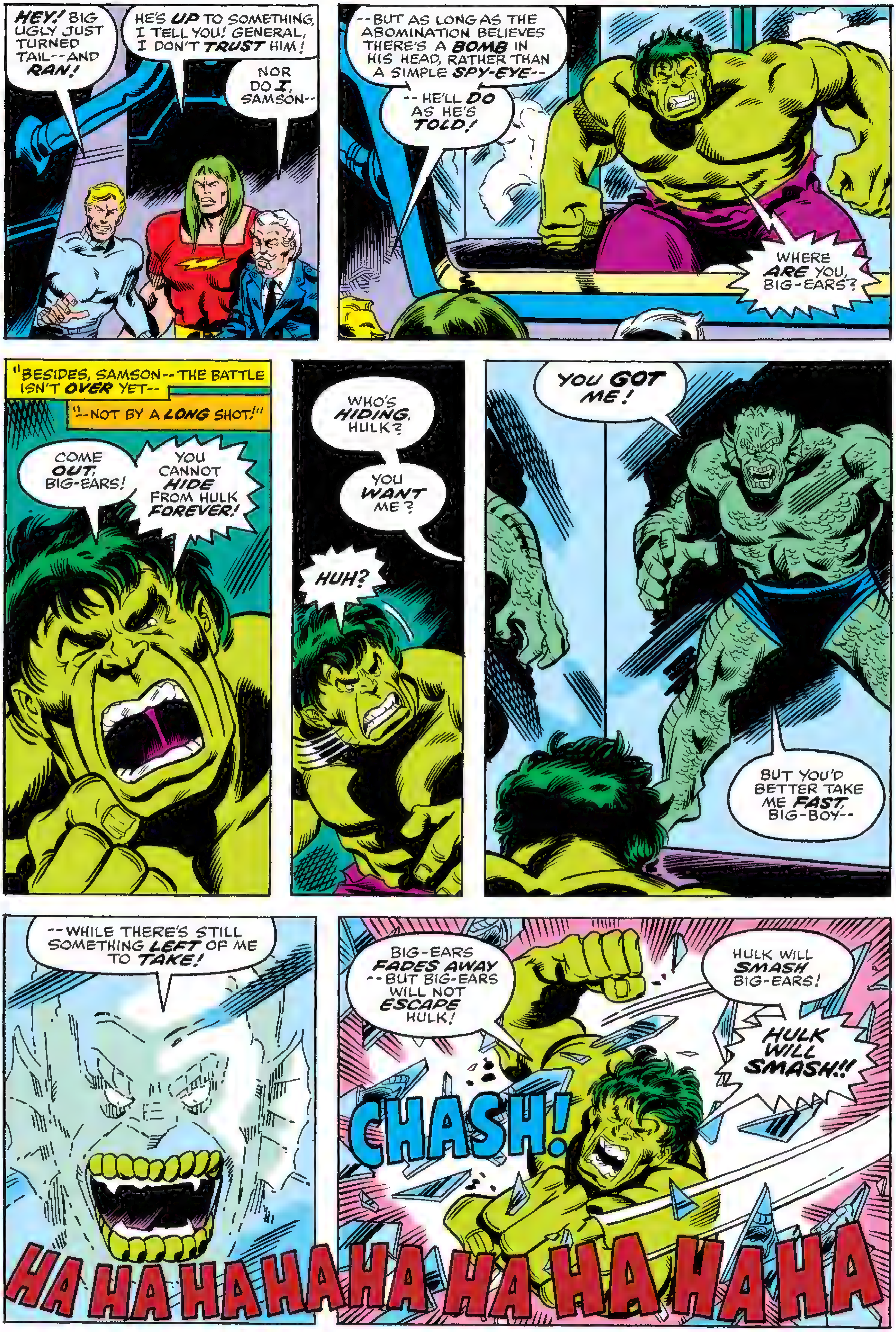

THIS IS DAN CROWLEY, YOUR EYEWITNESS NEWSMAN, WITH AN ON-THE-SPOT REPORT!
FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR NOW, WONDERLAND PARK HAS BEEN BESIEGED BY THE EMERALD MAN-MONSTER KNOWN AS--THE HULK!
APPARENTLY, THE BEHEMOTH IS DEMANDING THAT A CERTAIN YOUNG ORPHAN NAMED RICKY BOWER BE BROUGHT TO HIM BEFORE HE WILL DEPART!
PUNY HUMANS, GIVE BACK HULK'S FRIEND--OR HULK WILL SMASH YOU ALL!
NATURALLY, THE AUTHORITIES HAVE REFUSED THE MONSTER'S DEMAND--AND HAVE BEEN PATIENTLY AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF A SO-CALLED SECRET WEAPON!
EYEWITNESS NEWS WILL INFORM YOU OF ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS AS SOON AS THEY BECOME KNOWN!
HULK WILL WARN YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, HUMANS! GIVE BACK RICKY OR...
HUH?
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO BIG WHEEL!
BAH! BIG WHEEL IS MOVING--
--CARRYING HULK DOWN TO PUNY HUMANS!
BUT HOW DOES WHEEL MOVE? HOW--?
SO! SOMEONE PULLS WHEEL AROUND! SOMEONE WHO IS NOT PUNY HUMAN!
YOU! HULK KNOWS YOU!
YOU ARE CALLED ABOM... ABOMIN...
FOR THE RECORD, GRUESOME--

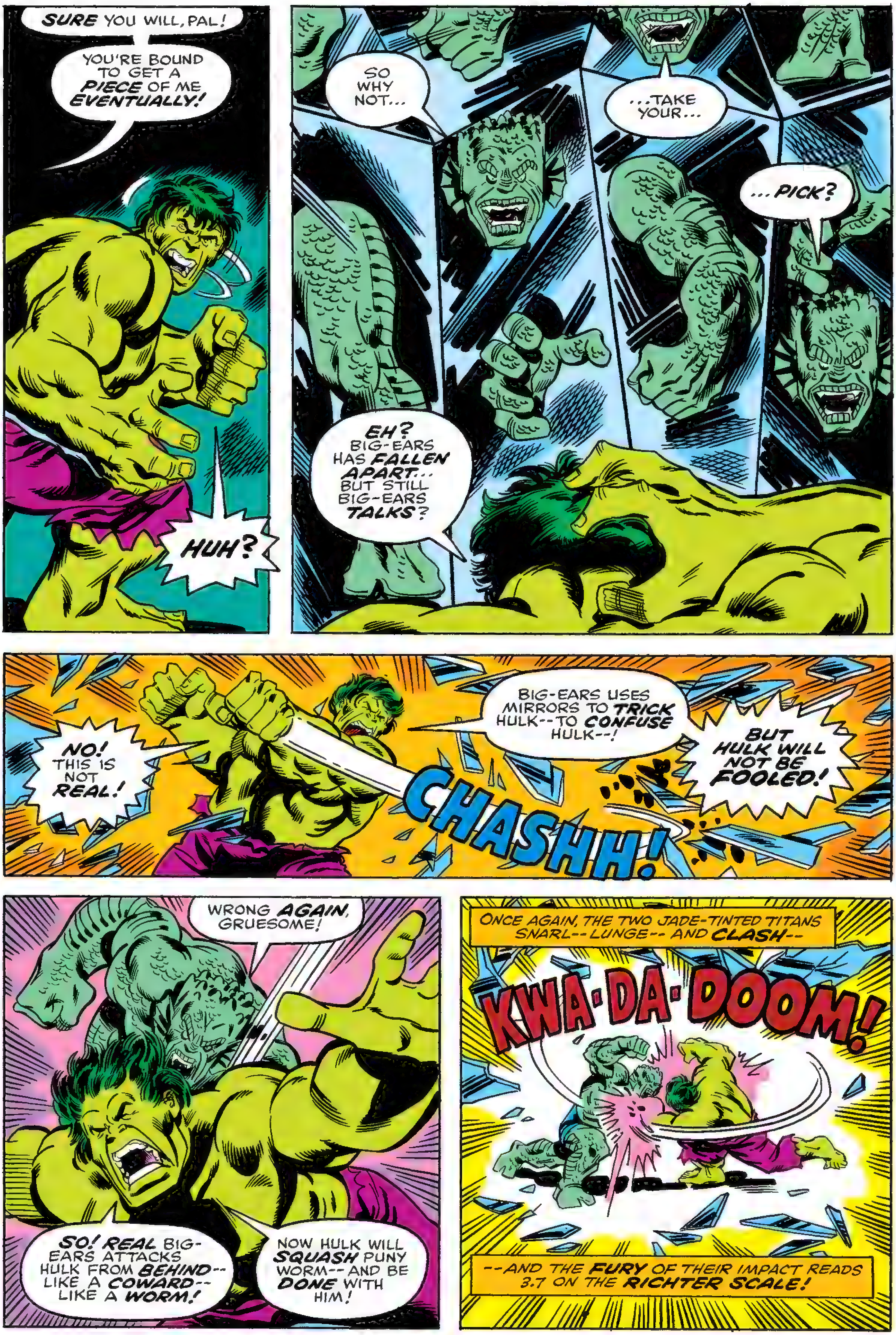

SPLOW!
--THEY CALL ME-- THE ABOMINATION!
NOW HULK REMEMBERS!
HULK FOUGHT YOU BEFORE-- IN SPACE-- IN DESERT--AT BASE OF THE ONE CALLED ROSS!*
*BACK IN HULK #137, 159, 171, AMONG OTHERS.--LEN.
DOWN THE RABBIT HO
YOU SAID YOU WERE AS STRONG AS HULK THEN--
--BUT YOU WERE WRONG!
DOWN THE RABBIT HOU
THRASHH!
GOT NEWS FOR YOU, MISTER!
STRONG OR WRONG, THIS IS A WHOLE OTHER BATTLE--
--AND THIS ONE I'M GOING TO WIN!!
THERE'S A TIME-BOMB TICKING IN MY HEAD, HULK--
--AND THE ONLY WAY I'M GONNA GET IT SHUT OFF--
--IS TO BRING YOU BACK TO "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS--IN A SACK!

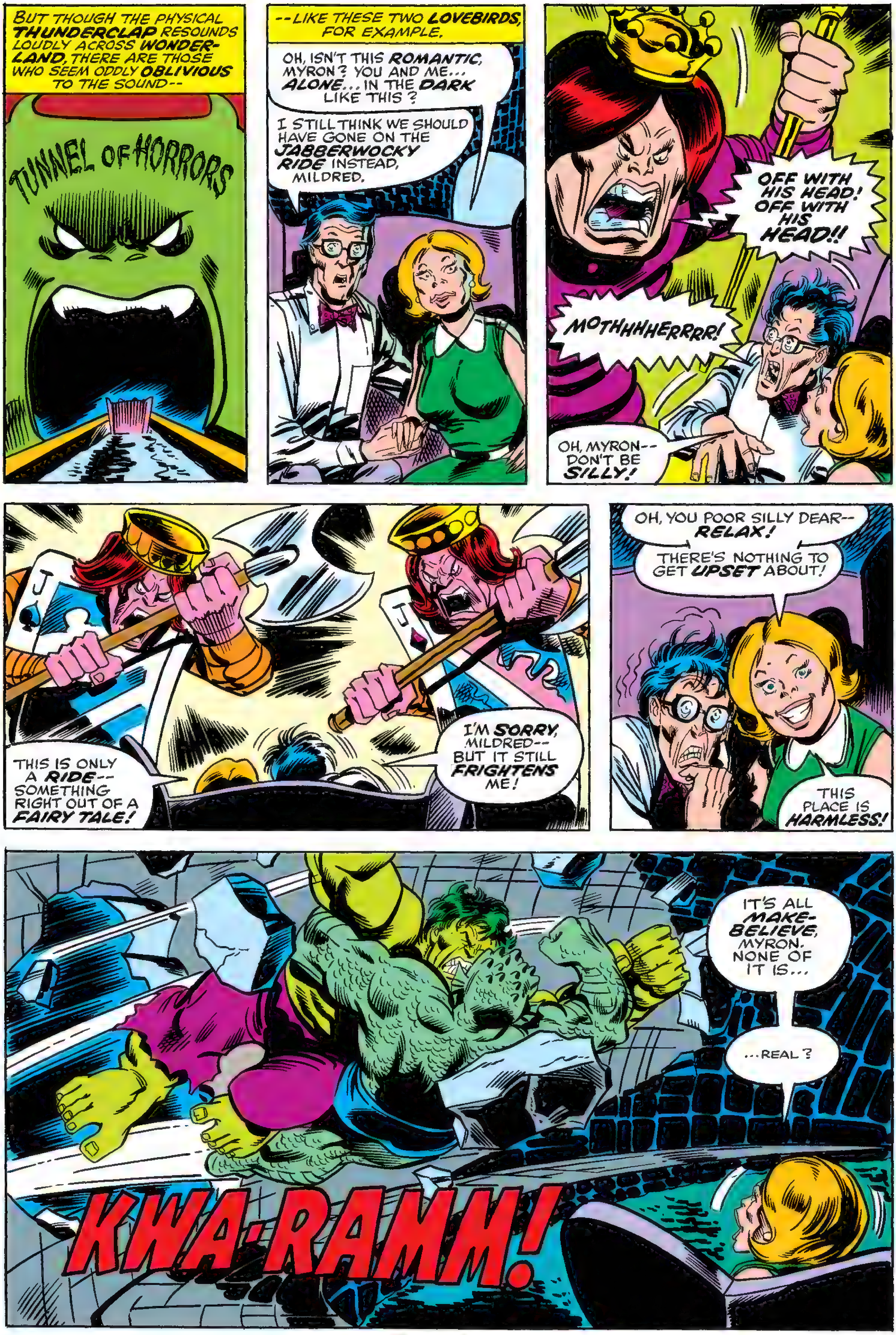

BIG-EARS WANTS TO CAPTURE HULK-- BRING HULK TO ROSS?
ROSS--THE ONE WHO ALWAYS TRIES TO DESTROY HULK!?!
CHUFF!
NO!!
HEY--WATCH IT! THE WHOLE BLASTED WALL IS WHIRLING AROUND--!
BAH! BIG-EARS TRIES TO CONFUSE HULK--
--BUT BIG-EARS WILL NOT CAPTURE HULK!
HULK WILL SMASH BIG-EARS FIRST!!
UUNNHH!!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HULK--I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS WHOLE DEAL!
I THINK WE'D PROBABLY MAKE BETTER PARTNERS THAN OPPONENTS!
BWOK!
BUT YOUR OLD PLAYMATES HAVE SET UP THIS LITTLE FRACAS SO IT HAS TO BE YOU OR ME--
--AND IT'S NOT GONNA BE ME!!
THRUD!
HEH? THERE GOES ANOTHER WALL--OPENING ON A ROOM FILLED WITH GIANT FURNITURE!?!
NOW I GET IT! TINY FURNITURE IN THIS ROOM... NORMAL FURNITURE IN THE ONE BEFORE...
ALL THAT'S MISSING IS LITTLE HORS D'OEUVRES READING "EAT ME"!
OH, BY THE WAY, GREENILOCKS--

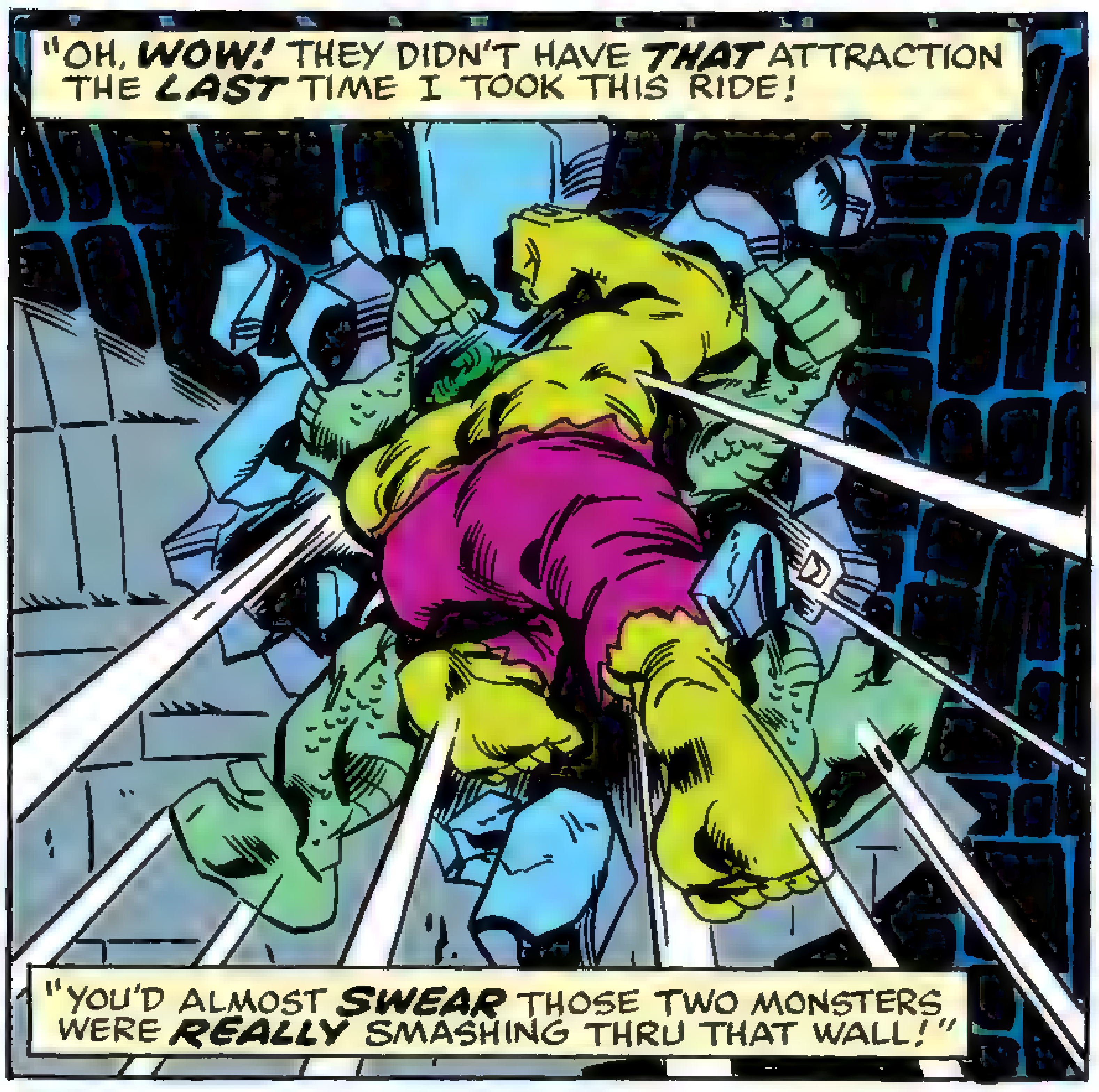

"--HAPPY LANDINGS!"
THROOM!
ARRGGHH!!
IN A WAY, HULK-- THIS IS REALLY A *SHAME!*
YOU AND I ARE VERY MUCH *ALIKE,* YOU KNOW-- BOTH OF US *GAMMA-RAY-SPAWNED MONSTERS*-- THE ONLY ONES OF OUR *KIND!*
WE'D MAKE A GOOD *TEAM,* HULK... WE'D MAKE GOOD *FRIENDS!*
BIG-EARS WANTS TO BE HULK'S *FRIEND?*
BAH!
IF BIG-EARS WAS HULK'S *FRIEND,* BIG-EARS WOULD NOT *ATTACK* HULK!
PWAM!
YOU OVER-GROWN *IDIOT,* YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *DOING--!*
HAH! AGAIN BIG-EARS IS *WRONG!*
HULK KNOWS *EXACTLY* WHAT HULK IS DOING!
HULK IS SMASHING BIG-EARS!
SMASHING HIM INTO THE GROUND!
BWHOOM!

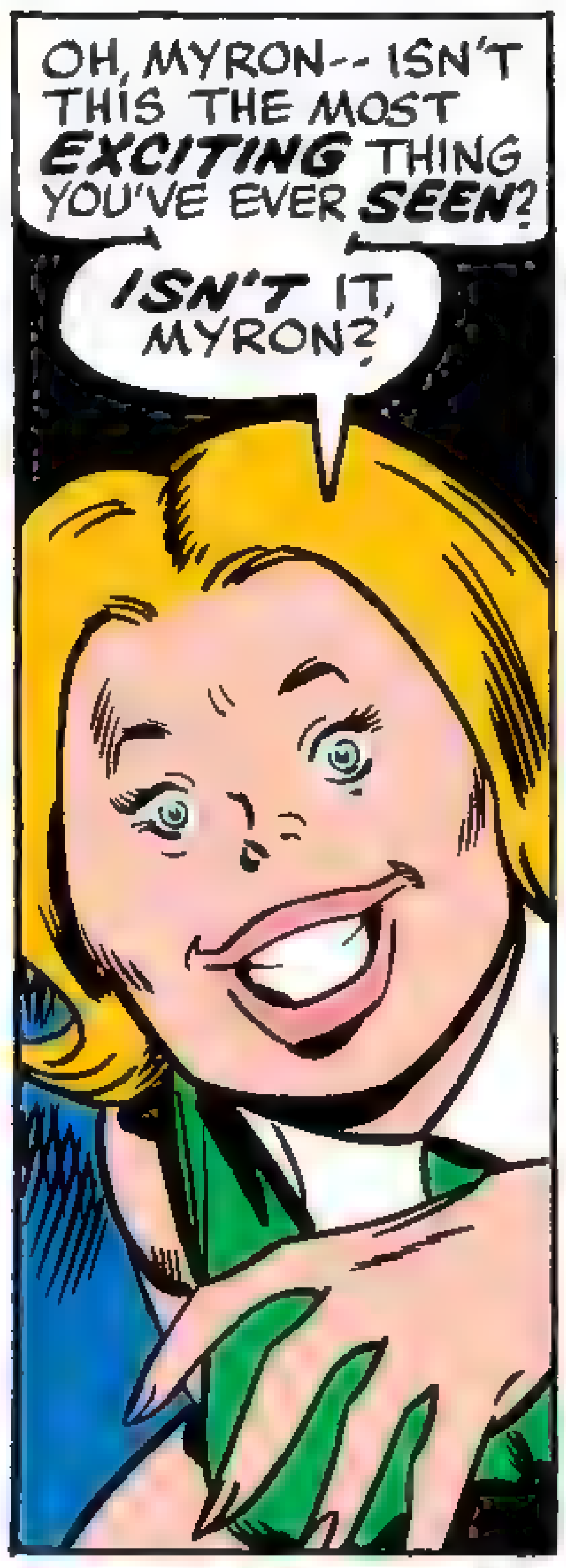

THIS IS DAN CROWLEY-- WITH AN EYEWITNESS NEWS UPDATE!
APPARENTLY, THE GOVERNMENT'S PLOY OF "SET A BRUTE TO CATCH A BRUTE" HAS FAILED TO PRODUCE RESULTS!
SEVERAL MINUTES AGO, ACTING UNDER OFFICIAL ORDERS, THE CREATURE CALLED THE ABOMINATION ATTACKED THE HULK, HERE AT WONDERLAND PARK--
--AND SINCE THEN, NOT A TRACE HAS BEEN SEEN OF EITHER...
HOLY MOTHER OF PEARL!!
BRRASHH!
GET UP, BIG-EARS! GET UP SO HULK CAN SMASH YOU AGAIN!
BLASTED TICKING--MAKES IT HARD TO EVEN THINK STRAIGHT--!
BUT ONE THING IS OBVIOUS-- THE DIRECT APPROACH JUST ISN'T GONNA WORK!
HALL OF MIRRORS
I'VE GOT TO COME UP WITH A NEW ANGLE--
--FAST--
THUD!
HUHNN!!
--AND I THINK I'VE GOT IT!
YOU WANT TO SMASH ME, MUSCLE-MIND--
-- YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST!
HULK IS COMING, BIG-EARS--
--AND THIS TIME, NOTHING WILL STOP HULK-- NOTHING!!

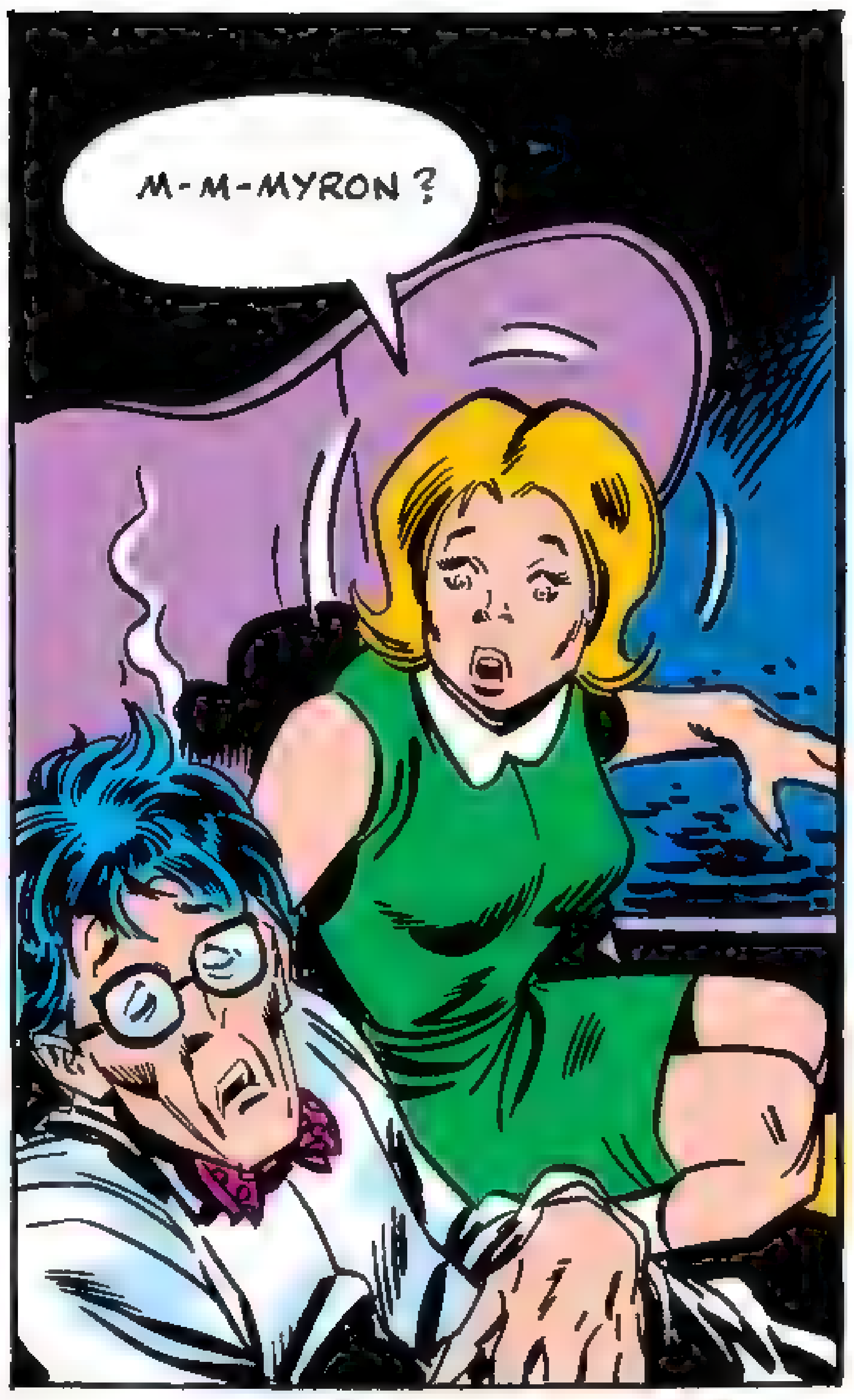

HEY! BIG UGLY JUST TURNED TAIL--AND RAN!
HE'S UP TO SOMETHING, I TELL YOU! GENERAL, I DON'T TRUST HIM!
NOR DO I, SAMSON--
--BUT AS LONG AS THE ABOMINATION BELIEVES THERE'S A BOMB IN HIS HEAD, RATHER THAN A SIMPLE SPY-EYE--
--HE'LL DO AS HE'S TOLD!
WHERE ARE YOU, BIG-EARS?
"BESIDES, SAMSON--THE BATTLE ISN'T OVER YET--
"--NOT BY A LONG SHOT!"
COME OUT, BIG-EARS!
YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM HULK FOREVER!
WHO'S HIDING, HULK?
YOU WANT ME?
HUH?
YOU GOT ME!
BUT YOU'D BETTER TAKE ME FAST, BIG-BOY--
--WHILE THERE'S STILL SOMETHING LEFT OF ME TO TAKE!
BIG-EARS FADES AWAY --BUT BIG-EARS WILL NOT ESCAPE HULK!
HULK WILL SMASH BIG-EARS!
HULK WILL SMASH!!
CHASH!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

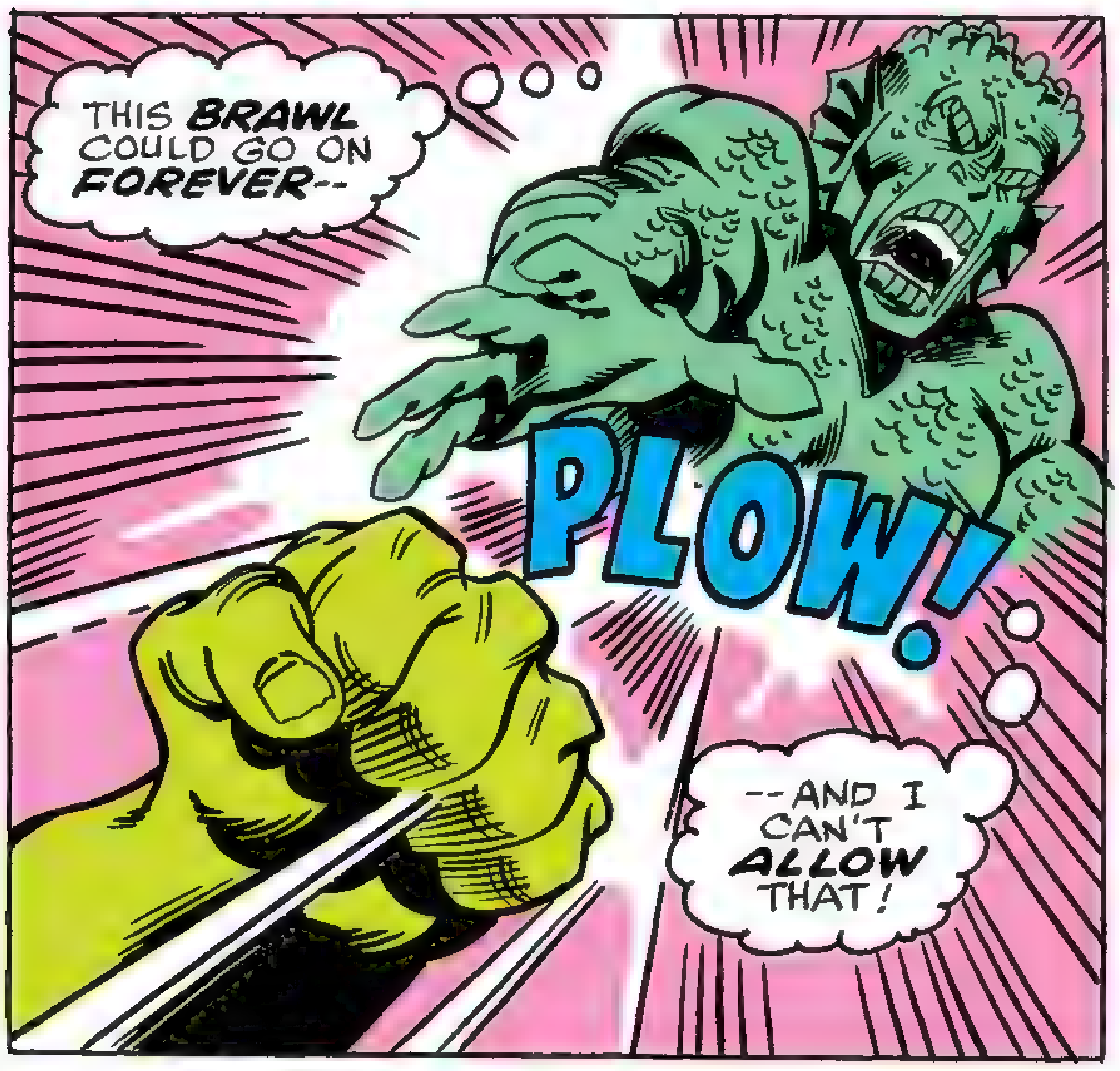

SURE YOU WILL, PAL!
YOU'RE BOUND TO GET A PIECE OF ME EVENTUALLY!
HUH?
SO WHY NOT...
...TAKE YOUR...
...PICK?
EH? BIG-EARS HAS FALLEN APART... BUT STILL BIG-EARS TALKS?
NO! THIS IS NOT REAL!
BIG-EARS USES MIRRORS TO TRICK HULK--TO CONFUSE HULK--!
BUT HULK WILL NOT BE FOOLED!
CHASHH!
WRONG AGAIN, GRUESOME!
SO! REAL BIG-EARS ATTACKS HULK FROM BEHIND--LIKE A COWARD--LIKE A WORM!
NOW HULK WILL SQUASH PUNY WORM--AND BE DONE WITH HIM!
ONCE AGAIN, THE TWO JADE-TINTED TITANS SNARL--LUNGE--AND CLASH--
KWA-DA-DOOM!
--AND THE FURY OF THEIR IMPACT READS 3.7 ON THE RICHTER SCALE!

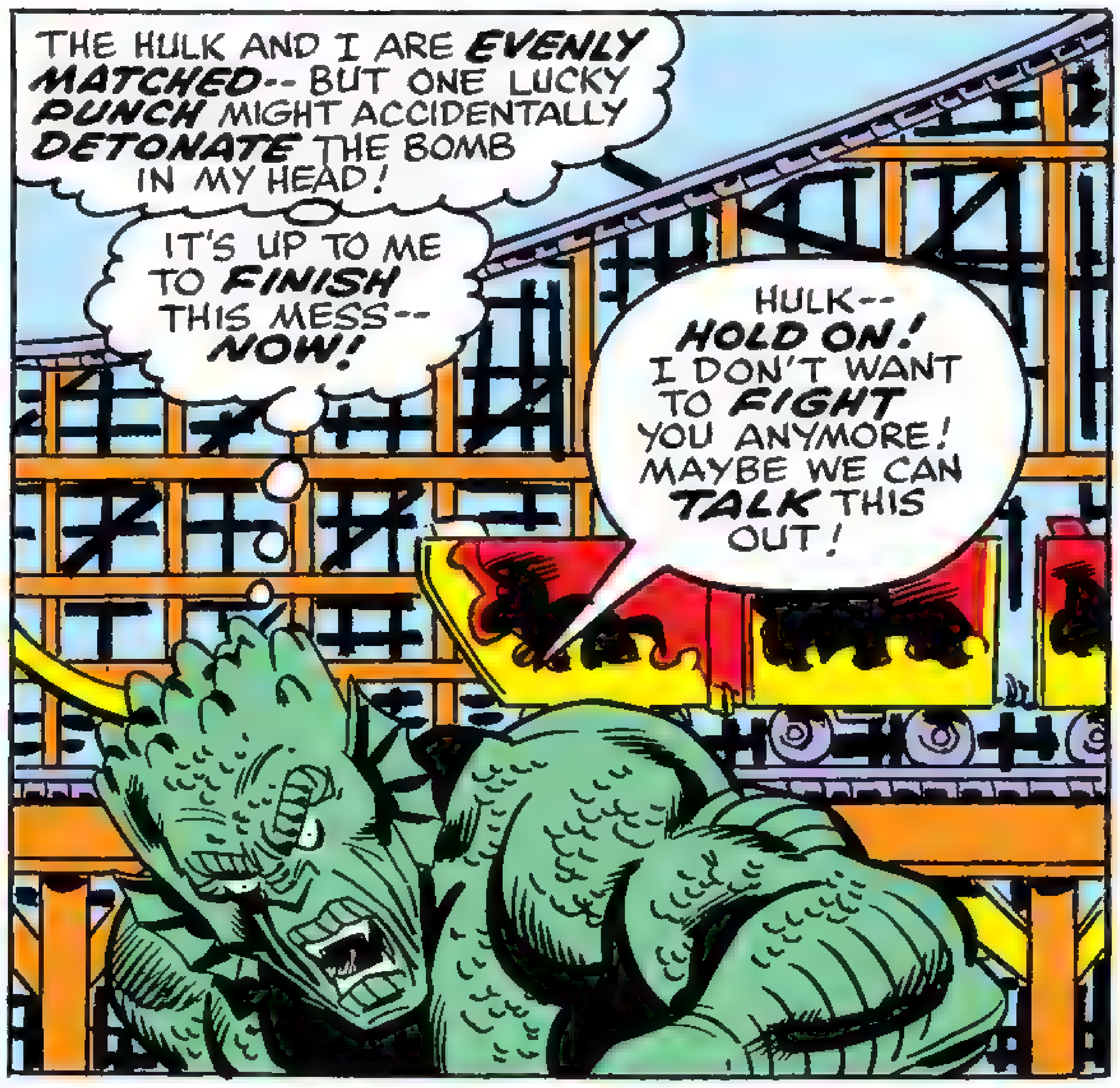

BUT THOUGH THE PHYSICAL **THUNDERCLAP** RESOUNDS LOUDLY ACROSS **WONDERLAND**, THERE ARE THOSE WHO SEEM ODDLY **OBLIVIOUS** TO THE SOUND--
TUNNEL OF HORRORS
--LIKE THESE TWO **LOVEBIRDS**, FOR EXAMPLE.
OH, ISN'T THIS **ROMANTIC**, MYRON? YOU AND ME... **ALONE**... IN THE **DARK** LIKE THIS?
I STILL THINK WE SHOULD HAVE GONE ON THE **JABBERWOCKY RIDE** INSTEAD, MILDRED.
OFF WITH HIS HEAD! OFF WITH HIS HEAD!!
MOTHHHHERRRR!
OH, MYRON--DON'T BE **SILLY!**
THIS IS ONLY A **RIDE**--SOMETHING RIGHT OUT OF A **FAIRY TALE!**
I'M **SORRY**, MILDRED--BUT IT STILL **FRIGHTENS** ME!
OH, YOU POOR SILLY DEAR--**RELAX!**
THERE'S NOTHING TO GET **UPSET** ABOUT!
THIS PLACE IS **HARMLESS!**
IT'S ALL **MAKE-BELIEVE**, MYRON. NONE OF IT IS...
...REAL?
KWA-RAMM!

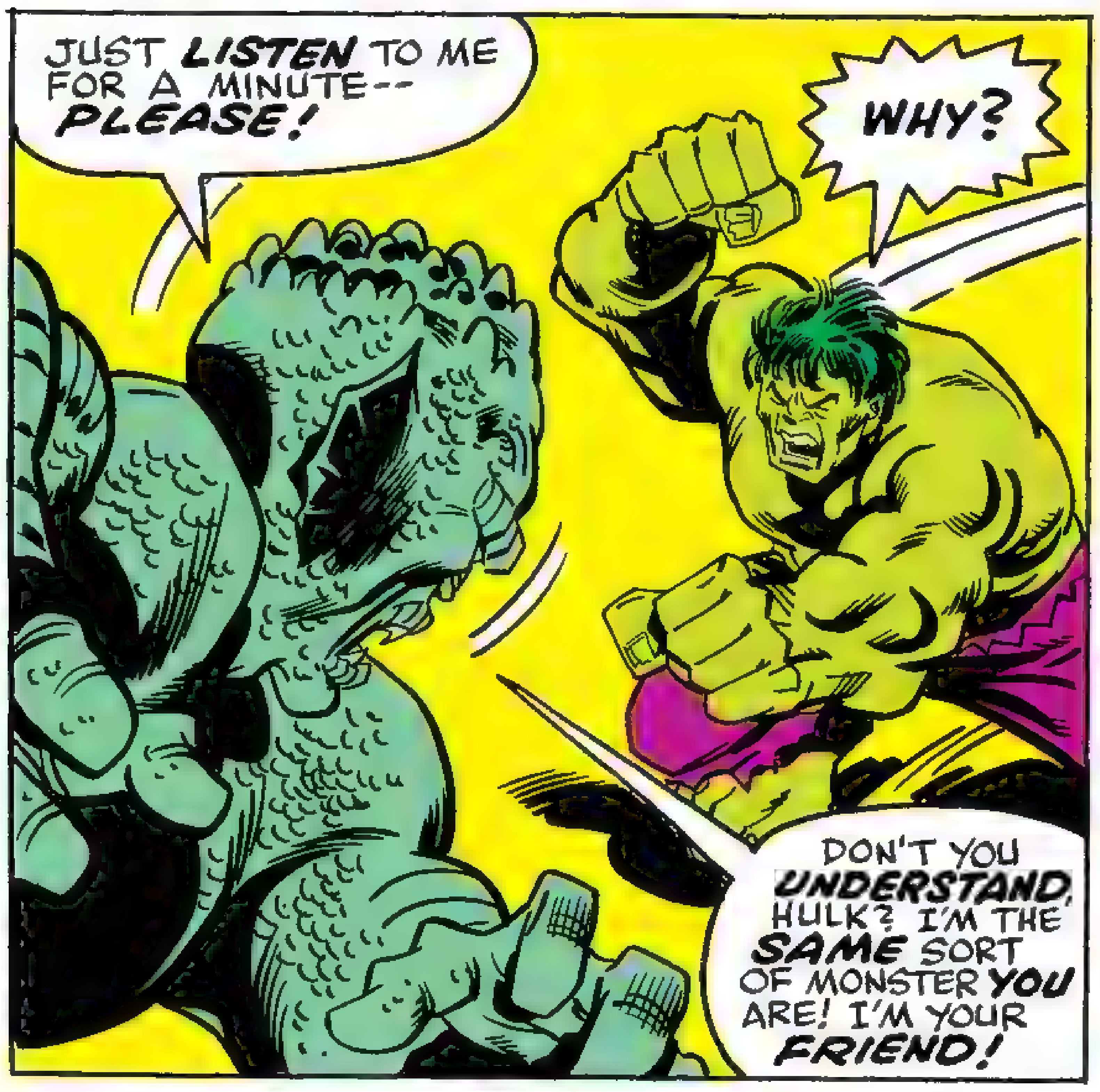

"OH, WOW! THEY DIDN'T HAVE THAT ATTRACTION THE LAST TIME I TOOK THIS RIDE!
"YOU'D ALMOST SWEAR THOSE TWO MONSTERS WERE REALLY SMASHING THRU THAT WALL!"

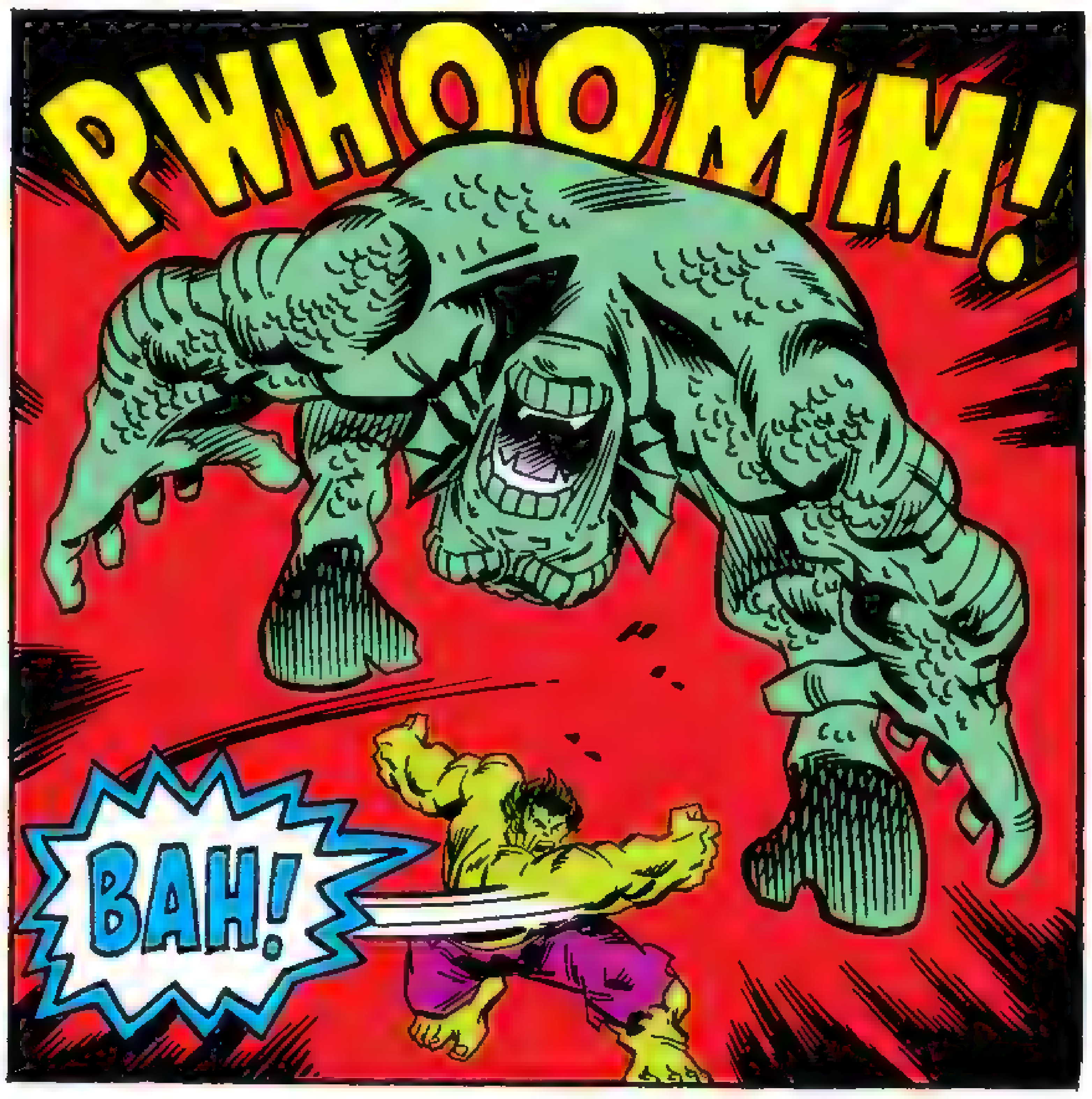

OH, MYRON-- ISN'T THIS THE MOST EXCITING THING YOU'VE EVER SEEN?
ISN'T IT, MYRON?

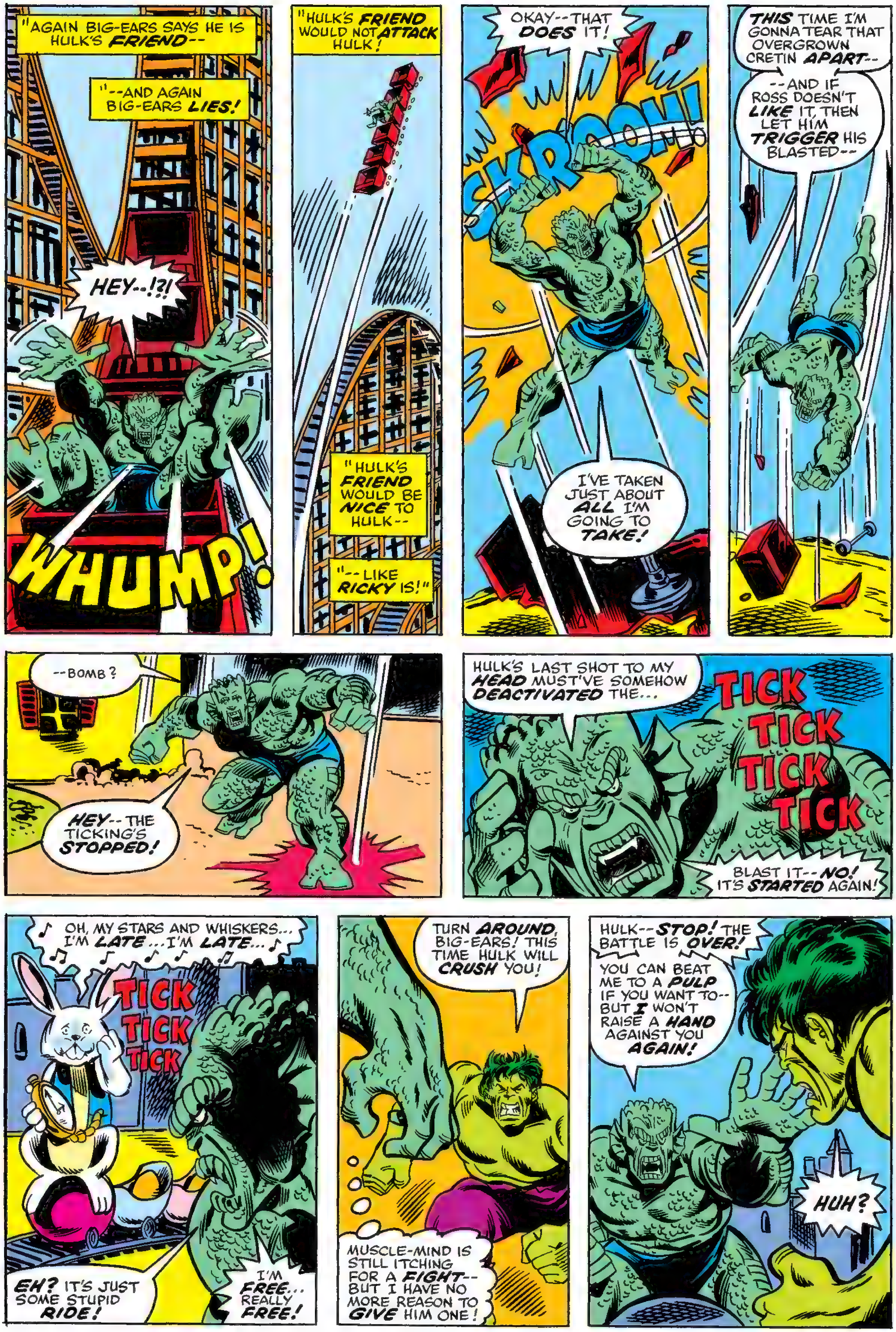

M-M-MYRON ?

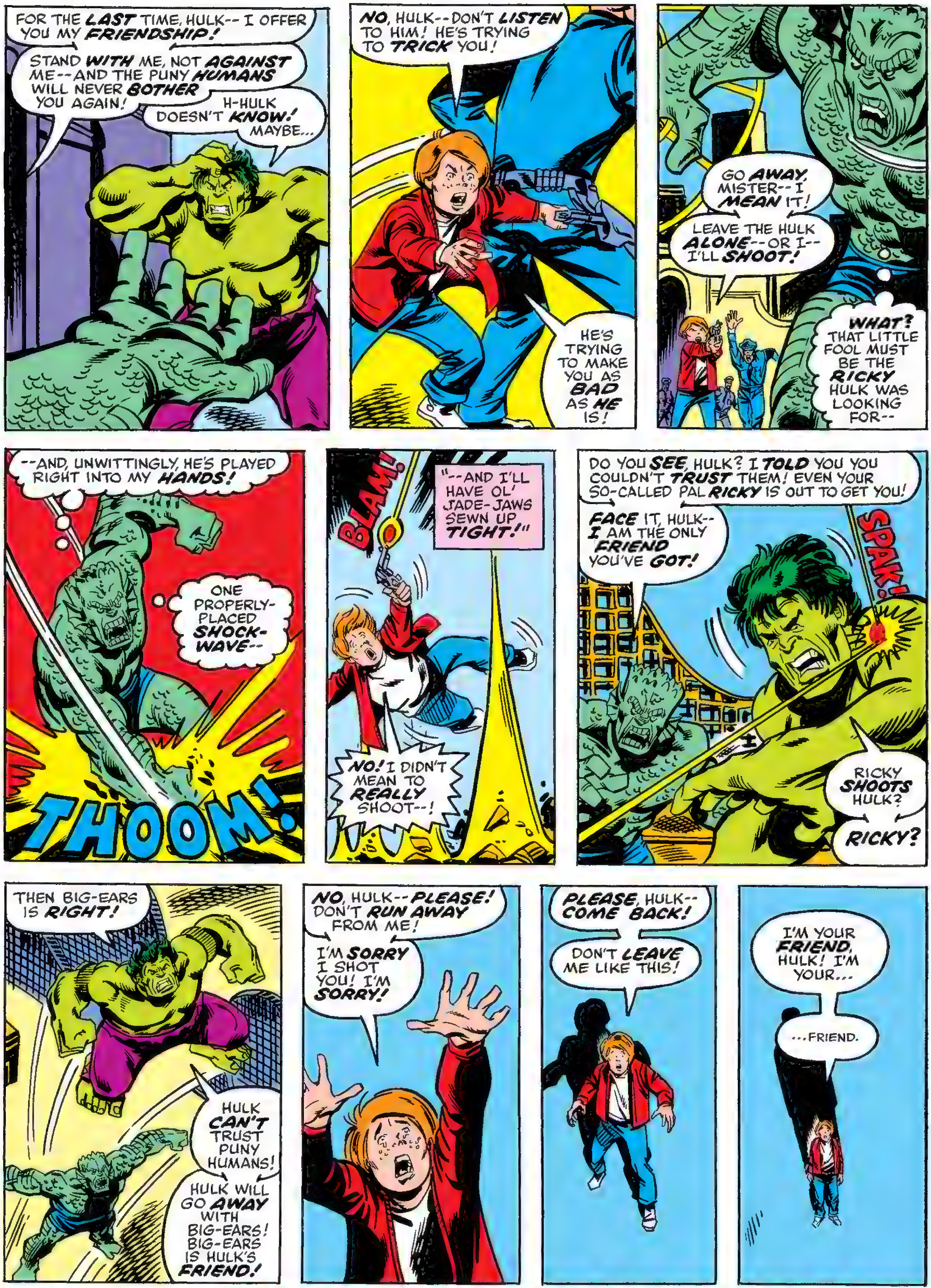

THIS BRAWL COULD GO ON FOREVER--
PLOW!
--AND I CAN'T ALLOW THAT!


THE HULK AND I ARE EVENLY MATCHED-- BUT ONE LUCKY PUNCH MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY DETONATE THE BOMB IN MY HEAD!
IT'S UP TO ME TO FINISH THIS MESS-- NOW!
HULK-- HOLD ON! I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU ANYMORE! MAYBE WE CAN TALK THIS OUT!

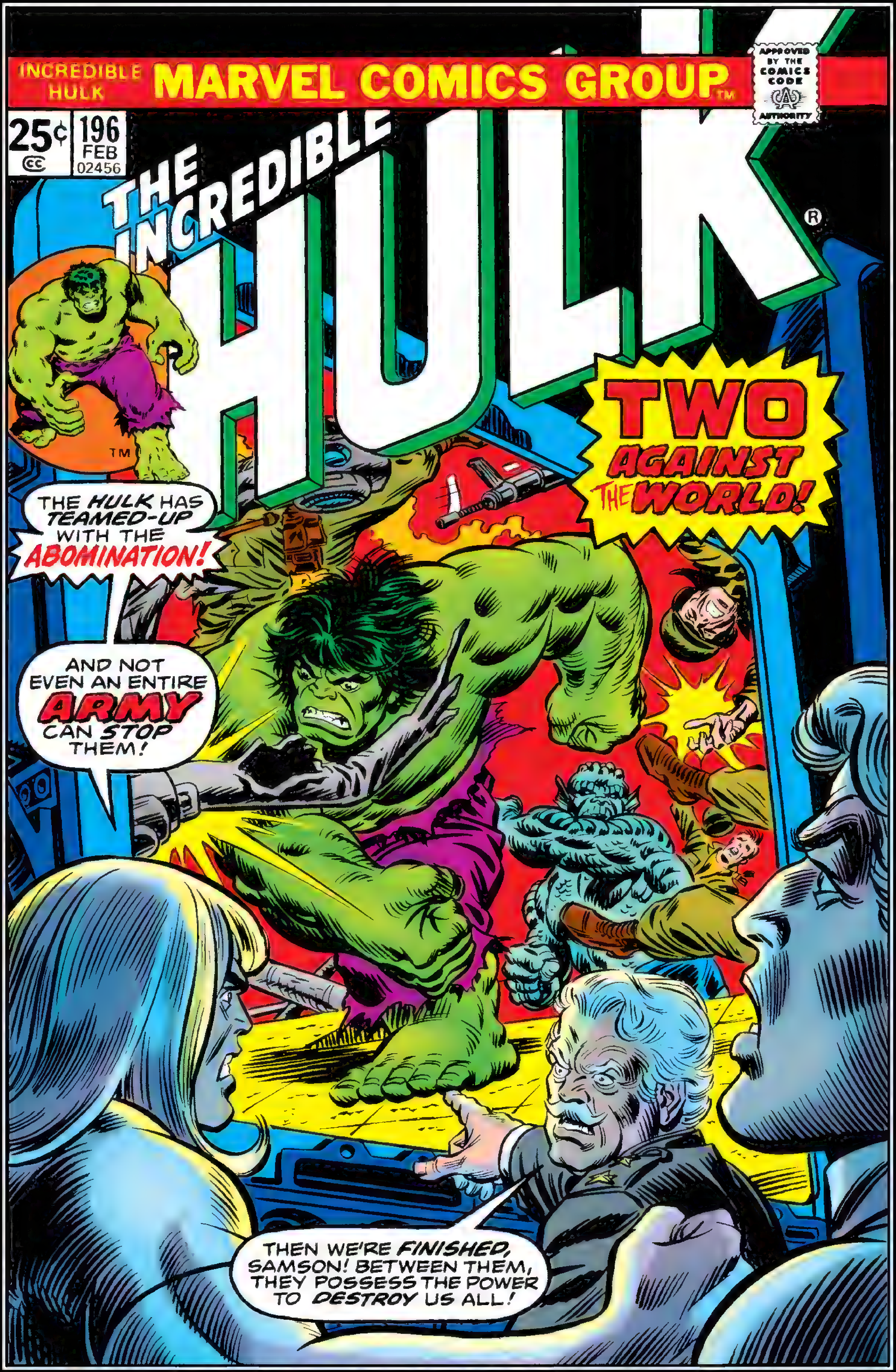

JUST LISTEN TO ME FOR A MINUTE-- PLEASE!
WHY?
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, HULK? I'M THE SAME SORT OF MONSTER YOU ARE! I'M YOUR FRIEND!


PWHOOMM!
BAH!


"AGAIN BIG-EARS SAYS HE IS HULK'S FRIEND--
"--AND AGAIN BIG-EARS LIES!
HEY--!?!
WHUMP!
"HULK'S FRIEND WOULD NOT ATTACK HULK!
"HULK'S FRIEND WOULD BE NICE TO HULK--
"--LIKE RICKY IS!"
OKAY--THAT DOES IT!
SKROOM!
I'VE TAKEN JUST ABOUT ALL I'M GOING TO TAKE!
THIS TIME I'M GONNA TEAR THAT OVERGROWN CRETIN APART--
--AND IF ROSS DOESN'T LIKE IT, THEN LET HIM TRIGGER HIS BLASTED--
--BOMB?
HEY--THE TICKING'S STOPPED!
HULK'S LAST SHOT TO MY HEAD MUST'VE SOMEHOW DEACTIVATED THE...
TICK TICK TICK TICK
BLAST IT--NO! IT'S STARTED AGAIN!
♪ OH, MY STARS AND WHISKERS... I'M LATE... I'M LATE... ♪
TICK TICK TICK
EH? IT'S JUST SOME STUPID RIDE!
I'M FREE... REALLY FREE!
TURN AROUND, BIG-EARS! THIS TIME HULK WILL CRUSH YOU!
MUSCLE-MIND IS STILL ITCHING FOR A FIGHT-- BUT I HAVE NO MORE REASON TO GIVE HIM ONE!
HULK--STOP! THE BATTLE IS OVER!
YOU CAN BEAT ME TO A PULP IF YOU WANT TO-- BUT I WON'T RAISE A HAND AGAINST YOU AGAIN!
HUH?


FOR THE LAST TIME, HULK-- I OFFER YOU MY FRIENDSHIP!
STAND WITH ME, NOT AGAINST ME--AND THE PUNY HUMANS WILL NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN!
H-HULK DOESN'T KNOW! MAYBE...
NO, HULK--DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! HE'S TRYING TO TRICK YOU!
HE'S TRYING TO MAKE YOU AS BAD AS HE IS!
GO AWAY, MISTER-- I MEAN IT!
LEAVE THE HULK ALONE--OR I-- I'LL SHOOT!
WHAT? THAT LITTLE FOOL MUST BE THE RICKY HULK WAS LOOKING FOR--
--AND, UNWITTINGLY, HE'S PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!
ONE PROPERLY-PLACED SHOCK-WAVE--
THOOM!
BLAM!
"--AND I'LL HAVE OL' JADE-JAWS SEWN UP TIGHT!"
NO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO REALLY SHOOT--!
DO YOU SEE, HULK? I TOLD YOU YOU COULDN'T TRUST THEM! EVEN YOUR SO-CALLED PAL RICKY IS OUT TO GET YOU!
FACE IT, HULK-- I AM THE ONLY FRIEND YOU'VE GOT!
SPAK!
RICKY SHOOTS HULK?
RICKY?
THEN BIG-EARS IS RIGHT!
HULK CAN'T TRUST PUNY HUMANS!
HULK WILL GO AWAY WITH BIG-EARS! BIG-EARS IS HULK'S FRIEND!
NO, HULK--PLEASE! DON'T RUN AWAY FROM ME!
I'M SORRY I SHOT YOU! I'M SORRY!
PLEASE, HULK-- COME BACK!
DON'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS!
I'M YOUR FRIEND, HULK! I'M YOUR...
...FRIEND.

NEXT ISSUE: TWO GREEN GOLIATHS-- TOGETHER AGAINST THE WORLD! BE HERE FOR... "THE ABOMINATION PROCLAMATION!"


INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
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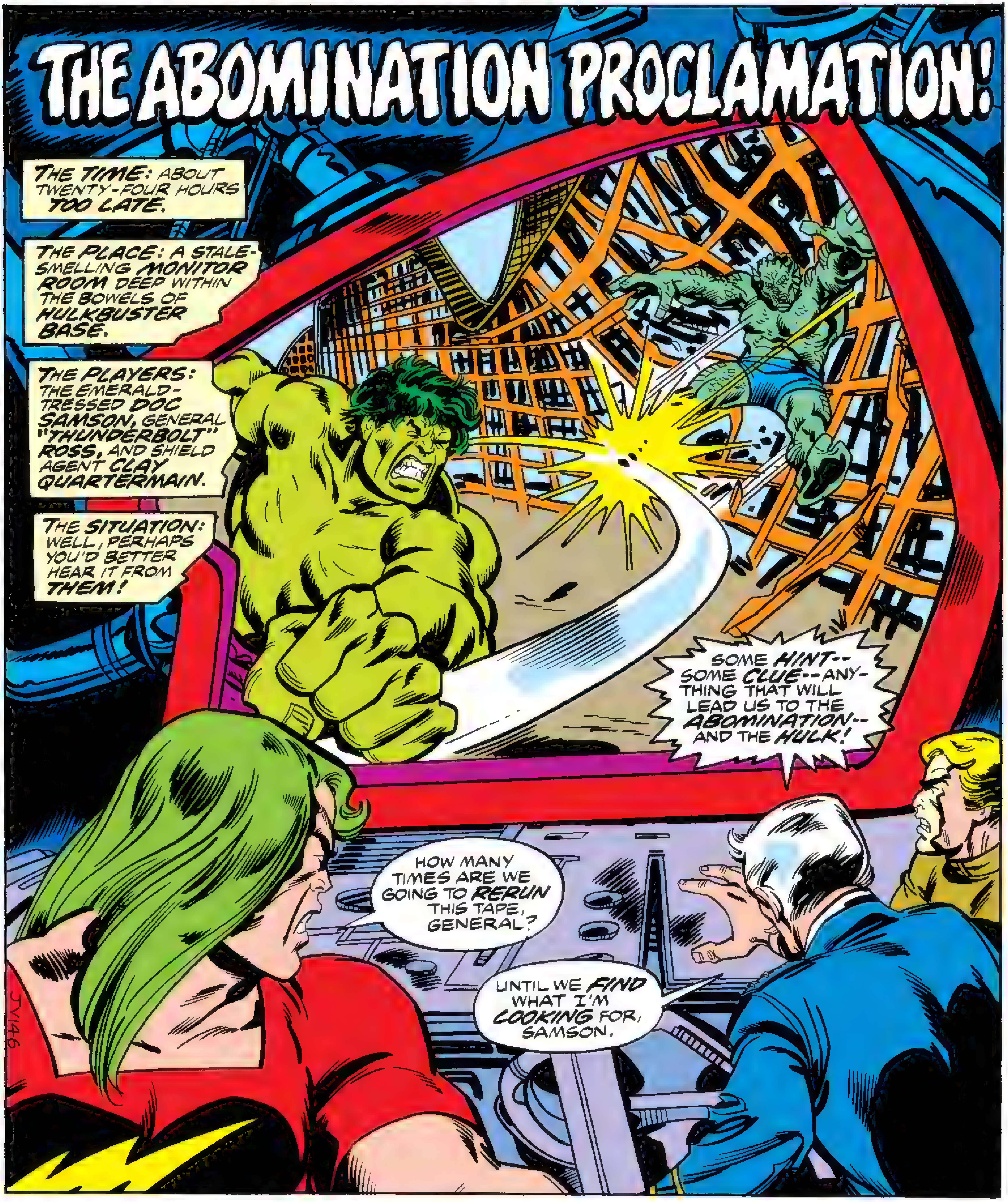
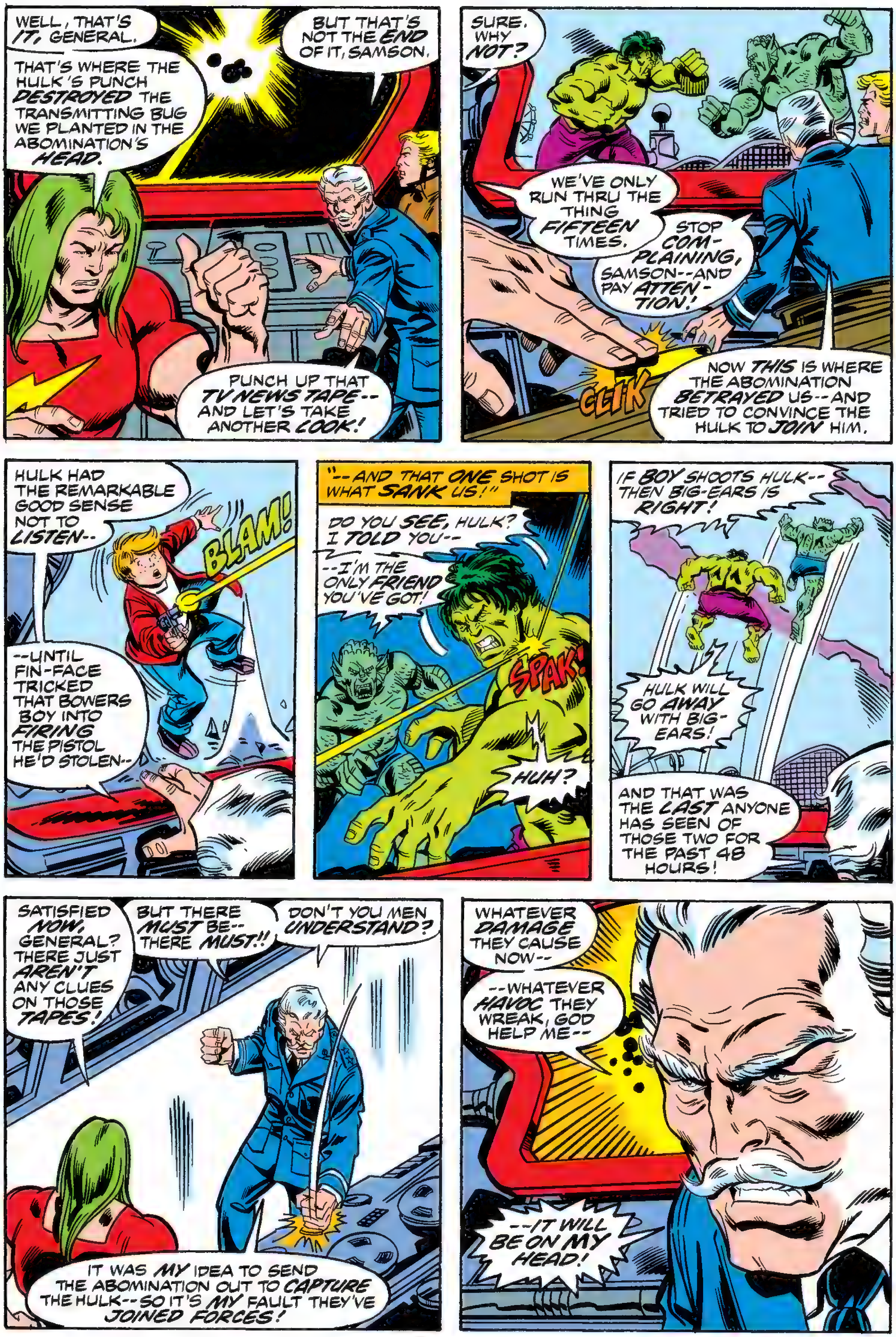
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
TWO AGAINST THE WORLD!
THE HULK HAS TEAMED-UP WITH THE ABOMINATION!
AND NOT EVEN AN ENTIRE ARMY CAN STOP THEM!
THEN WE'RE FINISHED, SAMSON! BETWEEN THEM, THEY POSSESS THE POWER TO DESTROY US ALL!

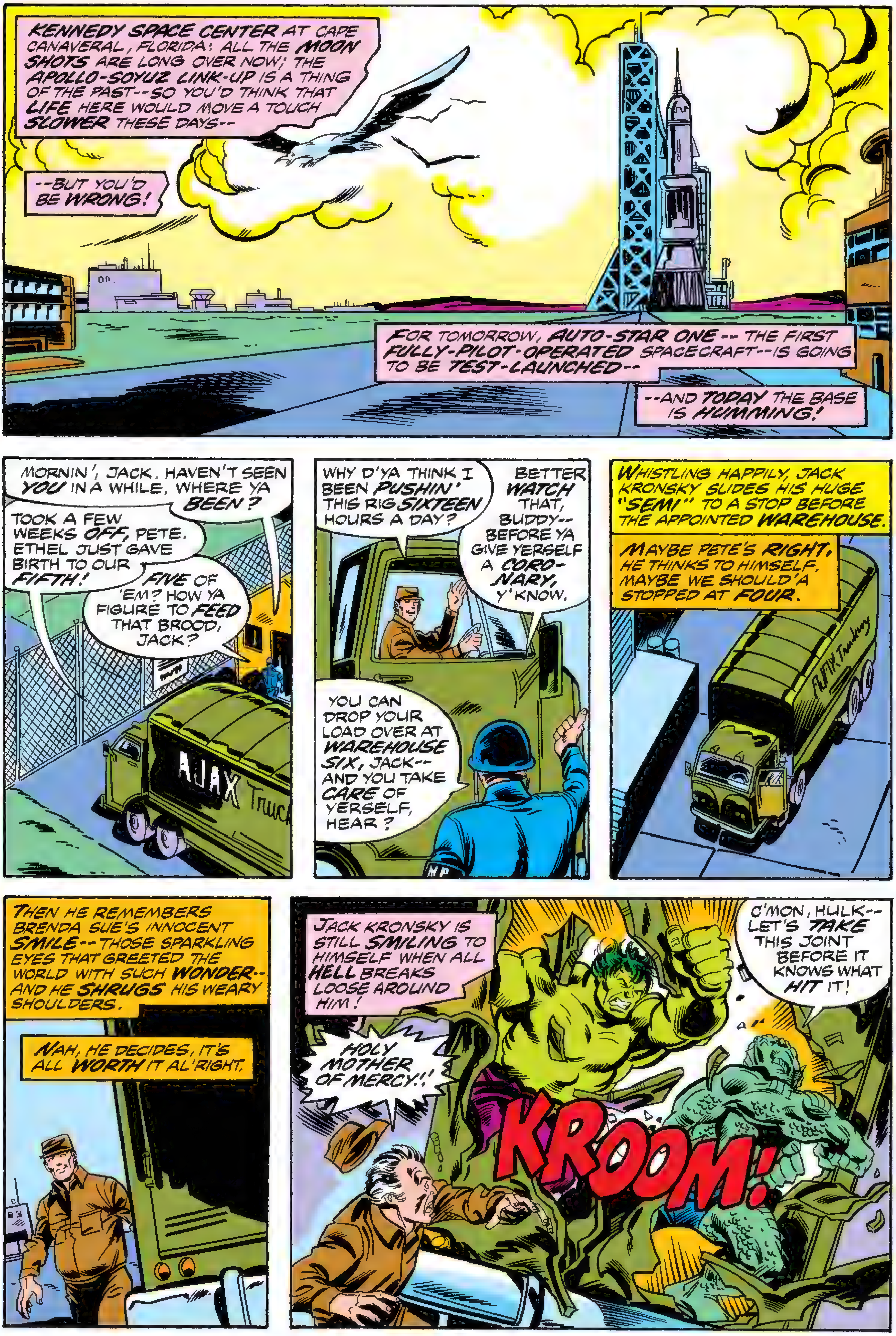
Caught in the heart of a ***Nuclear Explosion,*** victim of ***Gamma-Radiation*** gone wild, ***Doctor Robert Bruce Banner*** now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered ***Fury***—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—

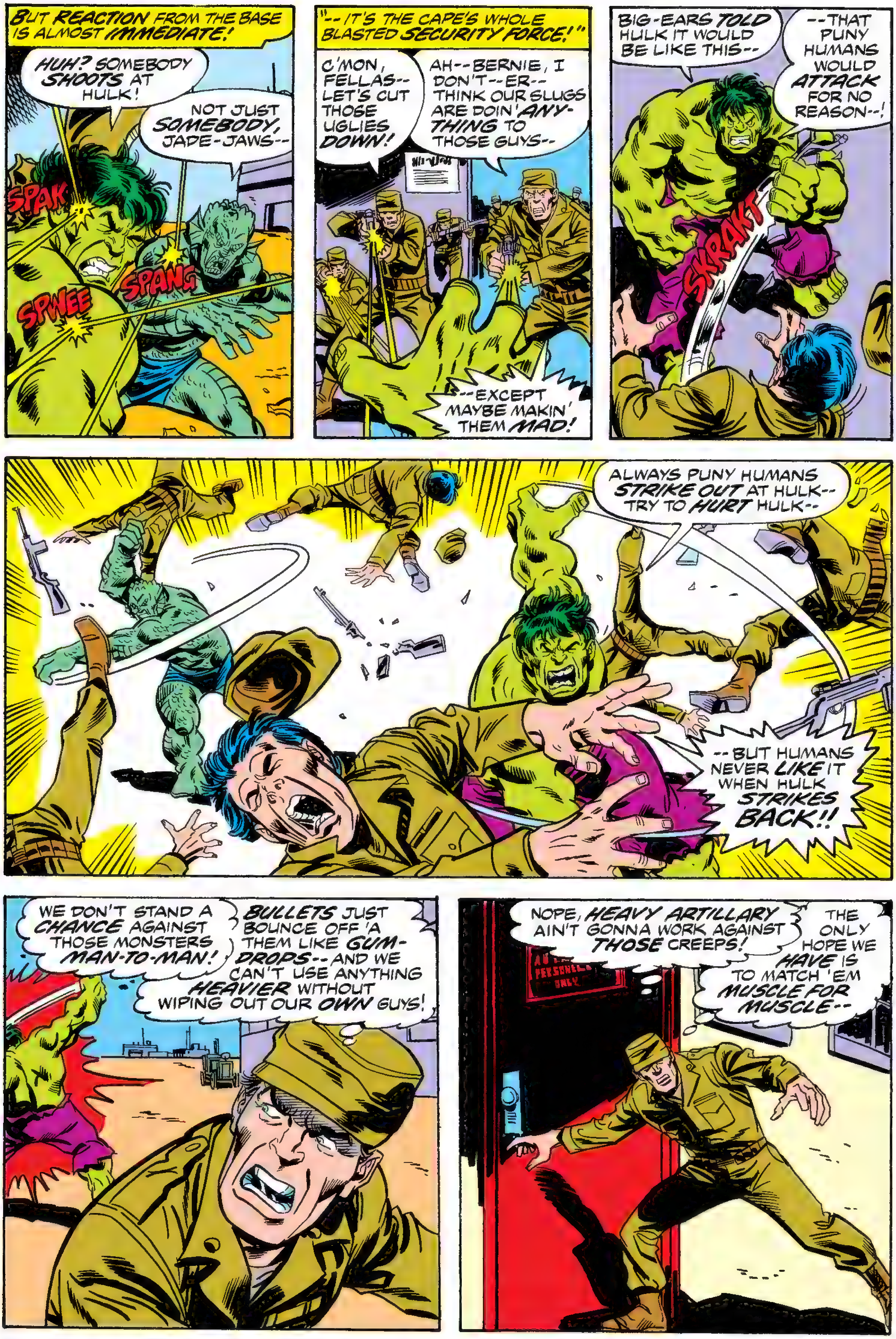
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™

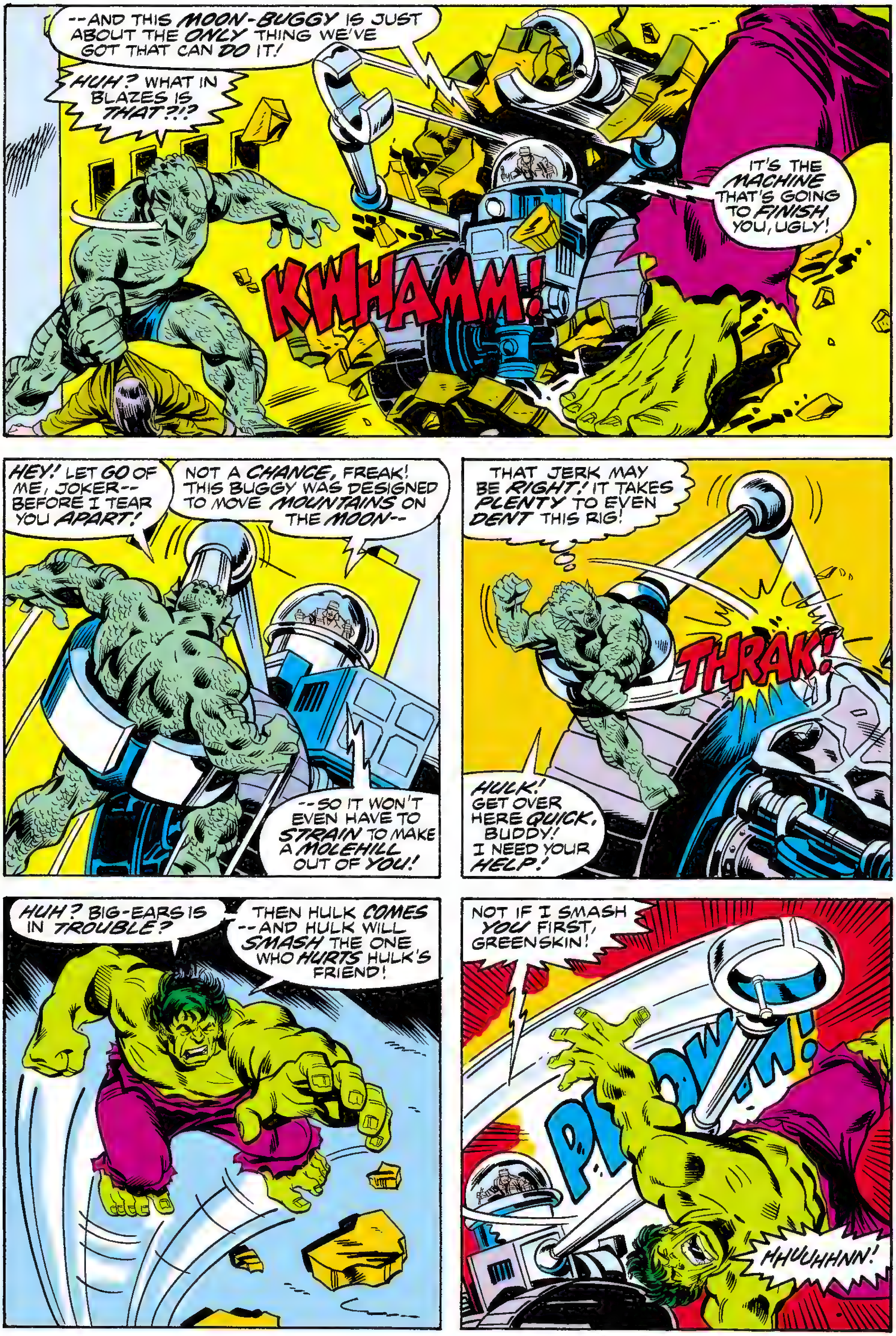
LEN WEIN WRITER/EDITOR • **SAL BUSCEMA & JOE STATON** ILLUSTRATORS • **GLYNIS WEIN** COLORIST • **JOHN COSTANZA** LETTERER

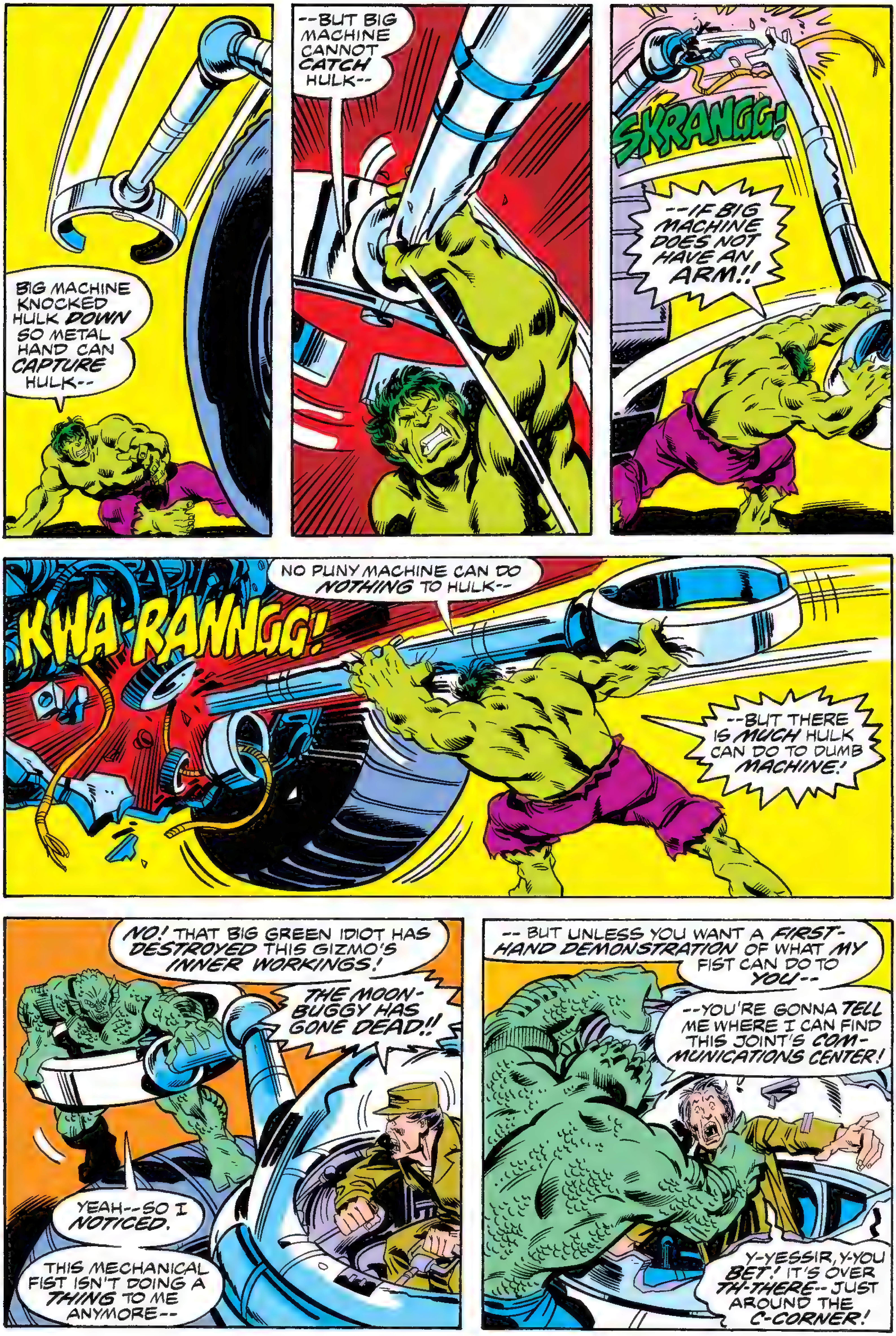

THE ABOMINATION PROCLAMATION!
THE TIME: ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TOO LATE.
THE PLACE: A STALE-SMELLING MONITOR ROOM DEEP WITHIN THE BOWELS OF HULKBUSTER BASE.
THE PLAYERS: THE EMERALD-TRESSED DOC SAMSON, GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS, AND SHIELD AGENT CLAY QUARTERMAIN.
THE SITUATION: WELL, PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER HEAR IT FROM THEM!
SOME HINT--SOME CLUE--ANYTHING THAT WILL LEAD US TO THE ABOMINATION--AND THE HULK!
HOW MANY TIMES ARE WE GOING TO RERUN THIS TAPE, GENERAL?
UNTIL WE FIND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, SAMSON.

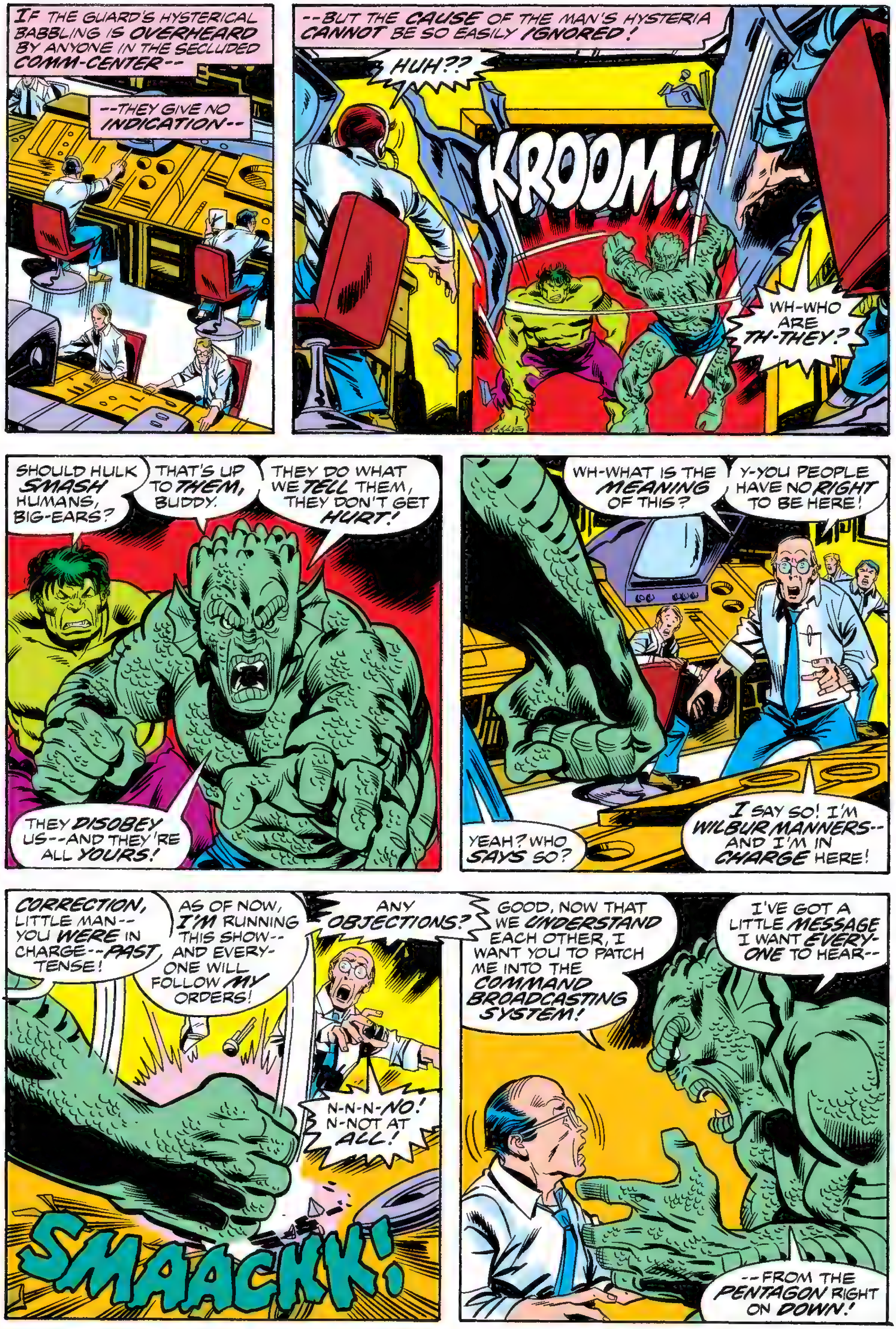

WELL, THAT'S *IT*, GENERAL.
THAT'S WHERE THE HULK'S PUNCH *DESTROYED* THE TRANSMITTING BUG WE PLANTED IN THE ABOMINATION'S *HEAD*.
BUT THAT'S NOT THE *END* OF IT, SAMSON.
PUNCH UP THAT *TV NEWS TAPE*-- AND LET'S TAKE ANOTHER *LOOK*!
SURE. WHY *NOT*?
WE'VE ONLY RUN THRU THE THING *FIFTEEN* TIMES.
STOP *COM-PLAINING*, SAMSON--AND PAY *ATTEN-TION*!
CLIK
NOW *THIS* IS WHERE THE ABOMINATION *BETRAYED* US--AND TRIED TO CONVINCE THE HULK TO *JOIN* HIM.
HULK HAD THE REMARKABLE GOOD SENSE NOT TO *LISTEN*--
BLAM!
--UNTIL FIN-FACE TRICKED THAT BOWERS BOY INTO *FIRING* THE PISTOL HE'D STOLEN--
"--AND THAT *ONE* SHOT IS WHAT *SANK* US!"
DO YOU *SEE*, HULK? I *TOLD* YOU--
--I'M THE ONLY *FRIEND* YOU'VE GOT!
SPAK!
HUH?
IF *BOY* SHOOTS HULK--THEN BIG-EARS IS *RIGHT*!
HULK WILL GO *AWAY* WITH BIG-EARS!
AND THAT WAS THE *LAST* ANYONE HAS SEEN OF THOSE TWO FOR THE PAST 48 HOURS!
SATISFIED *NOW*, GENERAL? THERE JUST *AREN'T* ANY CLUES ON THOSE *TAPES*!
BUT THERE *MUST* BE-- THERE *MUST*!!
DON'T YOU MEN *UNDERSTAND*?
IT WAS *MY* IDEA TO SEND THE ABOMINATION OUT TO *CAPTURE* THE HULK--SO IT'S *MY* FAULT THEY'VE *JOINED FORCES*!
WHATEVER *DAMAGE* THEY CAUSE NOW--
--WHATEVER *HAVOC* THEY WREAK, GOD HELP ME--
--*IT* WILL BE ON *MY HEAD*!

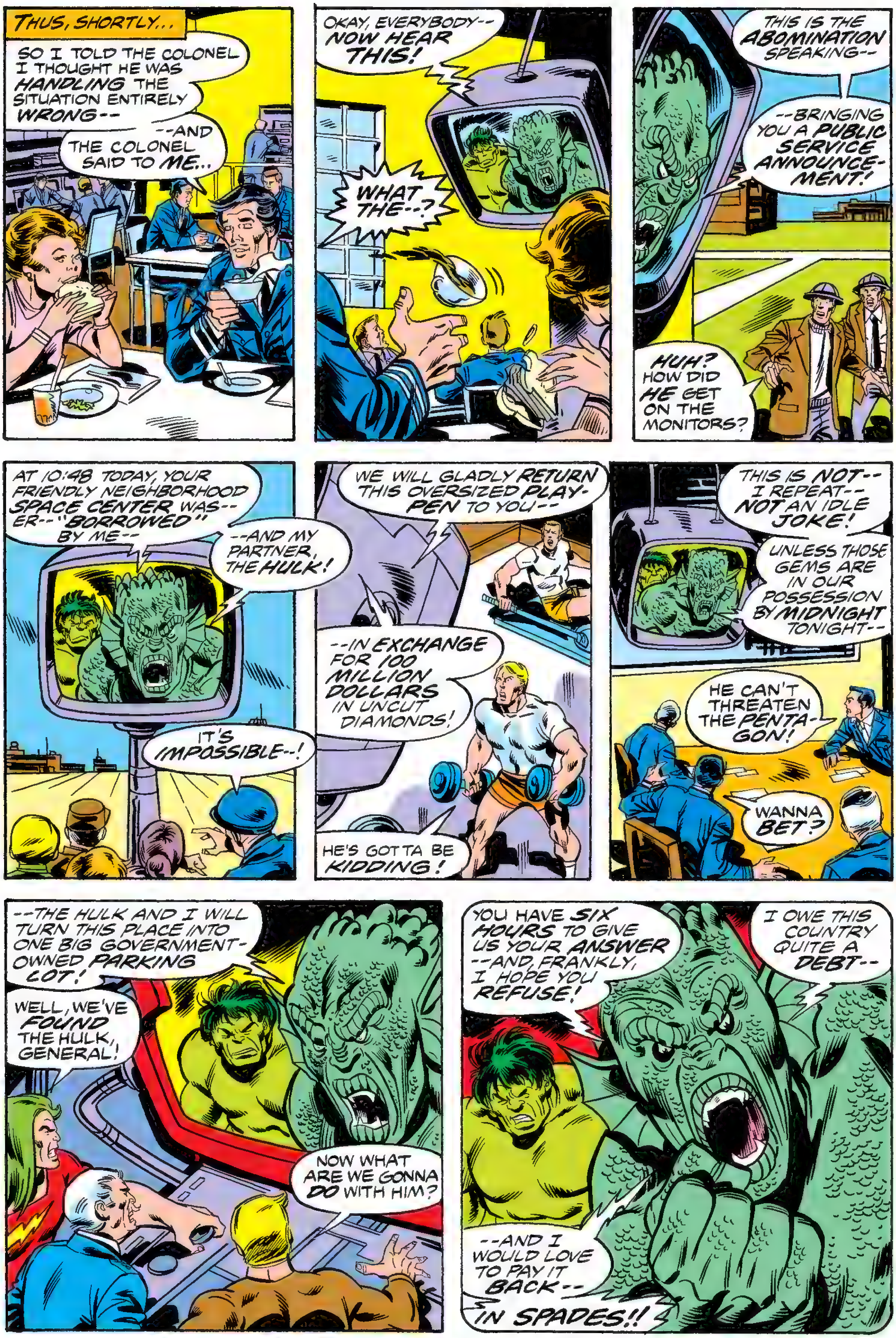

KENNEDY SPACE CENTER AT CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA: ALL THE MOON SHOTS ARE LONG OVER NOW; THE APOLLO-SOYUZ LINK-UP IS A THING OF THE PAST--SO YOU'D THINK THAT LIFE HERE WOULD MOVE A TOUCH SLOWER THESE DAYS--
--BUT YOU'D BE WRONG!
FOR TOMORROW, AUTO-STAR ONE--THE FIRST FULLY-PILOT-OPERATED SPACECRAFT--IS GOING TO BE TEST-LAUNCHED--
--AND TODAY THE BASE IS HUMMING!
MORNIN', JACK. HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A WHILE. WHERE YA BEEN?
TOOK A FEW WEEKS OFF, PETE. ETHEL JUST GAVE BIRTH TO OUR FIFTH!
FIVE OF 'EM? HOW YA FIGURE TO FEED THAT BROOD, JACK?
AJAX Truck
WHY D'YA THINK I BEEN PUSHIN' THIS RIG SIXTEEN HOURS A DAY?
BETTER WATCH THAT, BUDDY--BEFORE YA GIVE YERSELF A CORONARY, Y'KNOW.
YOU CAN DROP YOUR LOAD OVER AT WAREHOUSE SIX, JACK--AND YOU TAKE CARE OF YERSELF, HEAR?
MP
WHISTLING HAPPILY, JACK KRONSKY SLIDES HIS HUGE "SEMI" TO A STOP BEFORE THE APPOINTED WAREHOUSE.
MAYBE PETE'S RIGHT, HE THINKS TO HIMSELF. MAYBE WE SHOULD'A STOPPED AT FOUR.
THEN HE REMEMBERS BRENDA SUE'S INNOCENT SMILE--THOSE SPARKLING EYES THAT GREETED THE WORLD WITH SUCH WONDER--AND HE SHRUGS HIS WEARY SHOULDERS.
NAH, HE DECIDES, IT'S ALL WORTH IT AL'RIGHT.
JACK KRONSKY IS STILL SMILING TO HIMSELF WHEN ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE AROUND HIM!
C'MON, HULK--LET'S TAKE THIS JOINT BEFORE IT KNOWS WHAT HIT IT!
HOLY MOTHER OF MERCY!!
KROOM!

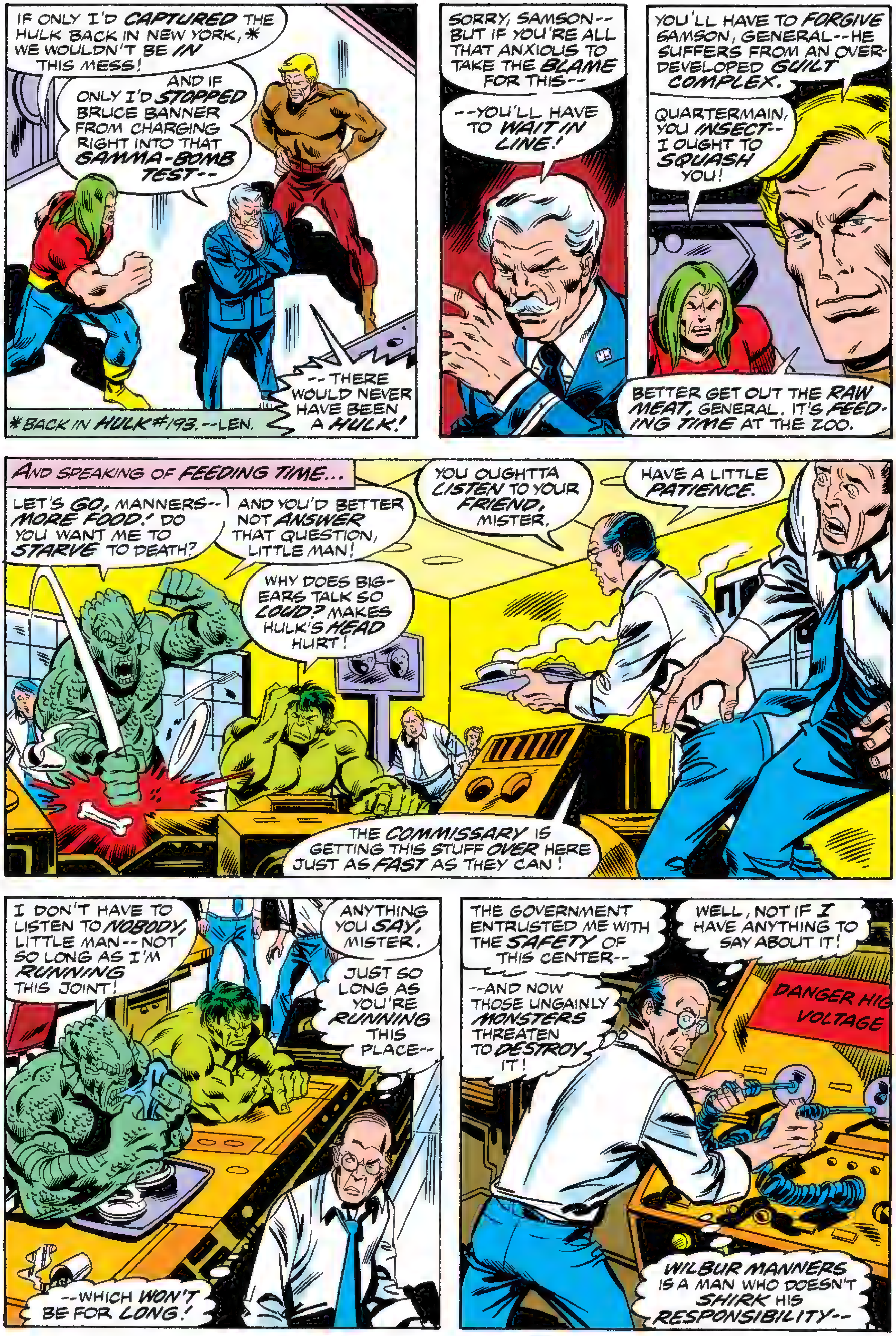

BUT REACTION FROM THE BASE IS ALMOST IMMEDIATE!
HUH? SOMEBODY SHOOTS AT HULK!
NOT JUST SOMEBODY, JADE-JAWS--
SPAK
SPANG
SPWEE
"--IT'S THE CAPE'S WHOLE BLASTED SECURITY FORCE!"
C'MON, FELLAS-- LET'S CUT THOSE UGLIES DOWN!
AH--BERNIE, I DON'T--ER-- THINK OUR SLUGS ARE DOIN' ANYTHING TO THOSE GUYS--
--EXCEPT MAYBE MAKIN' THEM MAD!
BIG-EARS TOLD HULK IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS--
--THAT PUNY HUMANS WOULD ATTACK FOR NO REASON--!
SKRAKT
ALWAYS PUNY HUMANS STRIKE OUT AT HULK-- TRY TO HURT HULK--
--BUT HUMANS NEVER LIKE IT WHEN HULK STRIKES BACK!!
WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THOSE MONSTERS MAN-TO-MAN!
BULLETS JUST BOUNCE OFF 'A THEM LIKE GUM-DROPS--AND WE CAN'T USE ANYTHING HEAVIER WITHOUT WIPING OUT OUR OWN GUYS!
NOPE, HEAVY ARTILLARY AIN'T GONNA WORK AGAINST THOSE CREEPS!
THE ONLY HOPE WE HAVE IS TO MATCH 'EM MUSCLE FOR MUSCLE--

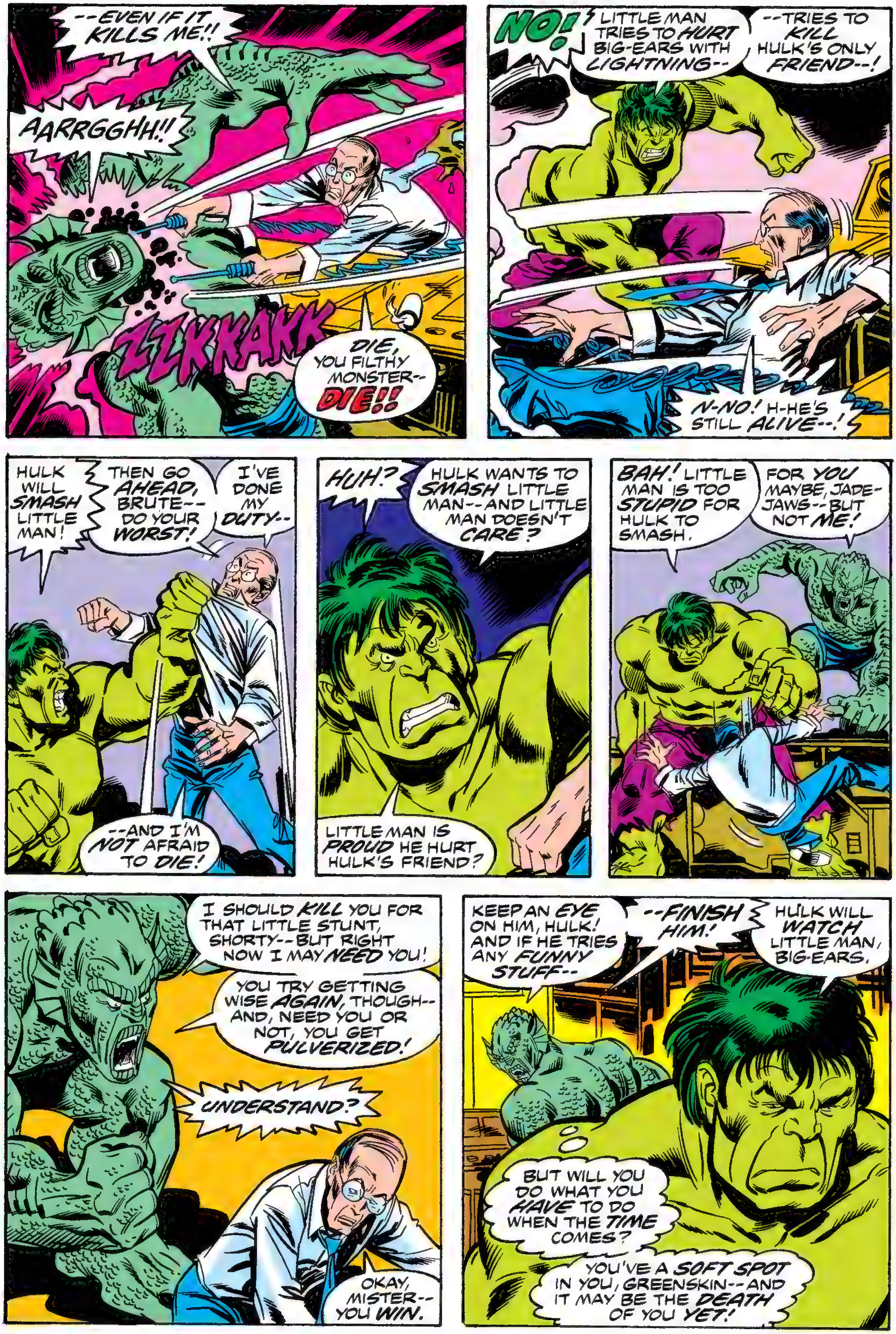

--AND THIS MOON-BUGGY IS JUST ABOUT THE ONLY THING WE'VE GOT THAT CAN DO IT!
HUH? WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT?!?
IT'S THE MACHINE THAT'S GOING TO FINISH YOU, UGLY!
KWHAMM!
HEY! LET GO OF ME, JOKER-- BEFORE I TEAR YOU APART!
NOT A CHANCE, FREAK! THIS BUGGY WAS DESIGNED TO MOVE MOUNTAINS ON THE MOON--
--SO IT WON'T EVEN HAVE TO STRAIN TO MAKE A MOLEHILL OUT OF YOU!
THAT JERK MAY BE RIGHT! IT TAKES PLENTY TO EVEN DENT THIS RIG!
THRAK!
HULK! GET OVER HERE QUICK, BUDDY! I NEED YOUR HELP!
HUH? BIG-EARS IS IN TROUBLE?
THEN HULK COMES --AND HULK WILL SMASH THE ONE WHO HURTS HULK'S FRIEND!
NOT IF I SMASH YOU FIRST, GREENSKIN!
PTOOM!
HHUUHHNN!

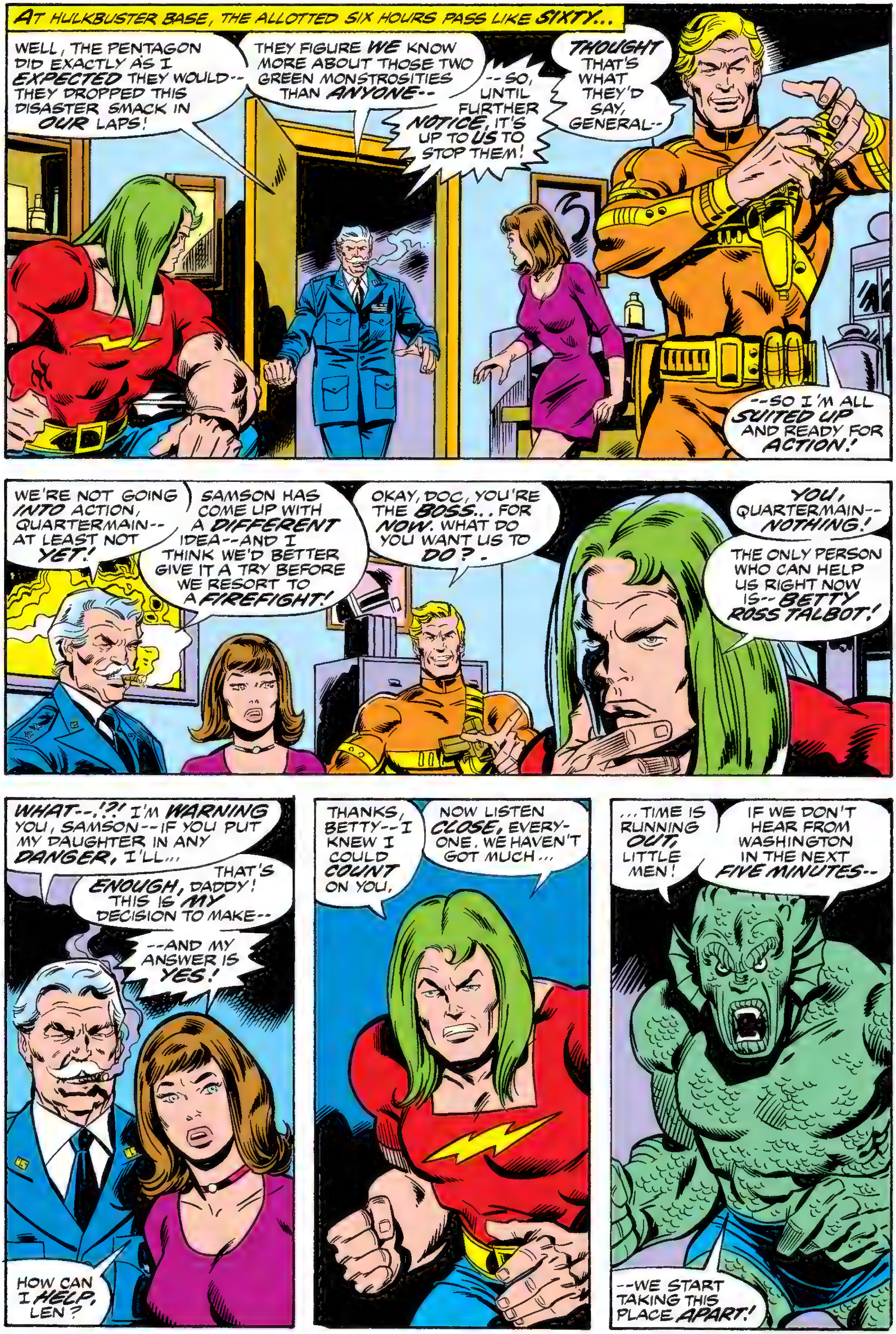

BIG MACHINE KNOCKED HULK DOWN SO METAL HAND CAN CAPTURE HULK--
--BUT BIG MACHINE CANNOT CATCH HULK--
SKRANGG!
--IF BIG MACHINE DOES NOT HAVE AN ARM!!
KWA-RANNGG!
NO PUNY MACHINE CAN DO NOTHING TO HULK--
--BUT THERE IS MUCH HULK CAN DO TO DUMB MACHINE!
NO! THAT BIG GREEN IDIOT HAS DESTROYED THIS GIZMO'S INNER WORKINGS!
THE MOON-BUGGY HAS GONE DEAD!!
YEAH--SO I NOTICED.
THIS MECHANICAL FIST ISN'T DOING A THING TO ME ANYMORE--
-- BUT UNLESS YOU WANT A FIRST-HAND DEMONSTRATION OF WHAT MY FIST CAN DO TO YOU--
--YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THIS JOINT'S COMMUNICATIONS CENTER!
Y-YESSIR, Y-YOU BET! IT'S OVER TH-THERE--JUST AROUND THE C-CORNER!

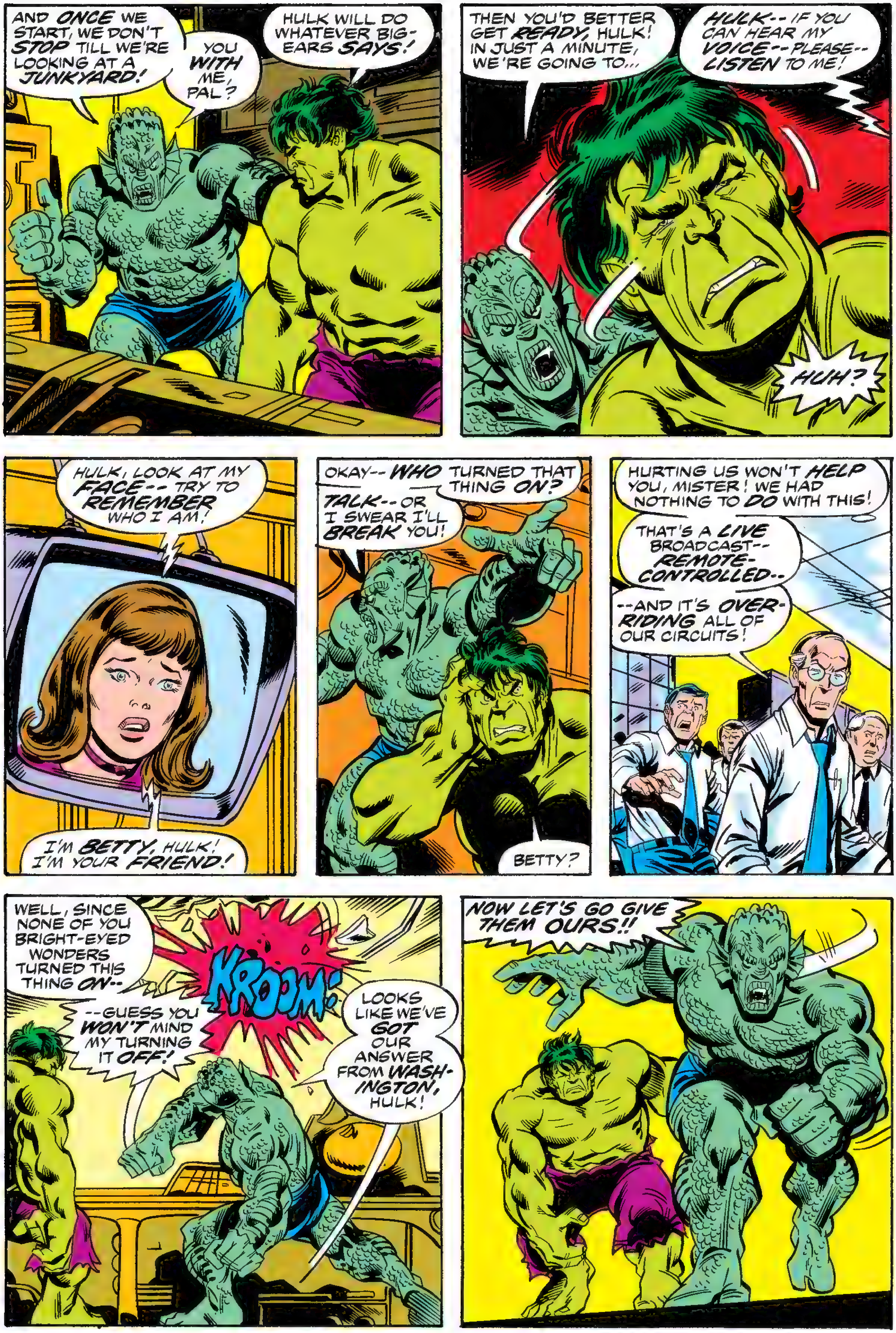

IF THE GUARD'S HYSTERICAL BABBLING IS OVERHEARD BY ANYONE IN THE SECLUDED COMM-CENTER--
--THEY GIVE NO INDICATION--
--BUT THE CAUSE OF THE MAN'S HYSTERIA CANNOT BE SO EASILY IGNORED!
HUH??
KROOM!
WH-WHO ARE TH-THEY?
SHOULD HULK SMASH HUMANS, BIG-EARS?
THAT'S UP TO THEM, BUDDY.
THEY DO WHAT WE TELL THEM, THEY DON'T GET HURT!
THEY DISOBEY US--AND THEY'RE ALL YOURS!
WH-WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?
Y-YOU PEOPLE HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE!
YEAH? WHO SAYS SO?
I SAY SO! I'M WILBUR MANNERS--AND I'M IN CHARGE HERE!
CORRECTION, LITTLE MAN--YOU WERE IN CHARGE--PAST TENSE!
AS OF NOW, I'M RUNNING THIS SHOW--AND EVERYONE WILL FOLLOW MY ORDERS!
ANY OBJECTIONS?
N-N-N-NO! N-NOT AT ALL!
SMAACKK!
GOOD, NOW THAT WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, I WANT YOU TO PATCH ME INTO THE COMMAND BROADCASTING SYSTEM!
I'VE GOT A LITTLE MESSAGE I WANT EVERYONE TO HEAR--
--FROM THE PENTAGON RIGHT ON DOWN!

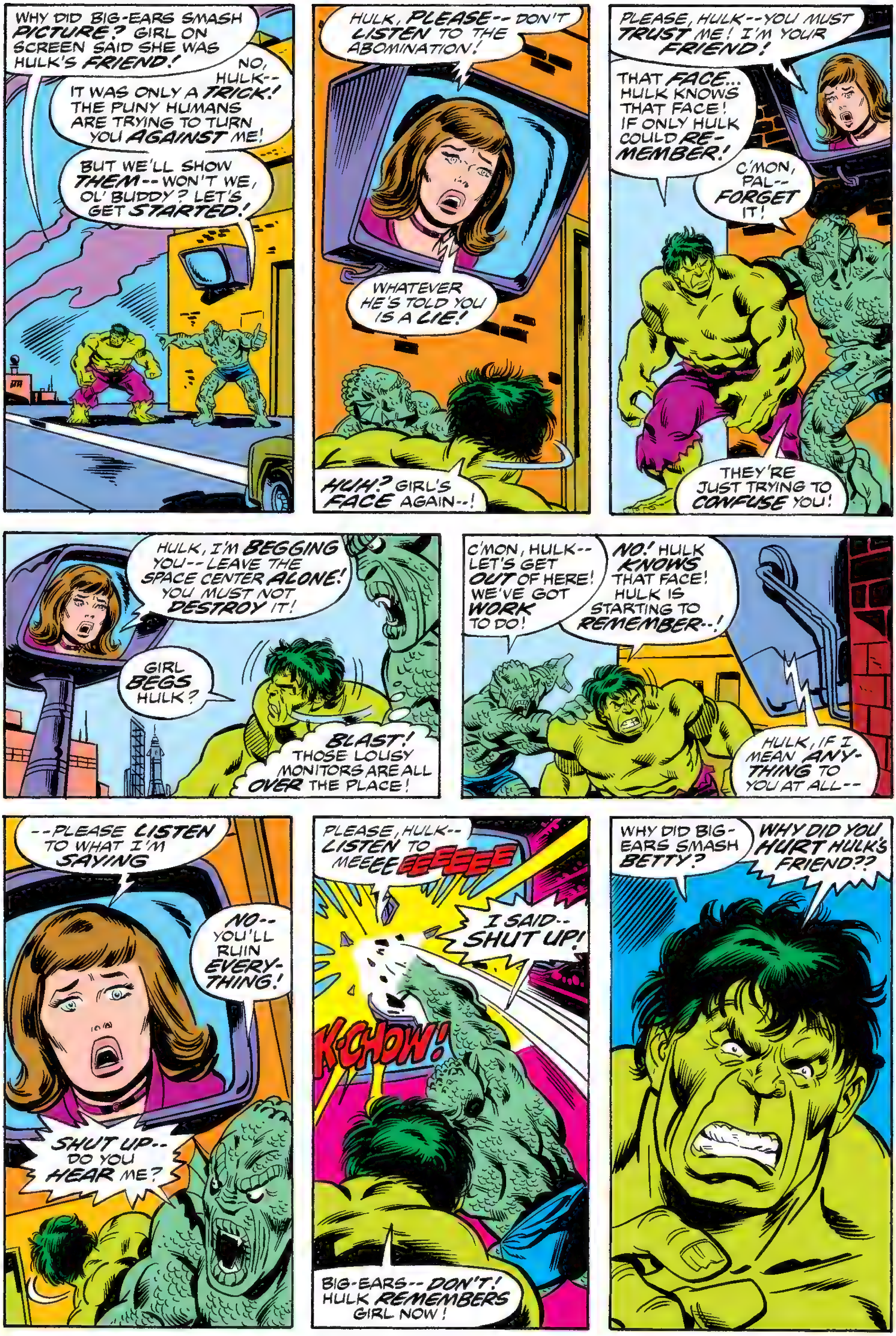

THUS, SHORTLY...
SO I TOLD THE COLONEL I THOUGHT HE WAS HANDLING THE SITUATION ENTIRELY WRONG--
--AND THE COLONEL SAID TO ME...
OKAY, EVERYBODY-- NOW HEAR THIS!
WHAT THE--?
THIS IS THE ABOMINATION SPEAKING--
--BRINGING YOU A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT!
HUH? HOW DID HE GET ON THE MONITORS?
AT 10:48 TODAY, YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPACE CENTER WAS-- ER--"BORROWED" BY ME--
--AND MY PARTNER, THE HULK!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--!
WE WILL GLADLY RETURN THIS OVERSIZED PLAY-PEN TO YOU--
--IN EXCHANGE FOR 100 MILLION DOLLARS IN UNCUT DIAMONDS!
HE'S GOTTA BE KIDDING!
THIS IS NOT-- I REPEAT-- NOT AN IDLE JOKE!
UNLESS THOSE GEMS ARE IN OUR POSSESSION BY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT--
HE CAN'T THREATEN THE PENTAGON!
WANNA BET?
--THE HULK AND I WILL TURN THIS PLACE INTO ONE BIG GOVERNMENT-OWNED PARKING LOT!
WELL, WE'VE FOUND THE HULK, GENERAL!
NOW WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH HIM?
YOU HAVE SIX HOURS TO GIVE US YOUR ANSWER --AND, FRANKLY, I HOPE YOU REFUSE!
I OWE THIS COUNTRY QUITE A DEBT--
--AND I WOULD LOVE TO PAY IT BACK--
IN SPADES!!

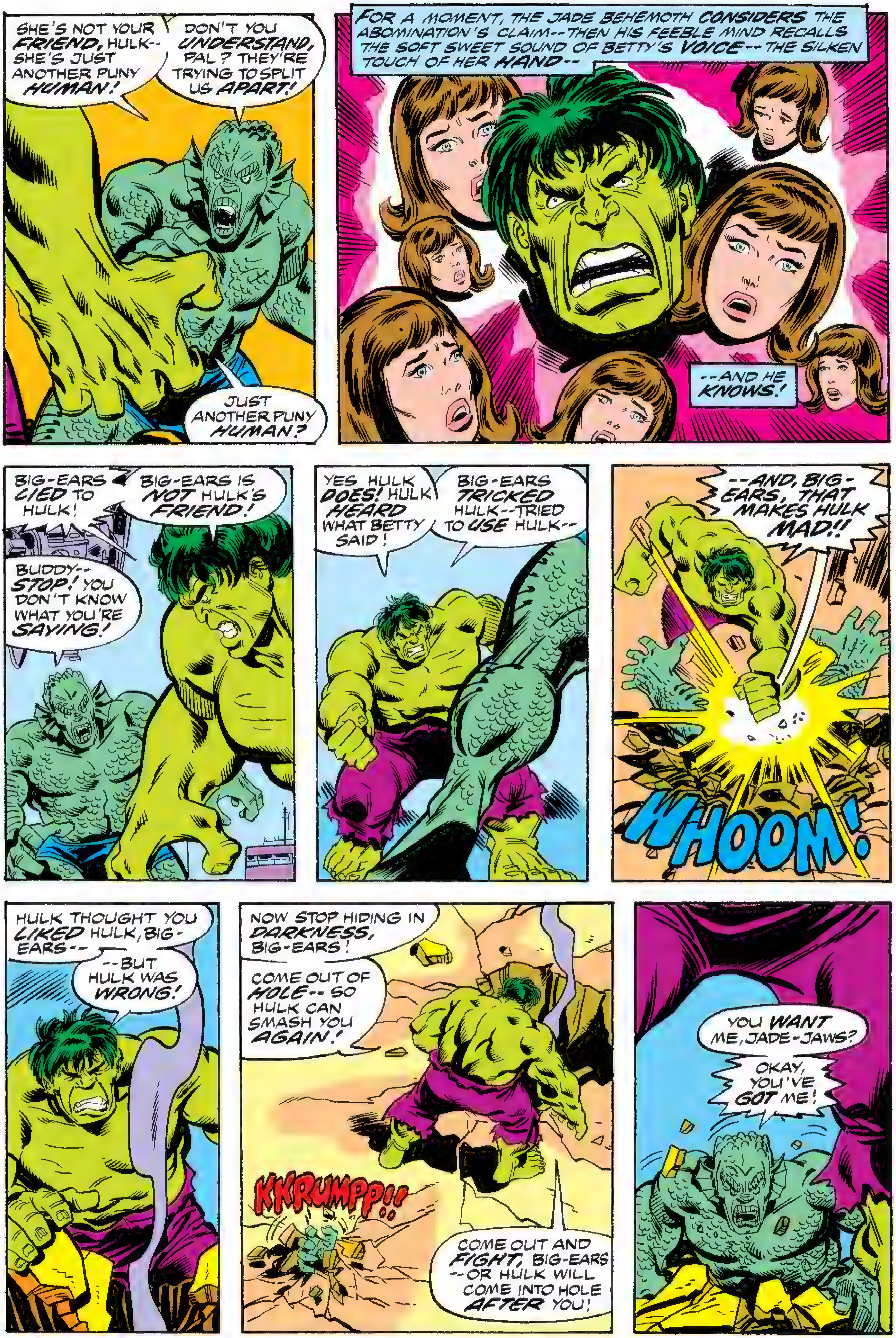

IF ONLY I'D CAPTURED THE HULK BACK IN NEW YORK,* WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS!
AND IF ONLY I'D STOPPED BRUCE BANNER FROM CHARGING RIGHT INTO THAT GAMMA-BOMB TEST--
--THERE WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN A HULK!
*BACK IN HULK #193. --LEN.
SORRY, SAMSON-- BUT IF YOU'RE ALL THAT ANXIOUS TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR THIS--
--YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT IN LINE!
YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE SAMSON, GENERAL--HE SUFFERS FROM AN OVER-DEVELOPED GUILT COMPLEX.
QUARTERMAIN, YOU INSECT-- I OUGHT TO SQUASH YOU!
BETTER GET OUT THE RAW MEAT, GENERAL. IT'S FEEDING TIME AT THE ZOO.
AND SPEAKING OF FEEDING TIME...
LET'S GO, MANNERS-- MORE FOOD! DO YOU WANT ME TO STARVE TO DEATH?
AND YOU'D BETTER NOT ANSWER THAT QUESTION, LITTLE MAN!
YOU OUGHTTA LISTEN TO YOUR FRIEND, MISTER.
HAVE A LITTLE PATIENCE.
WHY DOES BIG-EARS TALK SO LOUD? MAKES HULK'S HEAD HURT!
THE COMMISSARY IS GETTING THIS STUFF OVER HERE JUST AS FAST AS THEY CAN!
I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO NOBODY, LITTLE MAN--NOT SO LONG AS I'M RUNNING THIS JOINT!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, MISTER.
JUST SO LONG AS YOU'RE RUNNING THIS PLACE--
--WHICH WON'T BE FOR LONG!
THE GOVERNMENT ENTRUSTED ME WITH THE SAFETY OF THIS CENTER--
--AND NOW THOSE UNGAINLY MONSTERS THREATEN TO DESTROY IT!
WELL, NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!
DANGER HIG VOLTAGE
WILBUR MANNERS IS A MAN WHO DOESN'T SHIRK HIS RESPONSIBILITY--

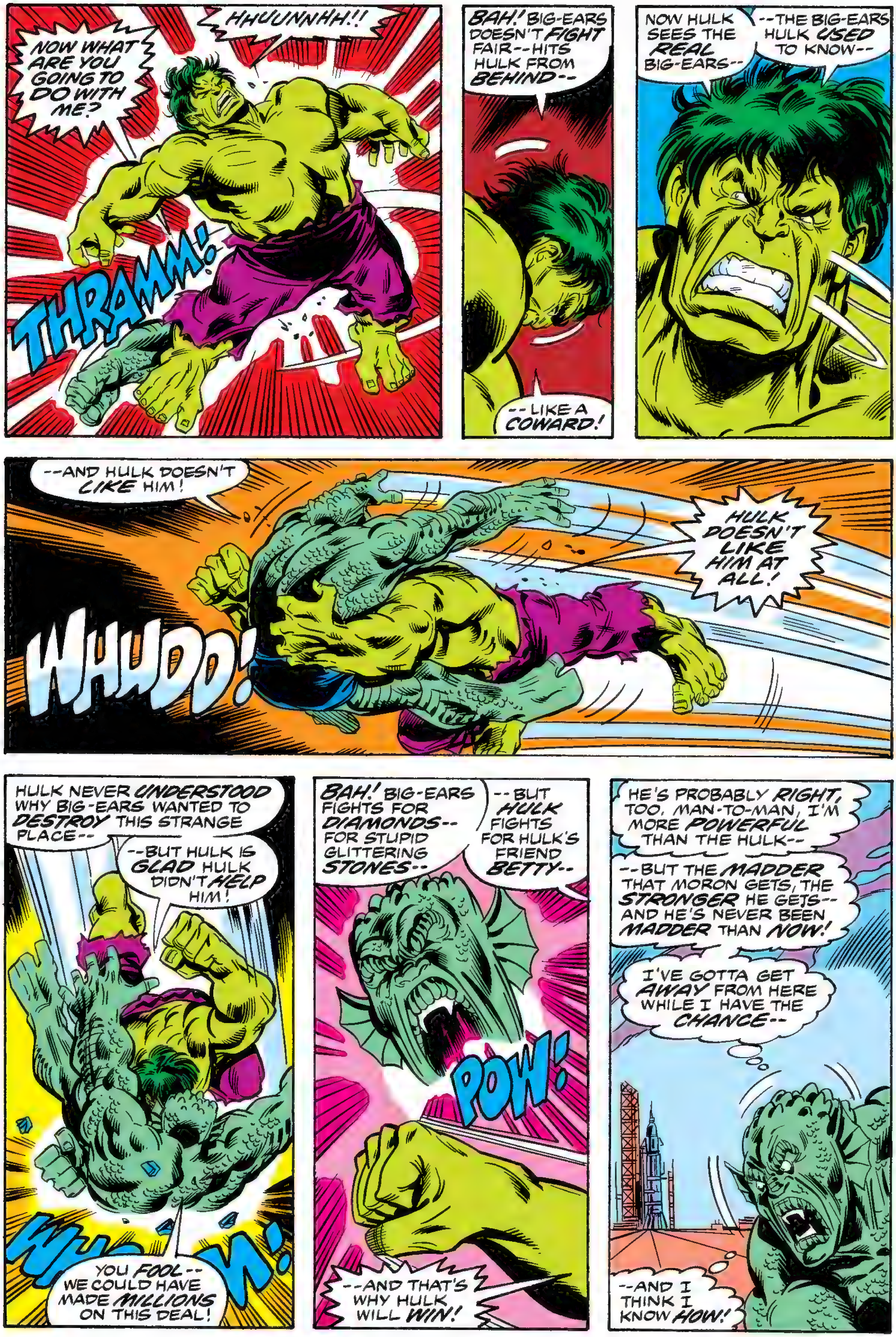

--EVEN IF IT KILLS ME!!
AARRGGHH!!
ZZKKAKK
DIE, YOU FILTHY MONSTER-- DIE!!
NO! LITTLE MAN TRIES TO HURT BIG-EARS WITH LIGHTNING--
--TRIES TO KILL HULK'S ONLY FRIEND--!
N-NO! H-HE'S STILL ALIVE--!
HULK WILL SMASH LITTLE MAN!
THEN GO AHEAD, BRUTE-- DO YOUR WORST!
I'VE DONE MY DUTY--
--AND I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE!
HUH?
HULK WANTS TO SMASH LITTLE MAN--AND LITTLE MAN DOESN'T CARE?
LITTLE MAN IS PROUD HE HURT HULK'S FRIEND?
BAH! LITTLE MAN IS TOO STUPID FOR HULK TO SMASH.
FOR YOU MAYBE, JADE-JAWS--BUT NOT ME!
I SHOULD KILL YOU FOR THAT LITTLE STUNT, SHORTY--BUT RIGHT NOW I MAY NEED YOU!
YOU TRY GETTING WISE AGAIN, THOUGH-- AND, NEED YOU OR NOT, YOU GET PULVERIZED!
UNDERSTAND?
OKAY, MISTER-- YOU WIN.
KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, HULK! AND IF HE TRIES ANY FUNNY STUFF--
--FINISH HIM!
HULK WILL WATCH LITTLE MAN, BIG-EARS.
BUT WILL YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO WHEN THE TIME COMES?
YOU'VE A SOFT SPOT IN YOU, GREENSKIN--AND IT MAY BE THE DEATH OF YOU YET!

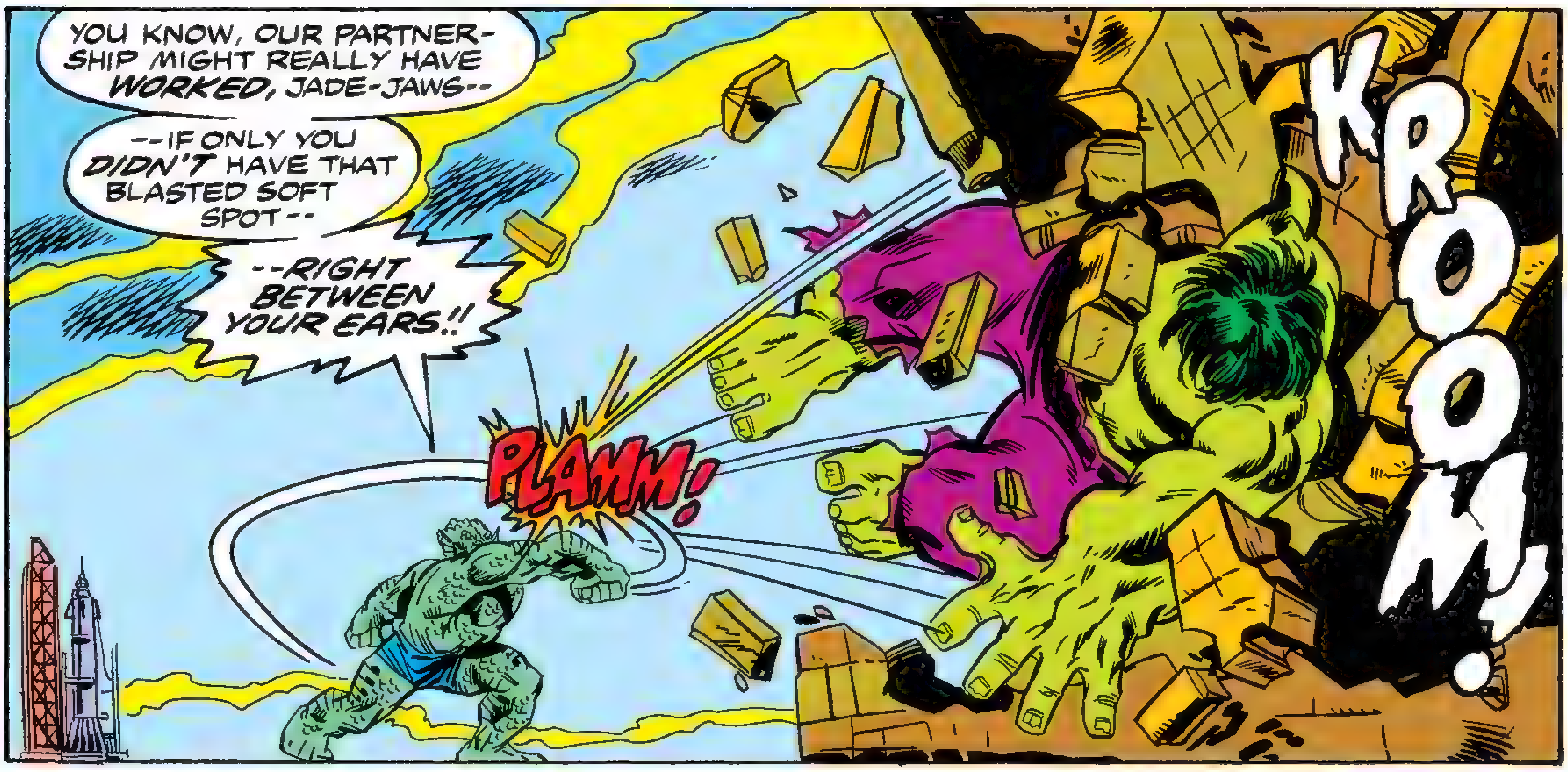

AT HULKBUSTER BASE, THE ALLOTTED SIX HOURS PASS LIKE SIXTY...
WELL, THE PENTAGON DID EXACTLY AS I EXPECTED THEY WOULD--THEY DROPPED THIS DISASTER SMACK IN OUR LAPS!
THEY FIGURE WE KNOW MORE ABOUT THOSE TWO GREEN MONSTROSITIES THAN ANYONE--
--SO, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, IT'S UP TO US TO STOP THEM!
THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT THEY'D SAY, GENERAL--
--SO I'M ALL SUITED UP AND READY FOR ACTION!
WE'RE NOT GOING INTO ACTION, QUARTERMAIN--AT LEAST NOT YET!
SAMSON HAS COME UP WITH A DIFFERENT IDEA--AND I THINK WE'D BETTER GIVE IT A TRY BEFORE WE RESORT TO A FIREFIGHT!
OKAY, DOC, YOU'RE THE BOSS... FOR NOW. WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?
YOU, QUARTERMAIN--NOTHING!
THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN HELP US RIGHT NOW IS--BETTY ROSS TALBOT!
WHAT--!?! I'M WARNING YOU, SAMSON--IF YOU PUT MY DAUGHTER IN ANY DANGER, I'LL...
THAT'S ENOUGH, DADDY! THIS IS MY DECISION TO MAKE--
--AND MY ANSWER IS YES!
HOW CAN I HELP, LEN?
THANKS, BETTY--I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU.
NOW LISTEN CLOSE, EVERYONE. WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH...
...TIME IS RUNNING OUT, LITTLE MEN!
IF WE DON'T HEAR FROM WASHINGTON IN THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES--
--WE START TAKING THIS PLACE APART!

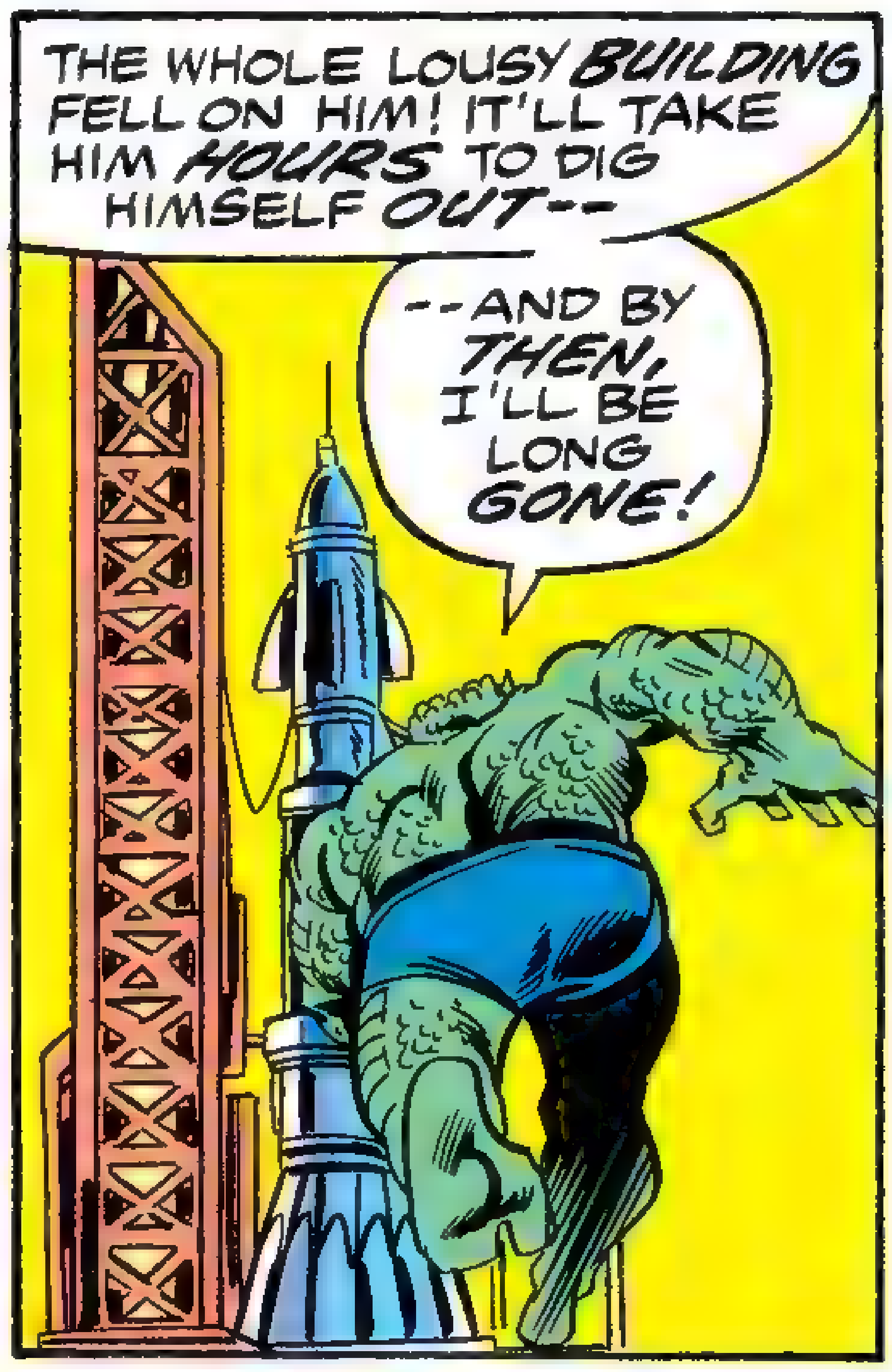

AND ONCE WE START, WE DON'T STOP TILL WE'RE LOOKING AT A JUNKYARD!
YOU WITH ME, PAL?
HULK WILL DO WHATEVER BIG-EARS SAYS!
THEN YOU'D BETTER GET READY, HULK! IN JUST A MINUTE, WE'RE GOING TO...
HULK-- IF YOU CAN HEAR MY VOICE-- PLEASE-- LISTEN TO ME!
HUH?
HULK, LOOK AT MY FACE-- TRY TO REMEMBER WHO I AM!
I'M BETTY, HULK! I'M YOUR FRIEND!
OKAY-- WHO TURNED THAT THING ON?
TALK-- OR I SWEAR I'LL BREAK YOU!
BETTY?
HURTING US WON'T HELP YOU, MISTER! WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!
THAT'S A LIVE BROADCAST-- REMOTE-CONTROLLED--
--AND IT'S OVERRIDING ALL OF OUR CIRCUITS!
WELL, SINCE NONE OF YOU BRIGHT-EYED WONDERS TURNED THIS THING ON--
KROOM!
--GUESS YOU WON'T MIND MY TURNING IT OFF!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT OUR ANSWER FROM WASHINGTON, HULK!
NOW LET'S GO GIVE THEM OURS!!

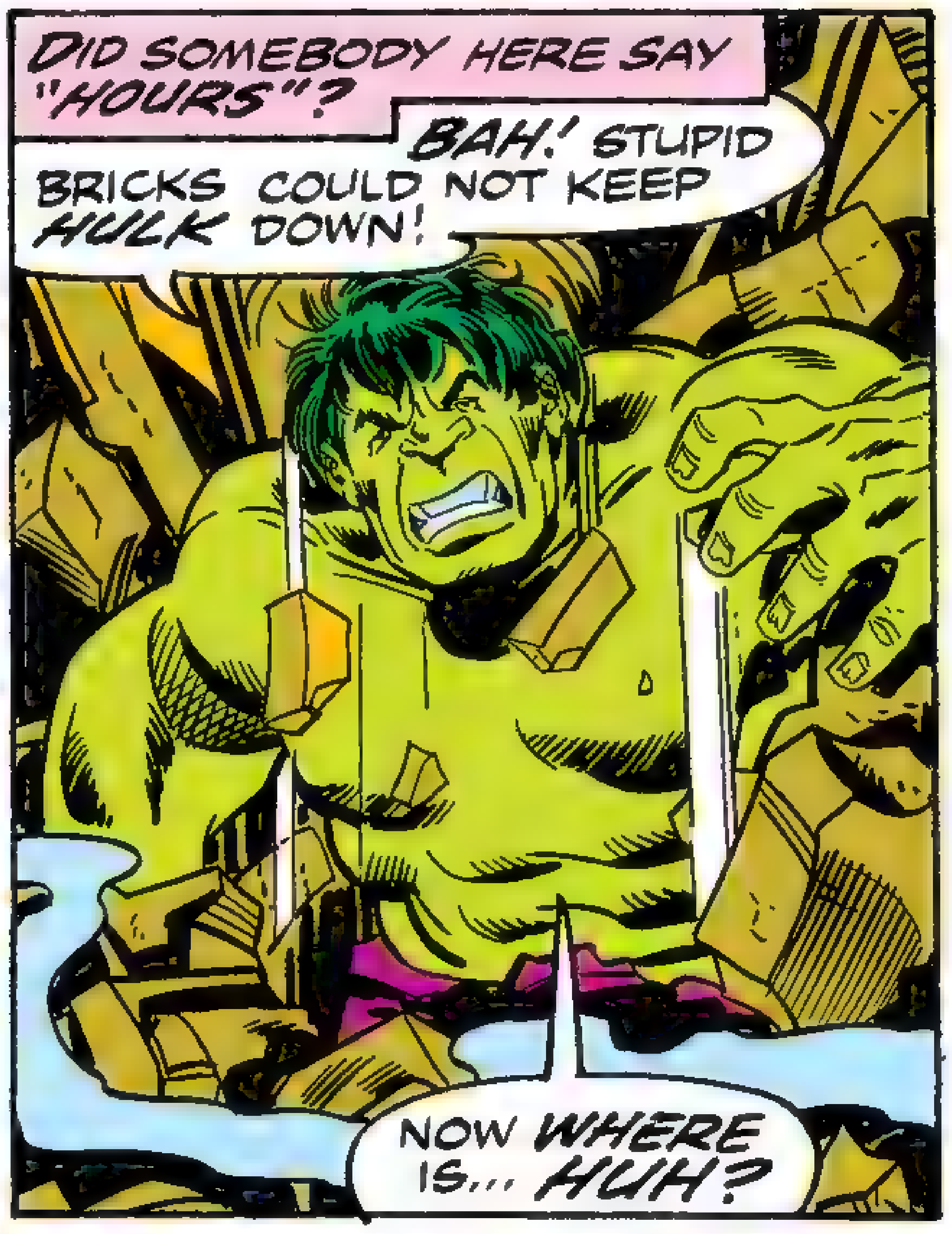

WHY DID BIG-EARS SMASH PICTURE? GIRL ON SCREEN SAID SHE WAS HULK'S FRIEND!
NO, HULK-- IT WAS ONLY A TRICK! THE PUNY HUMANS ARE TRYING TO TURN YOU AGAINST ME!
BUT WE'LL SHOW THEM-- WON'T WE, OL' BUDDY? LET'S GET STARTED!
HULK, PLEASE-- DON'T LISTEN TO THE ABOMINATION!
WHATEVER HE'S TOLD YOU IS A LIE!
HUH? GIRL'S FACE AGAIN--!
PLEASE, HULK--YOU MUST TRUST ME! I'M YOUR FRIEND!
THAT FACE... HULK KNOWS THAT FACE! IF ONLY HULK COULD REMEMBER!
C'MON, PAL-- FORGET IT!
THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO CONFUSE YOU!
HULK, I'M BEGGING YOU-- LEAVE THE SPACE CENTER ALONE! YOU MUST NOT DESTROY IT!
GIRL BEGS HULK?
BLAST! THOSE LOUSY MONITORS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE!
C'MON, HULK-- LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
NO! HULK KNOWS THAT FACE! HULK IS STARTING TO REMEMBER--!
HULK, IF I MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU AT ALL--
--PLEASE LISTEN TO WHAT I'M SAYING
NO-- YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING!
SHUT UP-- DO YOU HEAR ME?
PLEASE, HULK-- LISTEN TO MEEEEEEEEEEE
I SAID-- SHUT UP!
K-CHOW!
BIG-EARS-- DON'T! HULK REMEMBERS GIRL NOW!
WHY DID BIG-EARS SMASH BETTY?
WHY DID YOU HURT HULK'S FRIEND??

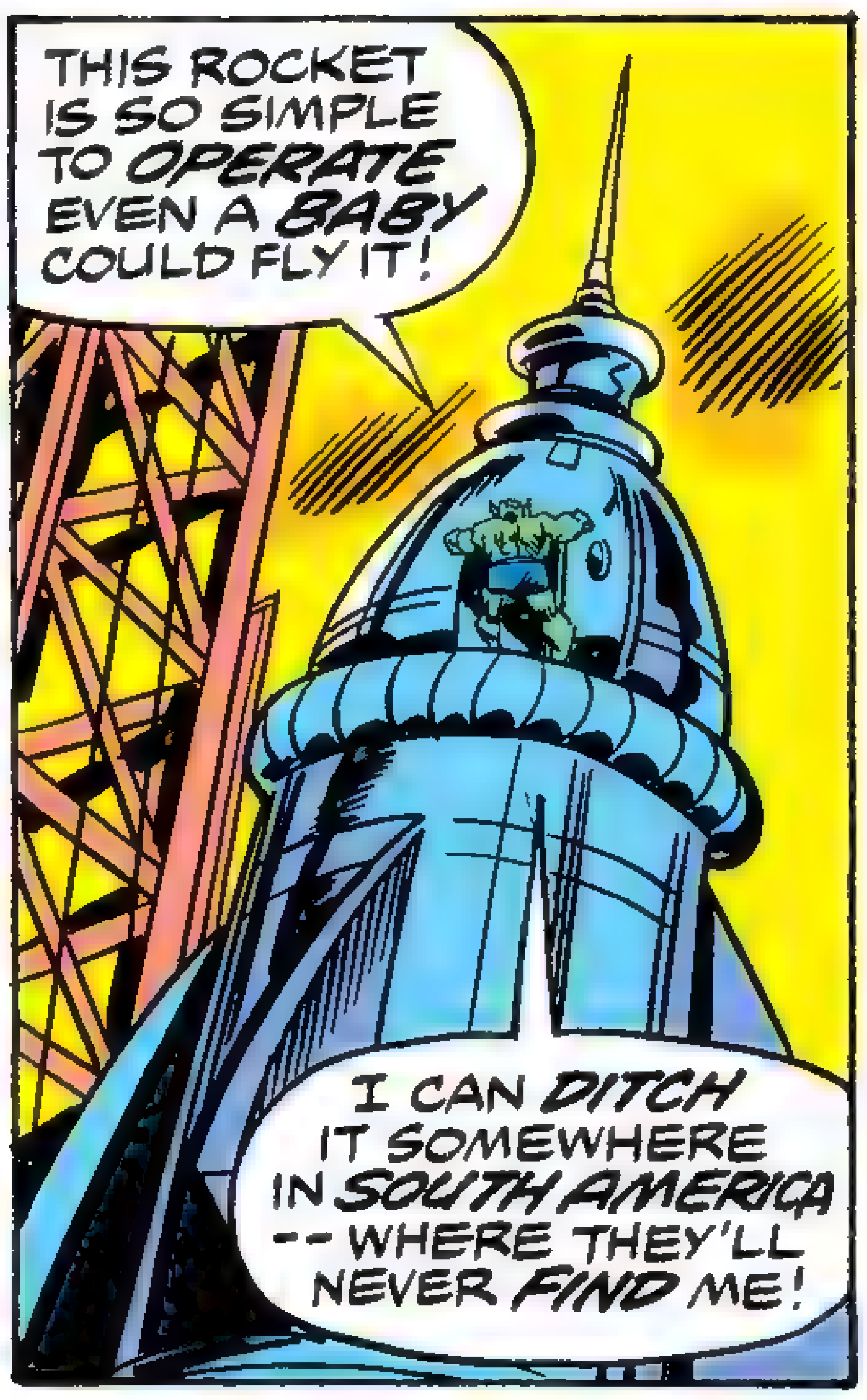

SHE'S NOT YOUR FRIEND, HULK-- SHE'S JUST ANOTHER PUNY HUMAN!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, PAL? THEY'RE TRYING TO SPLIT US APART!
JUST ANOTHER PUNY HUMAN?
FOR A MOMENT, THE JADE BEHEMOTH CONSIDERS THE ABOMINATION'S CLAIM--THEN HIS FEEBLE MIND RECALLS THE SOFT SWEET SOUND OF BETTY'S VOICE--THE SILKEN TOUCH OF HER HAND--
--AND HE KNOWS!
BIG-EARS LIED TO HULK!
BIG-EARS IS NOT HULK'S FRIEND!
BUDDY-- STOP! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!
YES HULK DOES! HULK HEARD WHAT BETTY SAID!
BIG-EARS TRICKED HULK--TRIED TO USE HULK--
--AND, BIG-EARS, THAT MAKES HULK MAD!!
WHOOM!
HULK THOUGHT YOU LIKED HULK, BIG-EARS--
--BUT HULK WAS WRONG!
NOW STOP HIDING IN DARKNESS, BIG-EARS!
COME OUT OF HOLE-- SO HULK CAN SMASH YOU AGAIN!
KKRUMPP!!
COME OUT AND FIGHT, BIG-EARS --OR HULK WILL COME INTO HOLE AFTER YOU!
YOU WANT ME, JADE-JAWS?
OKAY, YOU'VE GOT ME!

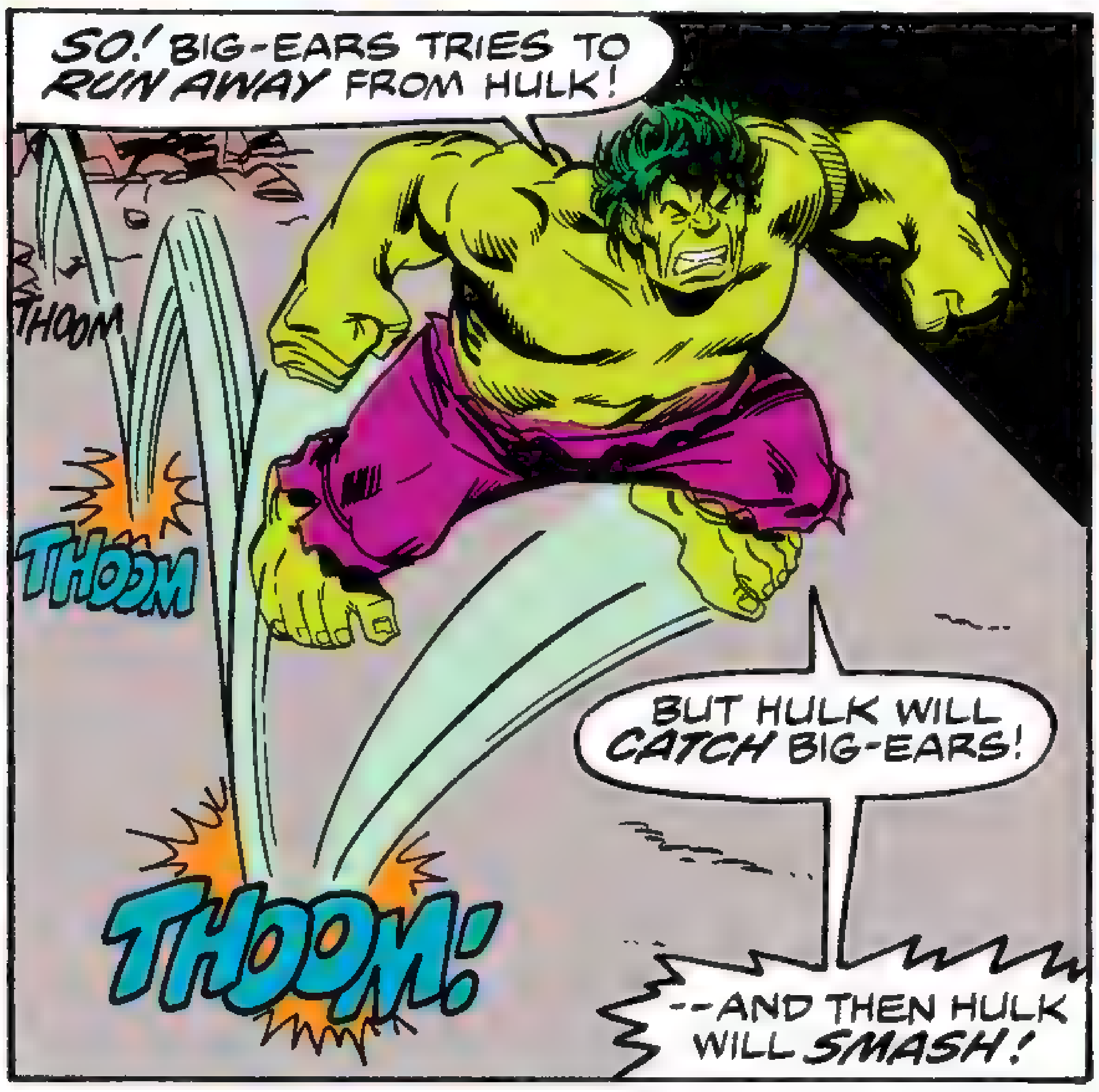

NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
HHUUNNHH!!
THRAMM!
BAH! BIG-EARS DOESN'T FIGHT FAIR--HITS HULK FROM BEHIND--
--LIKE A COWARD!
NOW HULK SEES THE REAL BIG-EARS--
--THE BIG-EARS HULK USED TO KNOW--
--AND HULK DOESN'T LIKE HIM!
HULK DOESN'T LIKE HIM AT ALL!
WHUDD!
HULK NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY BIG-EARS WANTED TO DESTROY THIS STRANGE PLACE--
--BUT HULK IS GLAD HULK DIDN'T HELP HIM!
YOU FOOL-- WE COULD HAVE MADE MILLIONS ON THIS DEAL!
BAH! BIG-EARS FIGHTS FOR DIAMONDS-- FOR STUPID GLITTERING STONES--
--BUT HULK FIGHTS FOR HULK'S FRIEND BETTY--
POW!
--AND THAT'S WHY HULK WILL WIN!
HE'S PROBABLY RIGHT, TOO. MAN-TO-MAN, I'M MORE POWERFUL THAN THE HULK--
--BUT THE MADDER THAT MORON GETS, THE STRONGER HE GETS-- AND HE'S NEVER BEEN MADDER THAN NOW!
I'VE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM HERE WHILE I HAVE THE CHANCE--
--AND I THINK I KNOW HOW!

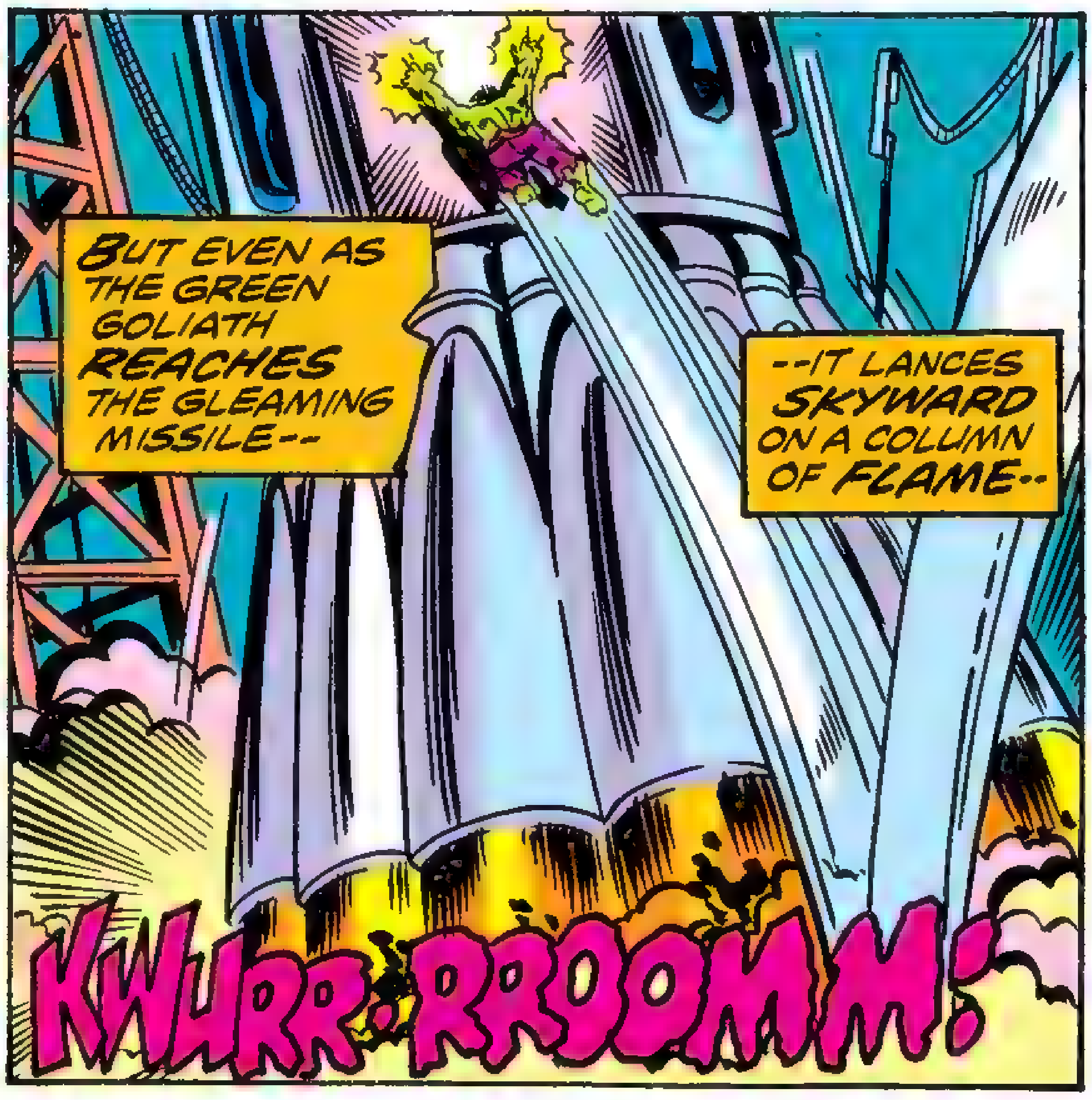

YOU KNOW, OUR PARTNERSHIP MIGHT REALLY HAVE *WORKED*, JADE-JAWS--
--IF ONLY YOU *DIDN'T* HAVE THAT BLASTED SOFT SPOT--
--*RIGHT BETWEEN YOUR EARS!!*
PLAMM!
KROOM!

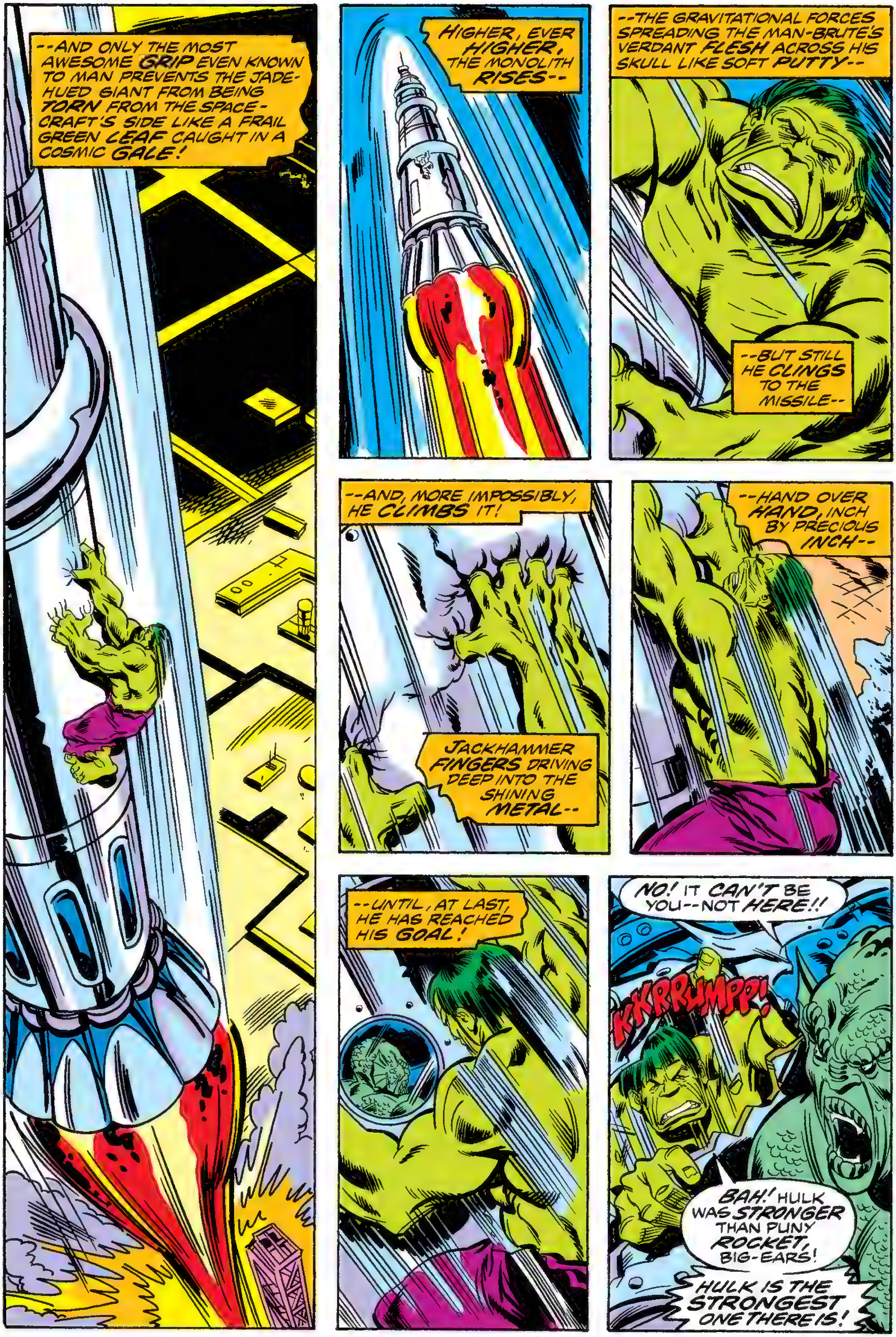

THE WHOLE LOUSY *BUILDING* FELL ON HIM! IT'LL TAKE HIM *HOURS* TO DIG HIMSELF *OUT*--
--AND BY *THEN*, I'LL BE LONG *GONE!*

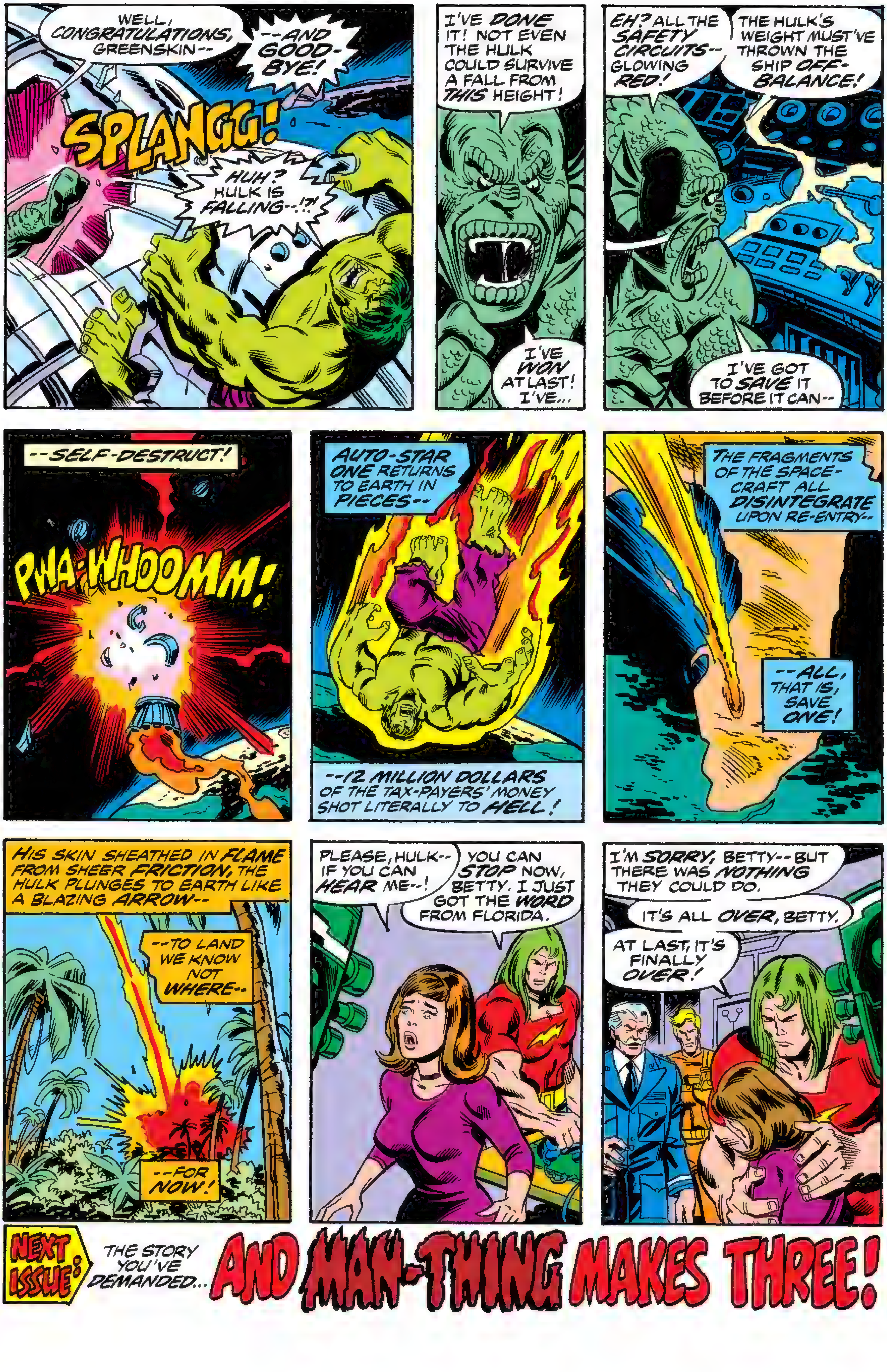

DID SOMEBODY HERE SAY "HOURS"?
BAH! STUPID BRICKS COULD NOT KEEP *HULK* DOWN!
NOW *WHERE* IS... *HUH?*


THIS ROCKET IS SO SIMPLE TO *OPERATE* EVEN A *BABY* COULD FLY IT!
I CAN *DITCH* IT SOMEWHERE IN *SOUTH AMERICA* -- WHERE THEY'LL NEVER *FIND* ME!

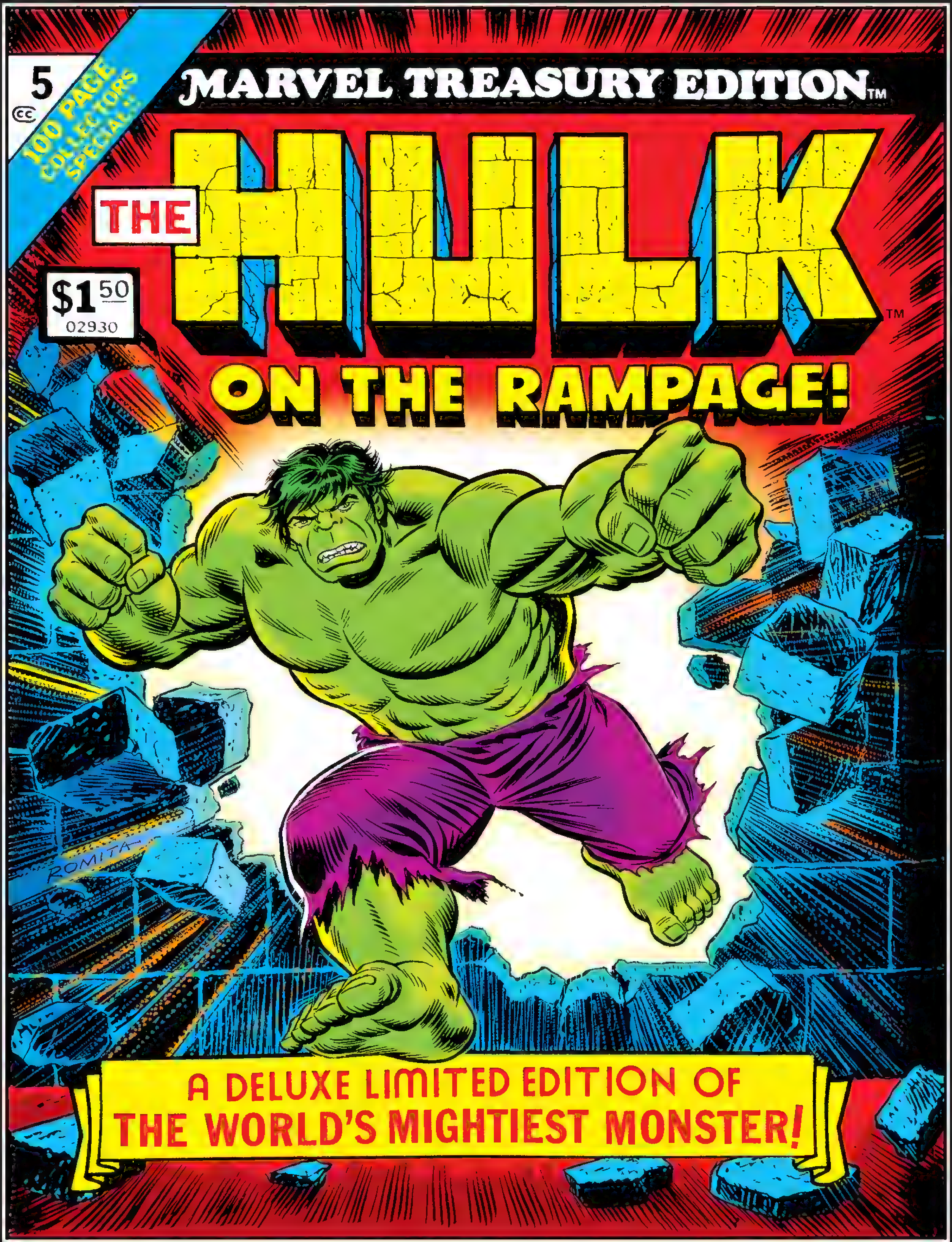

SO! BIG-EARS TRIES TO *RUN AWAY* FROM HULK!
THOOM
THOOM
BUT HULK WILL *CATCH* BIG-EARS!
THOOM!
--AND THEN HULK WILL *SMASH!*


BUT EVEN AS THE GREEN GOLIATH REACHES THE GLEAMING MISSILE--
--IT LANCES SKYWARD ON A COLUMN OF FLAME--
KWURR-RROOMM!


--AND ONLY THE MOST AWESOME GRIP EVEN KNOWN TO MAN PREVENTS THE JADE-HUED GIANT FROM BEING TORN FROM THE SPACE-CRAFT'S SIDE LIKE A FRAIL GREEN LEAF CAUGHT IN A COSMIC GALE!
HIGHER, EVER HIGHER, THE MONOLITH RISES--
--THE GRAVITATIONAL FORCES SPREADING THE MAN-BRUTE'S VERDANT FLESH ACROSS HIS SKULL LIKE SOFT PUTTY--
--BUT STILL HE CLINGS TO THE MISSILE--
--AND, MORE IMPOSSIBLY, HE CLIMBS IT!
JACKHAMMER FINGERS DRIVING DEEP INTO THE SHINING METAL--
--HAND OVER HAND, INCH BY PRECIOUS INCH--
--UNTIL, AT LAST, HE HAS REACHED HIS GOAL!
NO! IT CAN'T BE YOU--NOT HERE!!
KKRRUMPP!
BAH! HULK WAS STRONGER THAN PUNY ROCKET, BIG-EARS!
HULK IS THE STRONGEST ONE THERE IS!


WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, GREENSKIN--
--AND GOOD-BYE!
SPLANGG!
HUH? HULK IS FALLING--!?!
I'VE DONE IT! NOT EVEN THE HULK COULD SURVIVE A FALL FROM THIS HEIGHT!
I'VE WON AT LAST! I'VE...
EH? ALL THE SAFETY CIRCUITS--GLOWING RED!
THE HULK'S WEIGHT MUST'VE THROWN THE SHIP OFF-BALANCE!
I'VE GOT TO SAVE IT BEFORE IT CAN--
--SELF-DESTRUCT!
PWA-WHOOMM!
AUTO-STAR ONE RETURNS TO EARTH IN PIECES--
--12 MILLION DOLLARS OF THE TAX-PAYERS' MONEY SHOT LITERALLY TO HELL!
THE FRAGMENTS OF THE SPACE-CRAFT ALL DISINTEGRATE UPON RE-ENTRY--
--ALL, THAT IS, SAVE ONE!
HIS SKIN SHEATHED IN FLAME FROM SHEER FRICTION, THE HULK PLUNGES TO EARTH LIKE A BLAZING ARROW--
--TO LAND WE KNOW NOT WHERE--
--FOR NOW!
PLEASE, HULK--IF YOU CAN HEAR ME--!
YOU CAN STOP NOW, BETTY. I JUST GOT THE WORD FROM FLORIDA.
I'M SORRY, BETTY--BUT THERE WAS NOTHING THEY COULD DO.
IT'S ALL OVER, BETTY.
AT LAST, IT'S FINALLY OVER!
NEXT ISSUE:
THE STORY YOU'VE DEMANDED...
AND MAN-THING MAKES THREE!

Between covers by John Romita, *Marvel Treasury Edition* #5 reprinted material from *Tales to Astonish* #79, 100, *The Incredible Hulk* #3, 139, 141, 145, *Annual* #1 and *Marvel Feature* #11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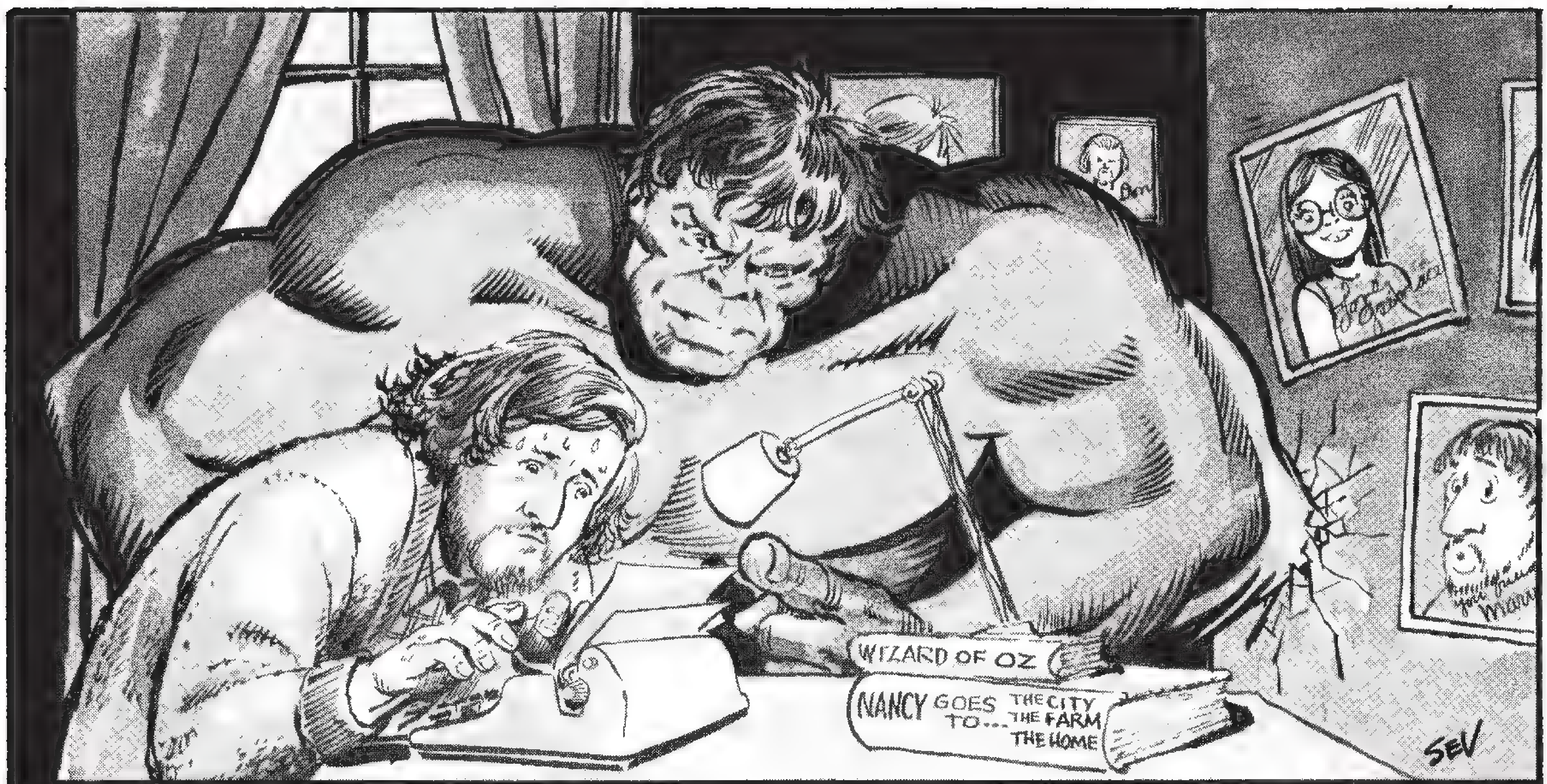
WIZARD OF OZ
NANCY GOES TO... THE CITY THE FARM THE HOME
SEV

“Loved your first act,” The audience cried. “But what’re you gonna do for an encore?”

The year was 1962, and that was the problem facing Smilin’ Stan Lee and the soon-to-be-Marvel Bullpen. After many years of producing little else besides mystery and western comics, their first excursion into the super-hero field, a little opus called THE FANTASTIC FOUR, starring four characters who actually (can it be believed?) argued with one another just like *real* human beings, was slowly but surely becoming the smash hit of an admittedly young decade. Now the readers were clamoring for more, and Stan and the gang were obliged to provide it.

The whys and wherefores of how that “more” came to be THE INCREDIBLE HULK are described in minute detail in Stan’s ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS (still on sale in any bookstore worthy of the name and for shame if you’re the Faithful One who still hasn’t bought it), which is fortunate, since we really don’t have the space to do it justice here.

What we do have space to talk about is *why* Ol’ Greenskin has been such a smashing success over the years. The answer is simple: Robert Bruce Banner is the personification of every man’s darkest dream. He is overwhelming intellect transformed into pure unreasoning fury. He is civilized man able to strip away his sophisticated veneer to reveal the primitive brute that dwells within us all. The Hulk is power for power’s sake. He does not offer reasons or rationales for what he does. He does them because they seem right to his childlike mind. Such elementary logic has made the Green Goliath an outcast from society—and that is one of his most endearing qualities. For all of his astonishing strength and incredible power, the Hulk is basically an oversized “everyman” searching only for peace...and his place in the sun.

What the preceding obviously provides is an artist’s and writer’s goldmine; and a goldmine of comics talent has charted the emerald man-brute’s course over the years. Artists like Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko, Bill Everett, Gil Kane, John Romita, John Buscema, Mike Esposito, Dick Ayers, and the same mirthful Marie Severin responsible for the artful illumination atop this page, all put to paper the Man-Monster’s exploits—until the Hulk at long last found his pappy in Happy Herb Trimpe. Their association has thus far been a joyous one. Long may it continue! The cream of Marvel’s writing crop have also had a jade-hued hand in detailing Greenskin’s exploits. Names such as Stan Lee, Roy Thomas, Gary Friedrich, Gerry Conway, Steve Englehart, Archie Goodwin, Chris Claremont, Tony Isabella, and Steve Gerber (in the pages of the Defenders) have crept across the credit lines over the years, the latest (humbly) being my own, Len Wein. My relationship with the Hulk has not gone on nearly so long as Herb’s, but I’m working at it.

And speaking of working, I’d better bring this friendly little frontispiece to an end and get back to scripting the latest issue of the Hulk’s monumental monthly mag. It’s an assignment that takes me twice as long as any other. Do you have any idea how difficult it is to type coherently when there’s an overgrown green gorilla standing always at your elbow?

Take Care,

LEN—

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

MARVEL TREASURY EDITION
THE HULK

JUST POSSIBLY THE GREATEST, GRANDEST, MOST RIOTOUSLY—RAMBUNCTIOUS COLLECTION OF THE GREEN GOLIATH'S BLOCK-BUSTING BATTLES EVER ASSEMBLED BETWEEN TWO COVERS!

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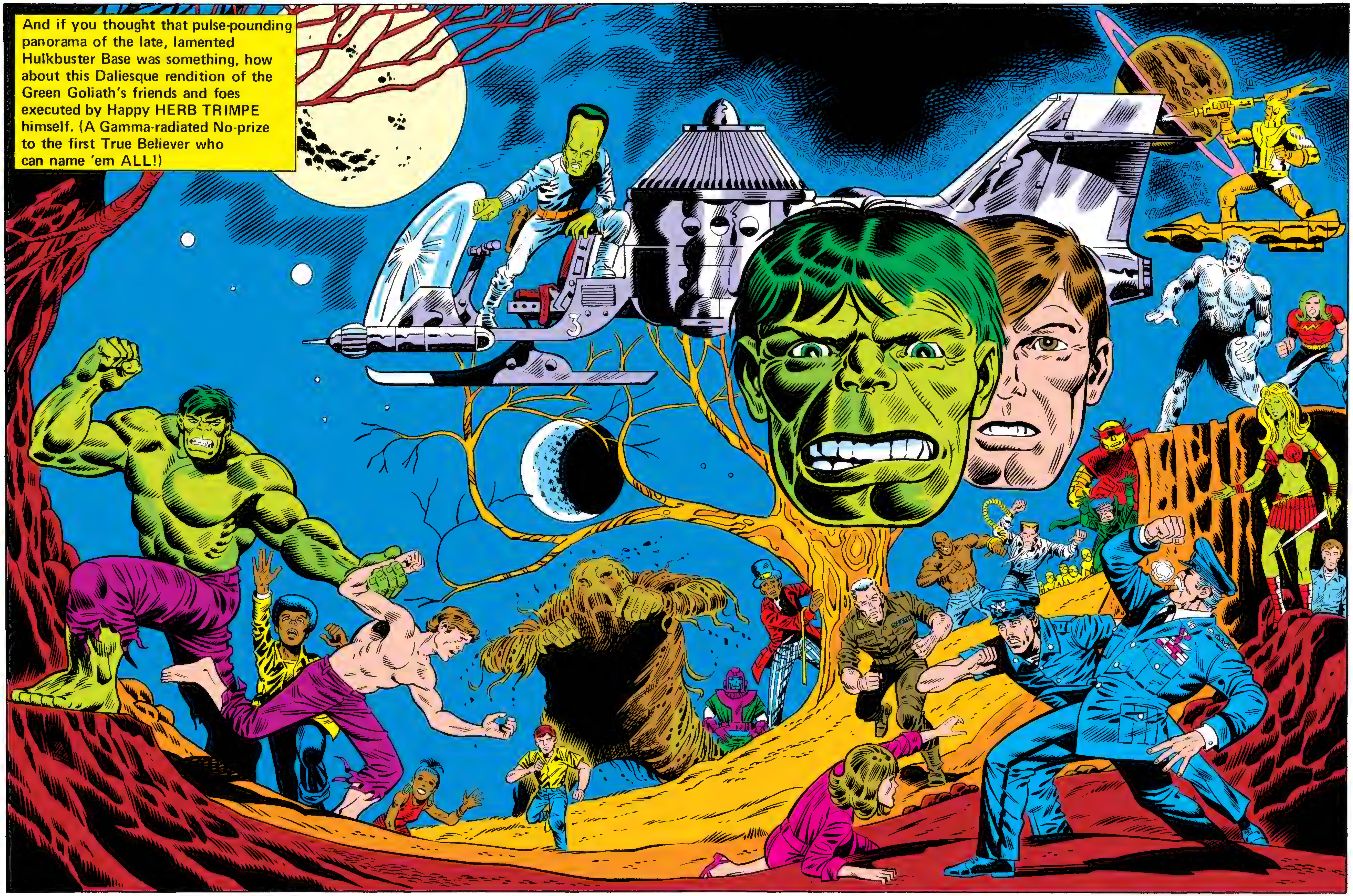
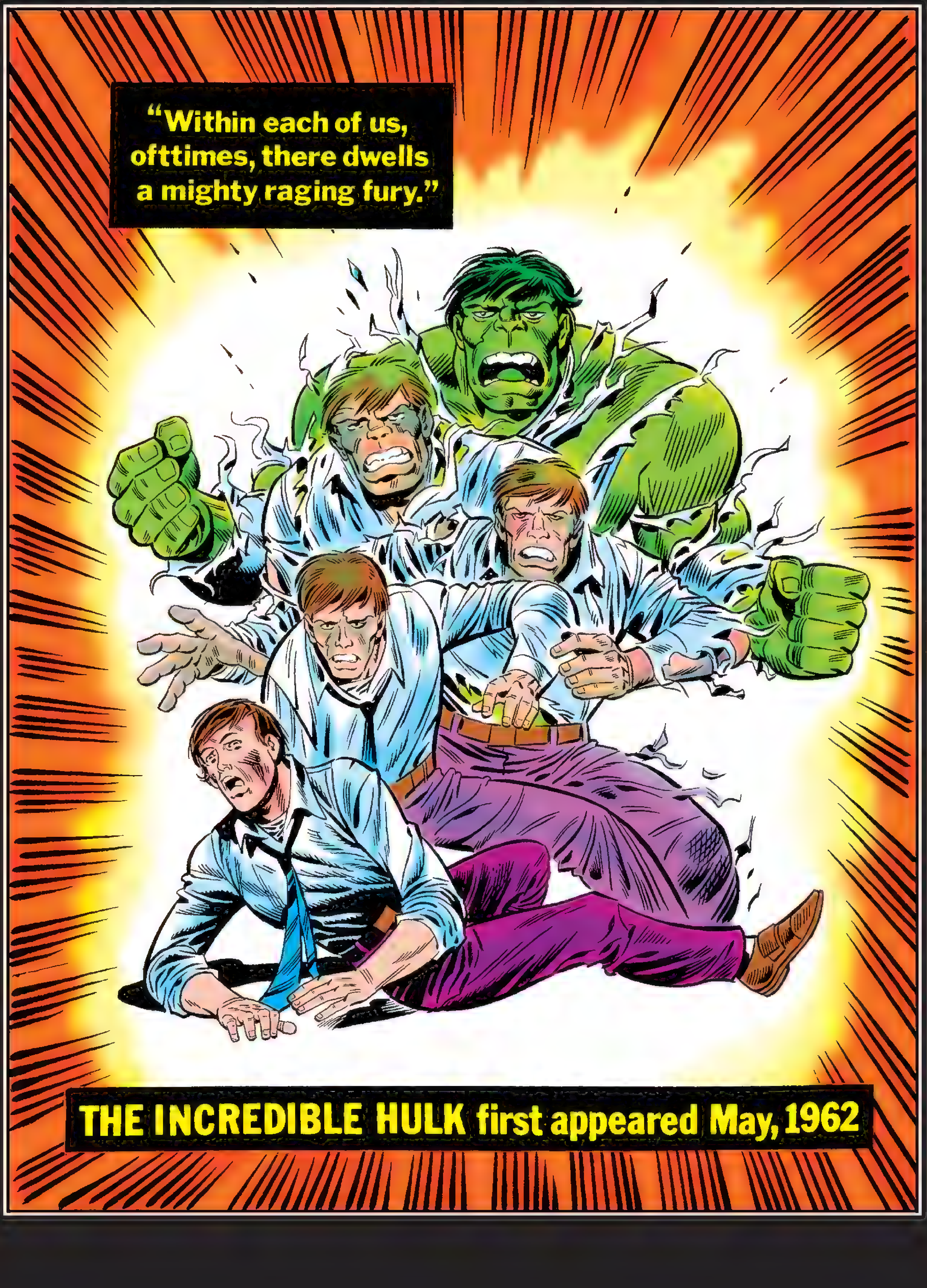
Well, what're you waiting for? Turn the page and let the wonderment begin! (You wouldn't want our jade-hued hero to catch you dragging your feet now, would ya?)

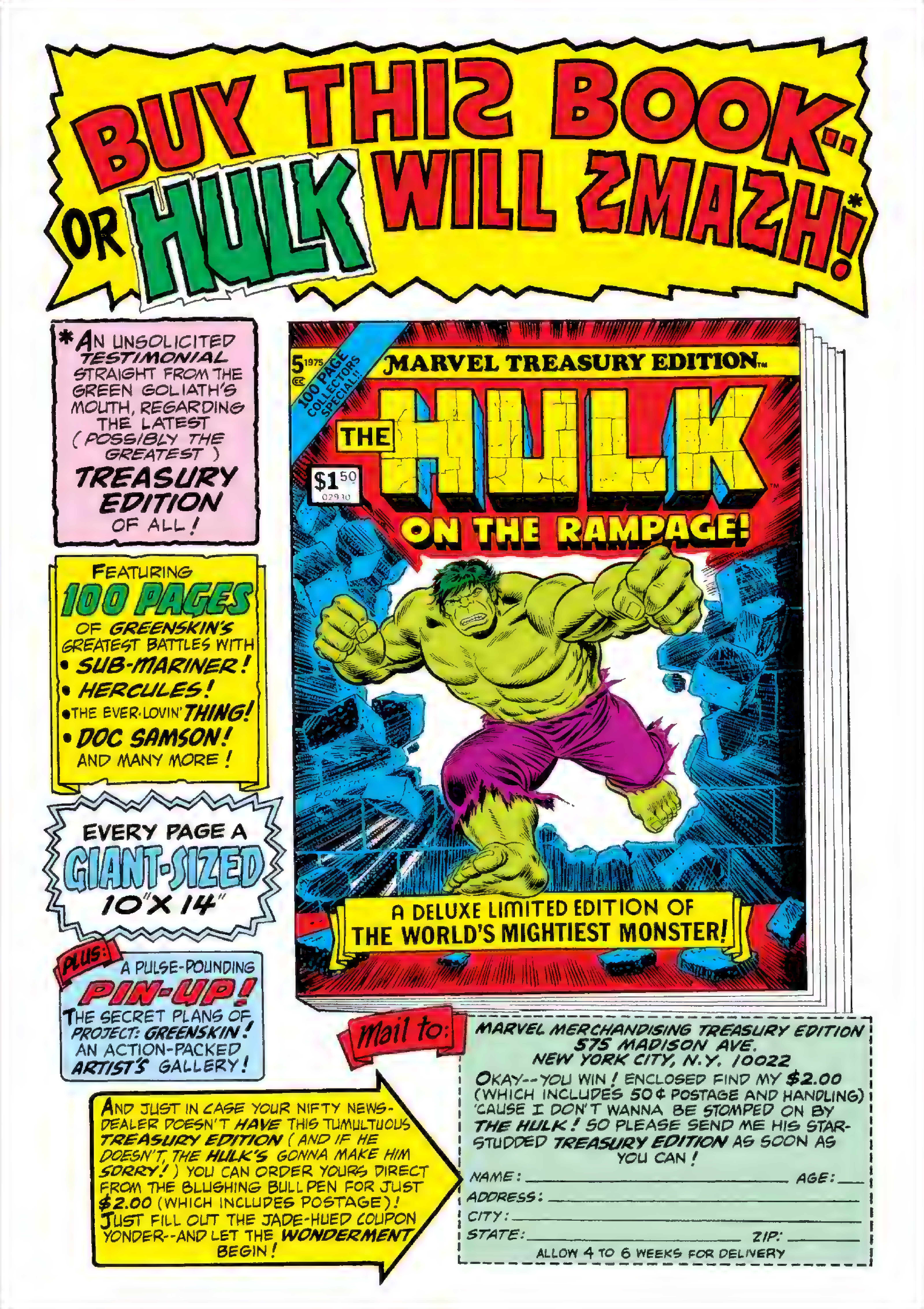

And if you thought that pulse-pounding panorama of the late, lamented Hulkbuster Base was something, how about this Daliesque rendition of the Green Goliath's friends and foes executed by Happy HERB TRIMPE himself. (A Gamma-radiated No-prize to the first True Believer who can name 'em ALL!)
3



"Within each of us, ofttimes, there dwells a mighty raging fury."

THE INCREDIBLE HULK first appeared May, 1962

Marvel Treasury Edition #5 house ad
from August 1975 titles



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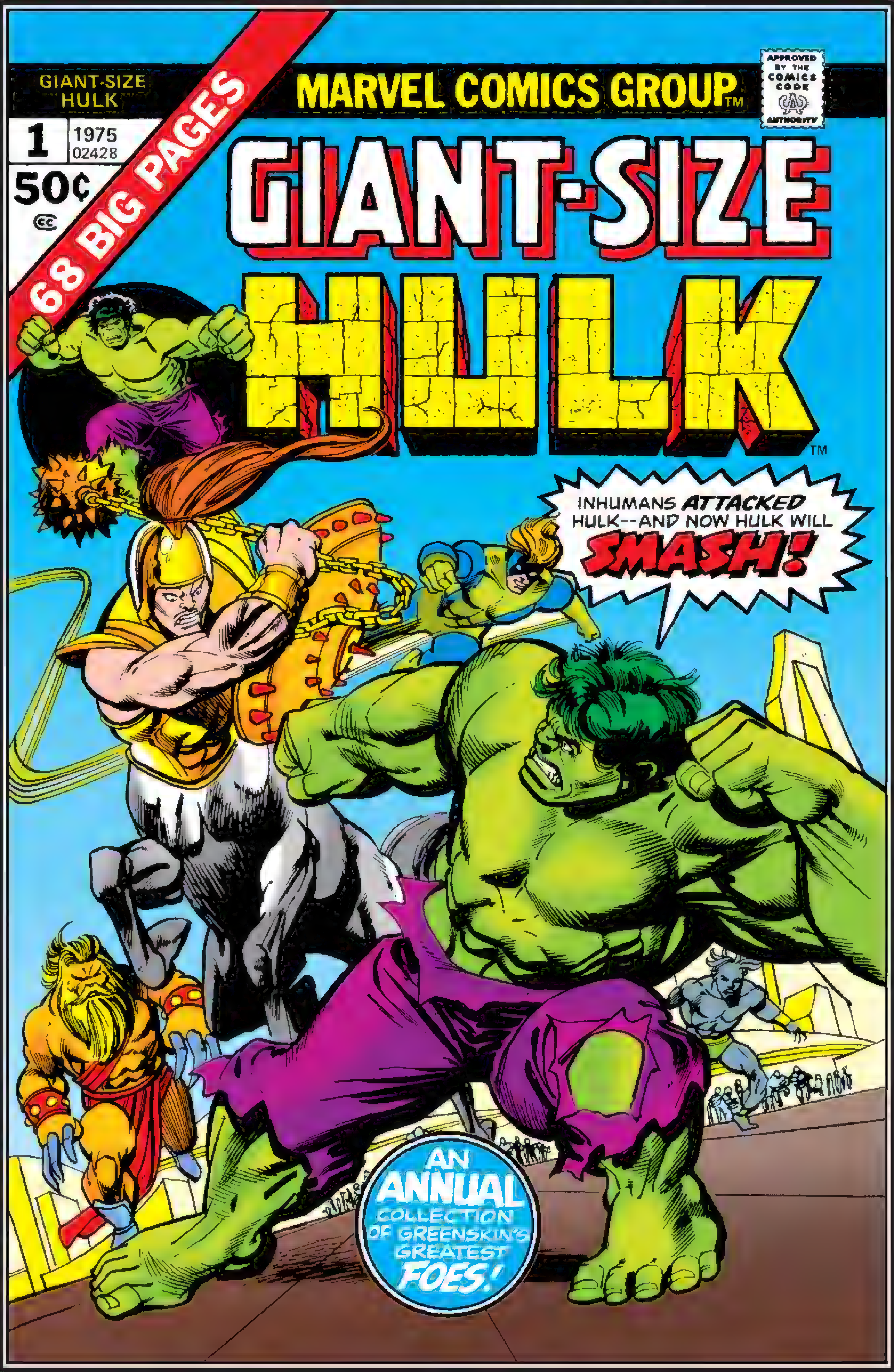
GIANT-SIZE HULK
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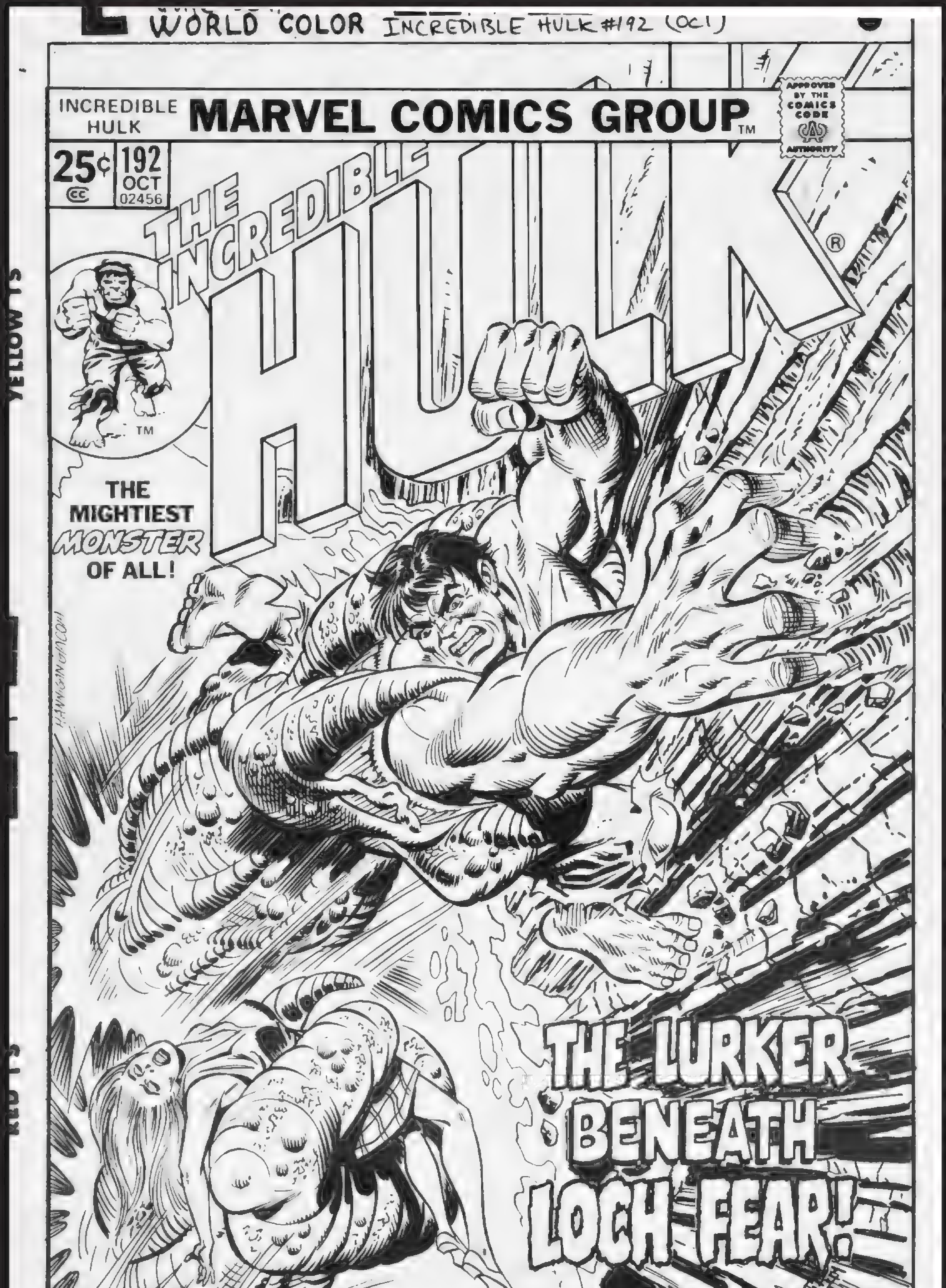
HULK
INHUMANS ATTACKED HULK--AND NOW HULK WILL SMASH!
AN ANNUAL COLLECTION OF GREENSKIN'S GREATEST FOES!

The Incredible Hulk #192 cover production photostat featuring Ed Hannigan & Frank Giacoia's original rendering of the Hulk's face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HANNIGAN/GIACOIA
THE LURKER BENEATH LOCH FEAR!
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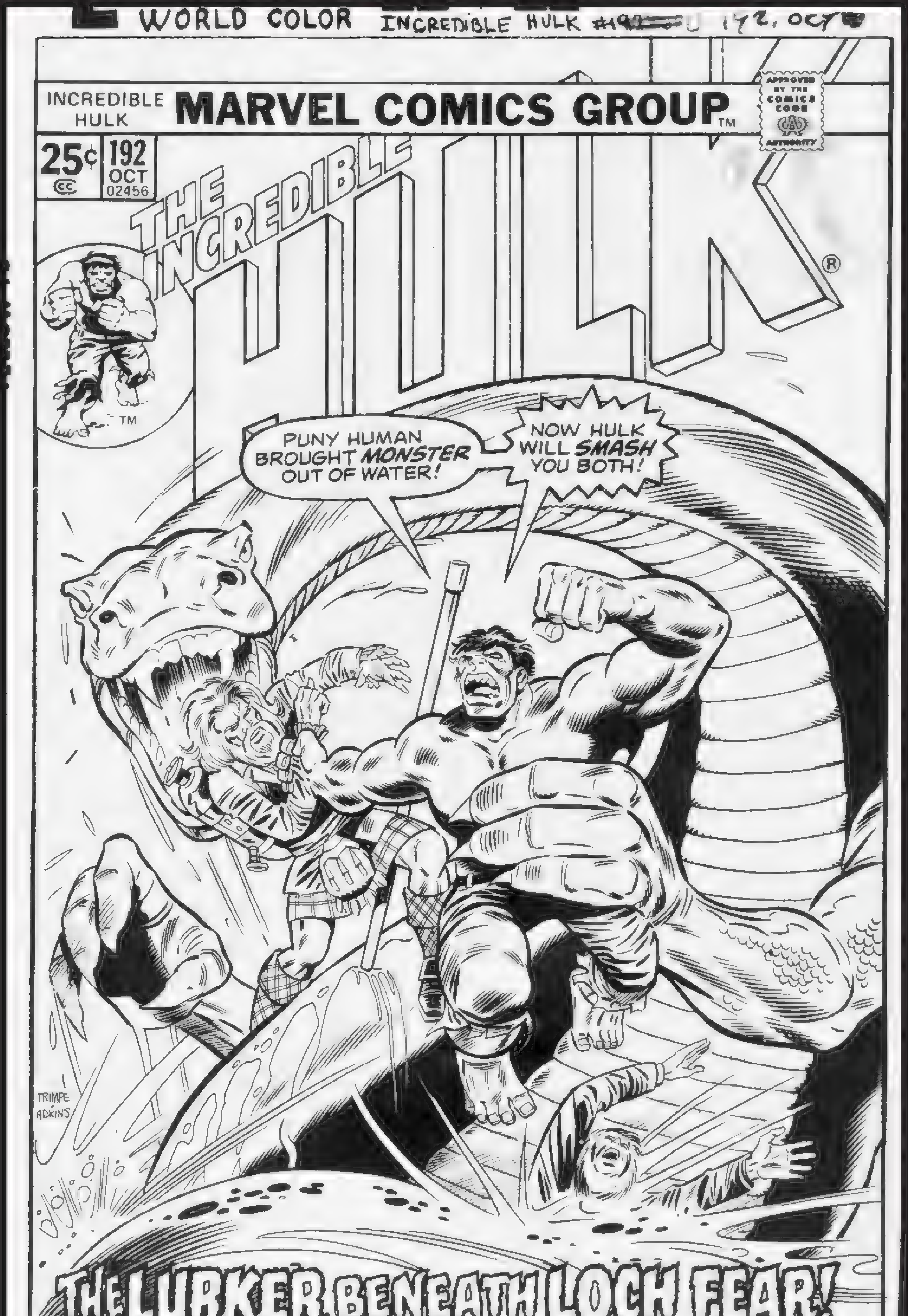

The Incredible Hulk #192 unused cover
by Herb Trimpe

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THE INCREDIBLE HULK
®
TM
PUNY HUMAN BROUGHT MONSTER OUT OF WATER!
NOW HULK WILL SMASH YOU BOTH!
TRIMPE
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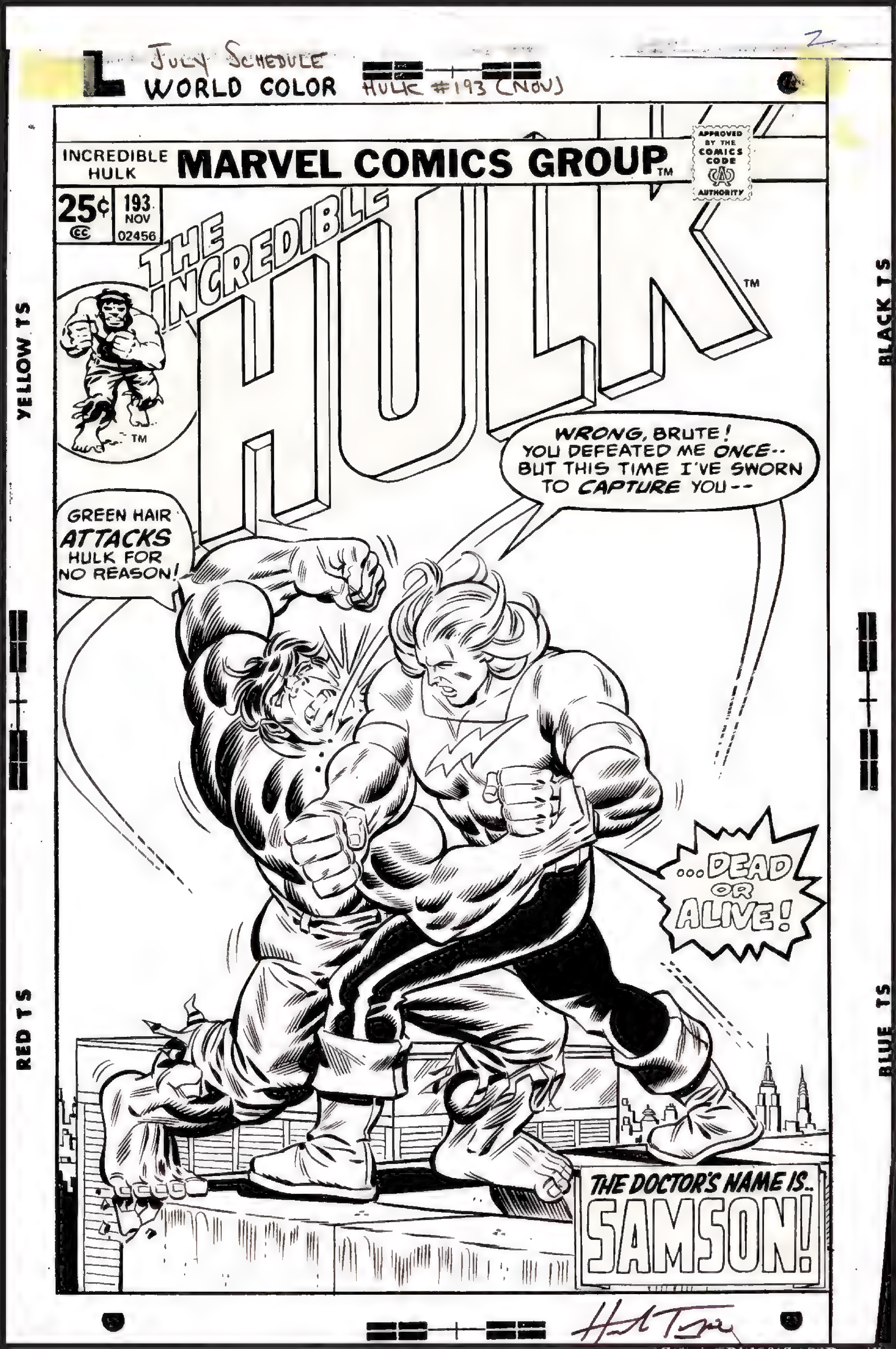
The Incredible Hulk #193 unused cover original art
by Herb Trimpe & Joe Staton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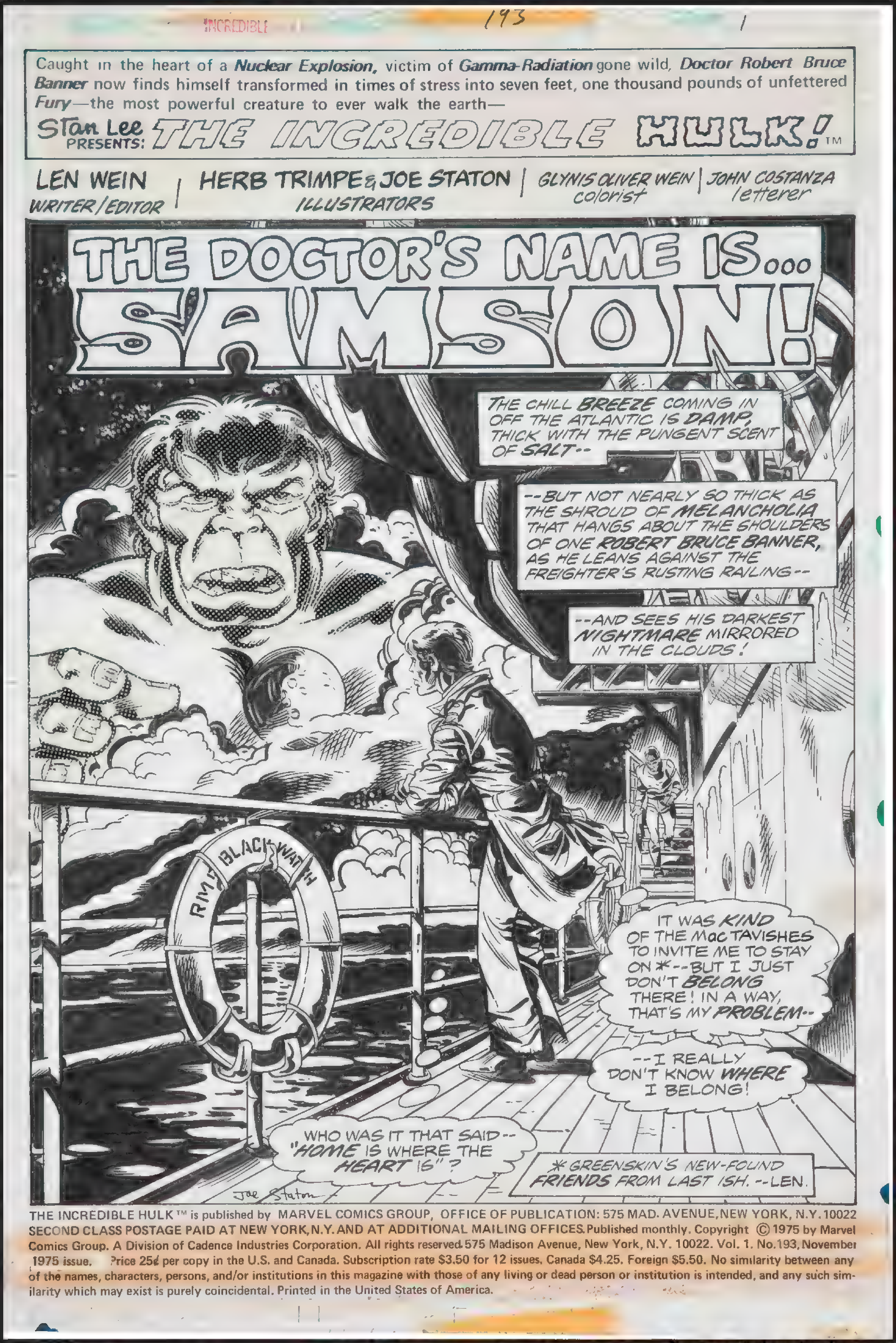
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
WRONG, BRUTE! YOU DEFEATED ME ONCE-- BUT THIS TIME I'VE SWORN TO CAPTURE YOU--
GREEN HAIR ATTACKS HULK FOR NO REASON!
...DEAD OR ALIVE!
THE DOCTOR'S NAME IS.. SAMSON!
YELLOW TS
BLACK TS
RED TS
BLUE TS

Courtesy Rich & Steve Donnelly

The Incredible Hulk #193, page 1 original art
by Herb Trimpe & Joe Staton


INCREDIBLE
193
1
Caught in the heart of a Nuclear Explosion, victim of Gamma-Radiation gone wild, Doctor Robert Bruce Banner now finds himself transformed in times of stress into seven feet, one thousand pounds of unfettered Fury—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth—
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE INCREDIBLE HULK!™
LEN WEIN WRITER/EDITOR
HERB TRIMPE & JOE STATON ILLUSTRATORS
GLYNIS OLIVER WEIN colorist
JOHN COSTANZA letterer
THE DOCTOR'S NAME IS... SAMSON!
THE CHILL BREEZE COMING IN OFF THE ATLANTIC IS DAMP, THICK WITH THE PUNGENT SCENT OF SALT--
--BUT NOT NEARLY SO THICK AS THE SHROUD OF MELANCHOLIA THAT HANGS ABOUT THE SHOULDERS OF ONE ROBERT BRUCE BANNER, AS HE LEANS AGAINST THE FREIGHTER'S RUSTING RAILING--
--AND SEES HIS DARKEST NIGHTMARE MIRRORED IN THE CLOUDS!
RIM BLACK WATCH
IT WAS KIND OF THE MacTAVISHES TO INVITE ME TO STAY ON*--BUT I JUST DON'T BELONG THERE! IN A WAY, THAT'S MY PROBLEM--
--I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE I BELONG!
WHO WAS IT THAT SAID-- "HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS"?
*GREENSKIN'S NEW-FOUND FRIENDS FROM LAST ISH.--LEN.
Joe Staton

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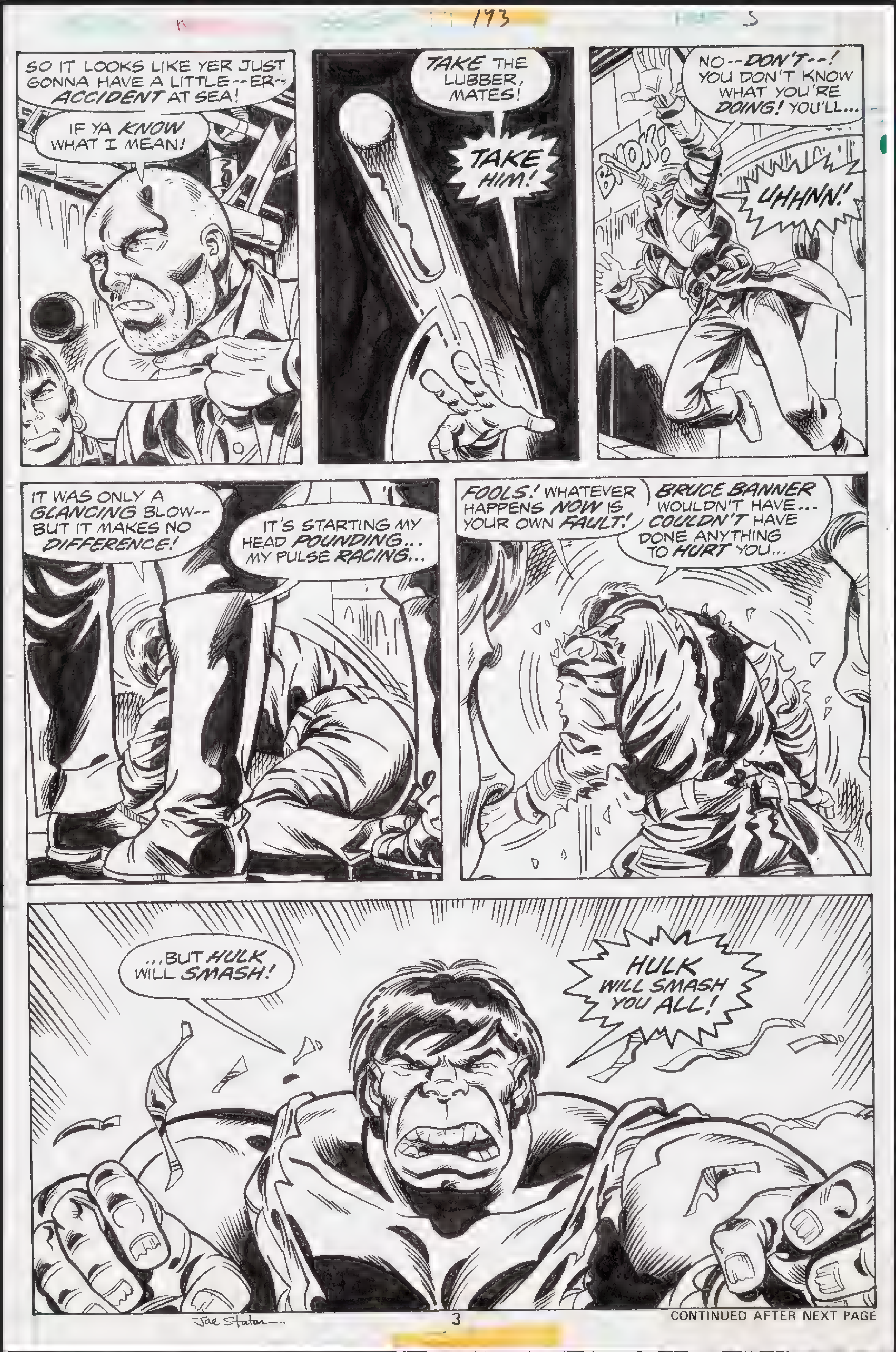
The Incredible Hulk #193, page 3 original art
by Herb Trimpe & Joe Staton


193
SO IT LOOKS LIKE YER JUST GONNA HAVE A LITTLE--ER--*ACCIDENT* AT SEA!
IF YA *KNOW* WHAT I MEAN!
TAKE THE LUBBER, MATES!
TAKE HIM!
NO--*DON'T*--! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *DOING!* YOU'LL...
BYONK!
UHHNN!
IT WAS ONLY A *GLANCING* BLOW--BUT IT MAKES NO *DIFFERENCE!*
IT'S STARTING MY HEAD *POUNDING*... MY PULSE *RACING*...
FOOLS! WHATEVER HAPPENS *NOW* IS YOUR OWN *FAULT!*
BRUCE BANNER WOULDN'T HAVE... *COULDN'T* HAVE DONE ANYTHING TO *HURT* YOU...
...BUT *HULK* WILL *SMASH!*
HULK WILL SMASH YOU ALL!
Jae Staton
3
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

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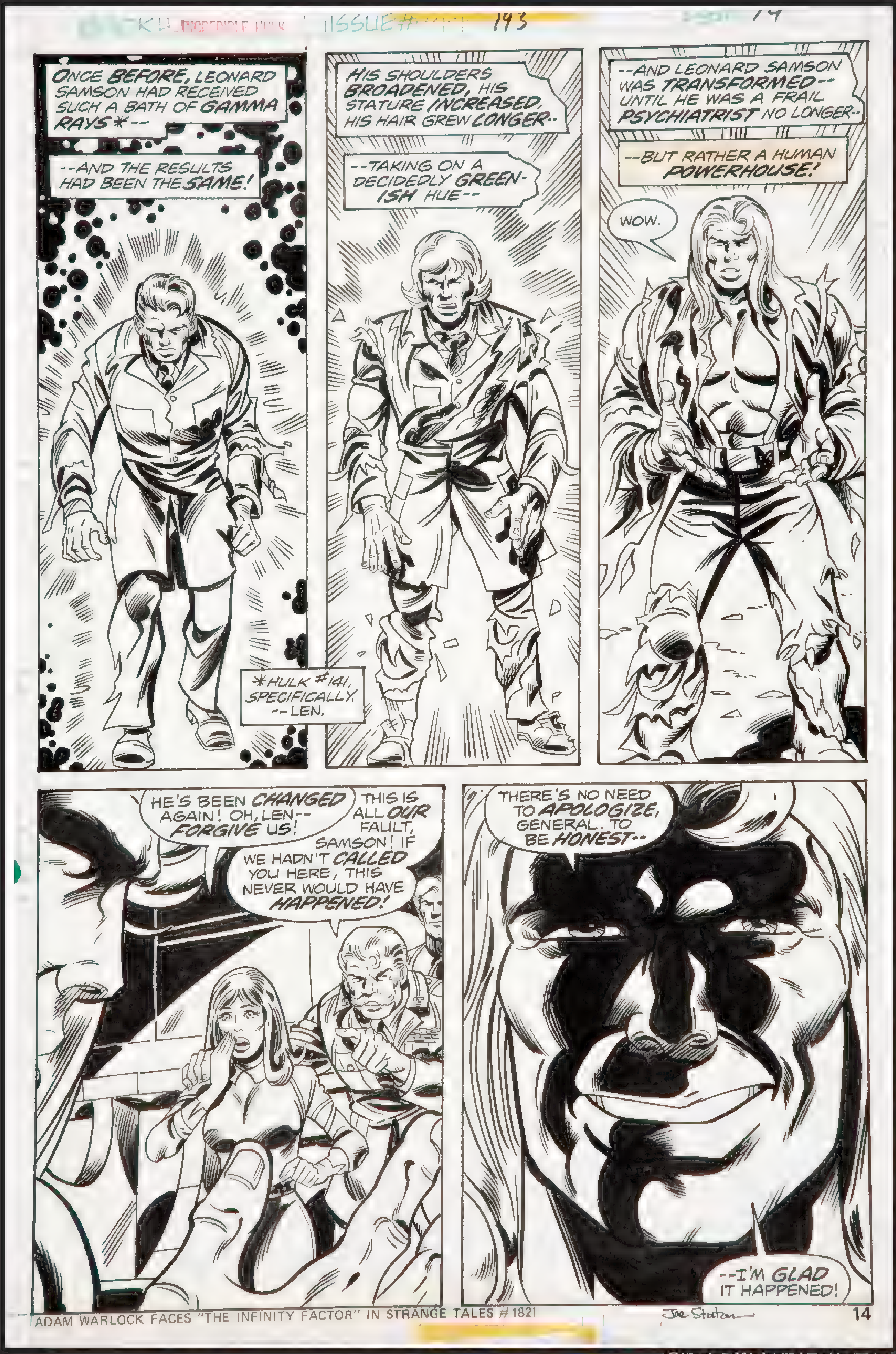
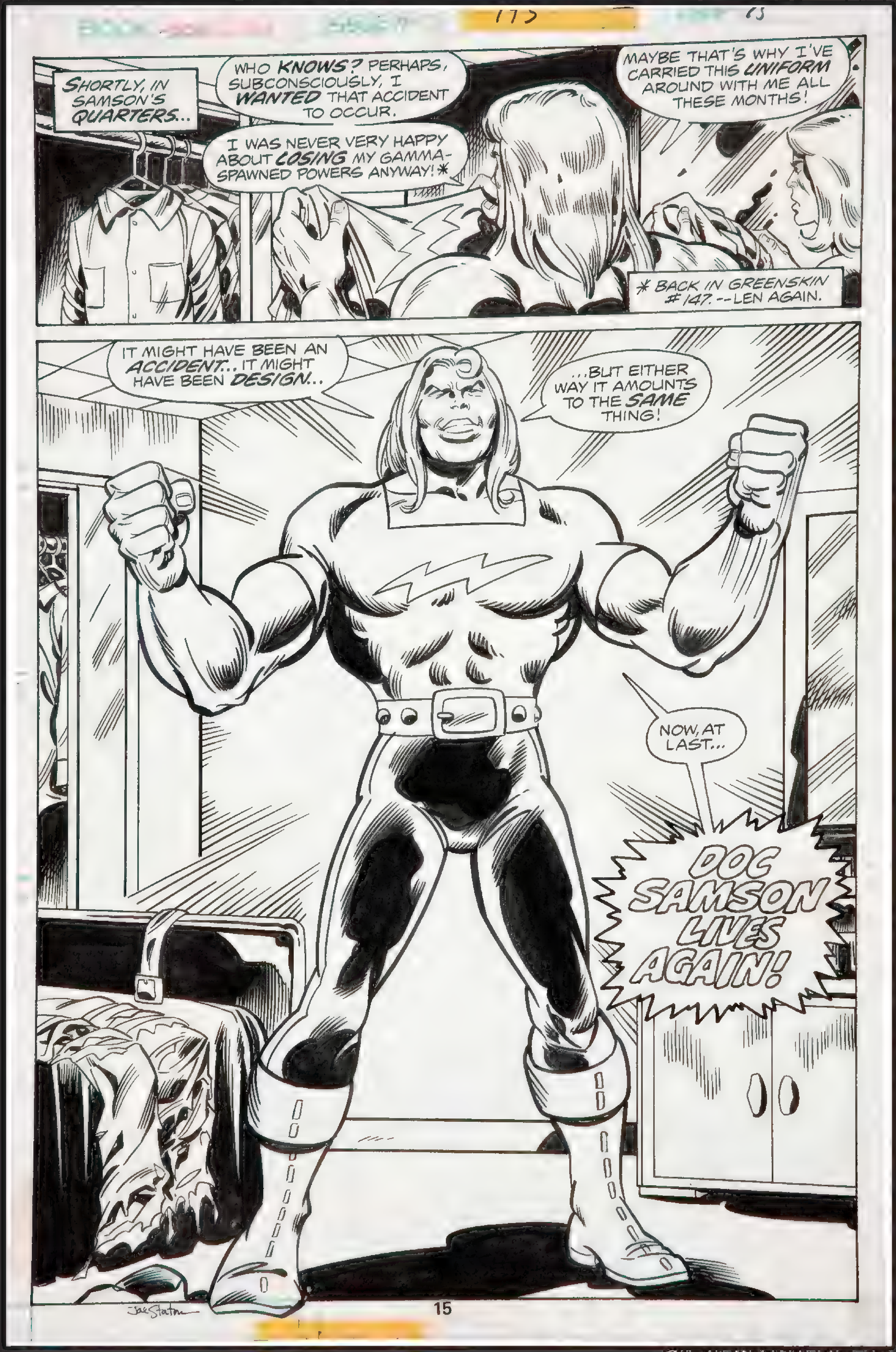

INCREDIBLE HULK ISSUE# 193
14
ONCE BEFORE, LEONARD SAMSON HAD RECEIVED SUCH A BATH OF GAMMA RAYS*--
--AND THE RESULTS HAD BEEN THE SAME!
*HULK #141, SPECIFICALLY. --LEN.
HIS SHOULDERS BROADENED, HIS STATURE INCREASED, HIS HAIR GREW LONGER--
--TAKING ON A DECIDEDLY GREEN-ISH HUE--
--AND LEONARD SAMSON WAS TRANSFORMED-- UNTIL HE WAS A FRAIL PSYCHIATRIST NO LONGER--
--BUT RATHER A HUMAN POWERHOUSE!
WOW.
HE'S BEEN CHANGED AGAIN! OH, LEN-- FORGIVE US!
THIS IS ALL OUR FAULT, SAMSON! IF WE HADN'T CALLED YOU HERE, THIS NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!
THERE'S NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE, GENERAL. TO BE HONEST--
--I'M GLAD IT HAPPENED!
ADAM WARLOCK FACES "THE INFINITY FACTOR" IN STRANGE TALES #182!
Joe Staton
14

The Incredible Hulk #193, page 8 original art
by Herb Trimpe & Joe Staton

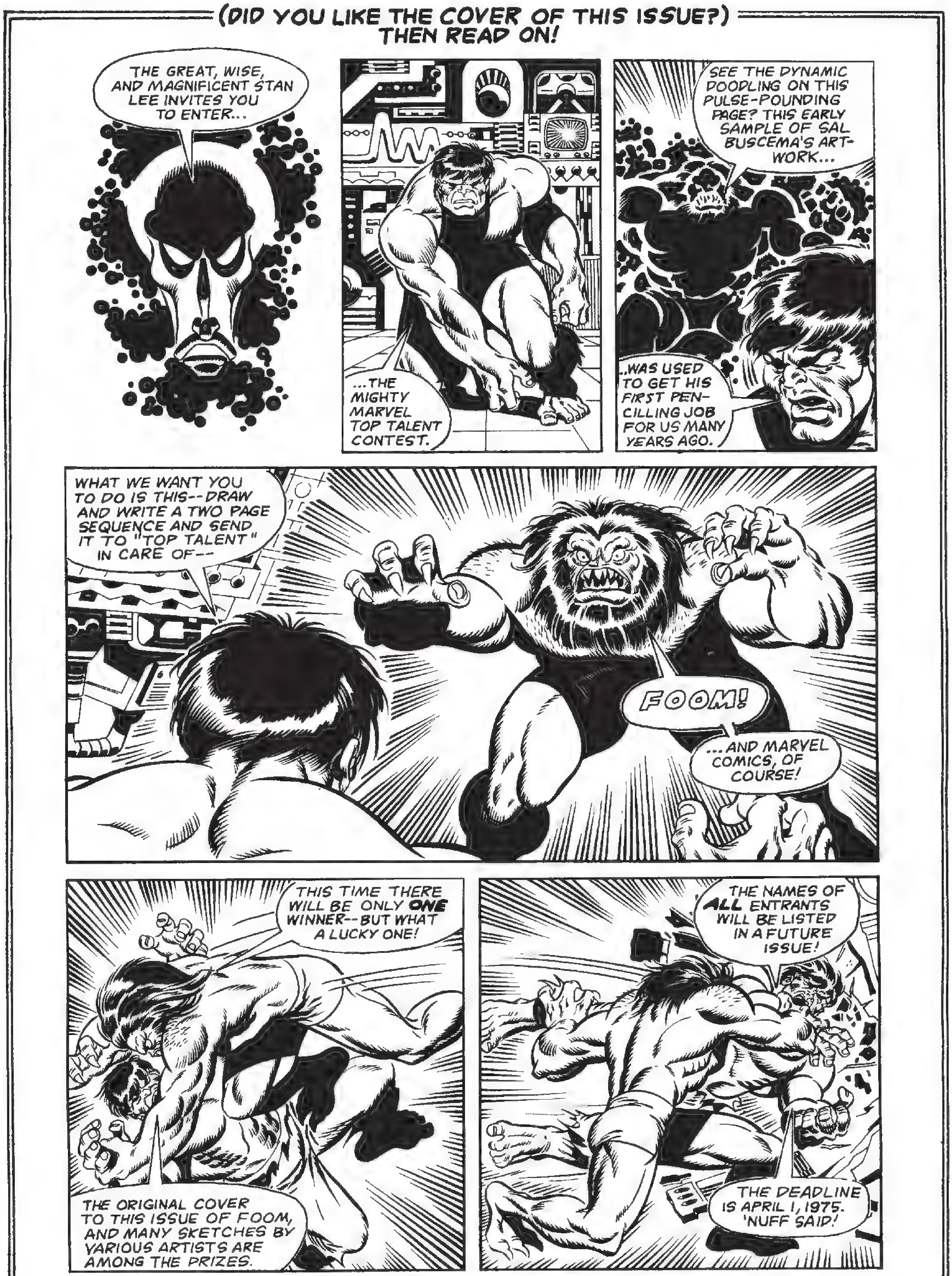
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

The Incredible Hulk #193, page 9 original art
by Herb Trimpe & Joe Staton


SHORTLY, IN SAMSON'S QUARTERS...
WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS, SUBCONSCIOUSLY, I WANTED THAT ACCIDENT TO OCCUR.
I WAS NEVER VERY HAPPY ABOUT LOSING MY GAMMA-SPAWNED POWERS ANYWAY! *
MAYBE THAT'S WHY I'VE CARRIED THIS UNIFORM AROUND WITH ME ALL THESE MONTHS!
* BACK IN GREENSKIN #147. --LEN AGAIN.
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT... IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DESIGN...
...BUT EITHER WAY IT AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING!
NOW, AT LAST...
DOC SAMSON LIVES AGAIN!
Joe Staton
15

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Sal Buscema's Marvel penciling tryout, featuring the Hulk, appeared as part of a talent contest in *F.O.O.M.* #8 (Dec. 1974) with John Romita's cover art as the prize.


(DID YOU LIKE THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE?) THEN READ ON!
THE GREAT, WISE, AND MAGNIFICENT STAN LEE INVITES YOU TO ENTER...
...THE MIGHTY MARVEL TOP TALENT CONTEST.
SEE THE DYNAMIC DOODLING ON THIS PULSE-POUNDING PAGE? THIS EARLY SAMPLE OF SAL BUSCEMA'S ART-WORK...
...WAS USED TO GET HIS FIRST PENCILLING JOB FOR US MANY YEARS AGO.
WHAT WE WANT YOU TO DO IS THIS--DRAW AND WRITE A TWO PAGE SEQUENCE AND SEND IT TO "TOP TALENT" IN CARE OF--
FOOM!
...AND MARVEL COMICS, OF COURSE!
THIS TIME THERE WILL BE ONLY ONE WINNER--BUT WHAT A LUCKY ONE!
THE ORIGINAL COVER TO THIS ISSUE OF FOOM, AND MANY SKETCHES BY VARIOUS ARTISTS ARE AMONG THE PRIZES.
THE NAMES OF ALL ENTRANTS WILL BE LISTED IN A FUTURE ISSUE!
THE DEADLINE IS APRIL 1, 1975. 'NUFF SAID!

BIOGRAPHIES

LEN WEIN

Len Wein's career is highlighted by successes from Swamp Thing to the "All-New, All-Different" X-Men, but few fans know that the award-winning writer and editor started out as a comic-book artist.

As a teenager, Wein was tied to the hip with fellow fanzine writer Marv Wolfman, regularly skipping school to tour the DC Comics offices. After building a rapport with artists and execs like Dick Giordano, Carmine Infantino and Joe Orlando, Wein was able to credibly pitch to the editors. Though his artwork was politely passed upon, a script for *House of Mystery* was accepted and a career as a writer was born. Len attacked his new occupation with gusto, writing for DC, Marvel, Gold Key and Skywald, on everything from Western to horror, and licensed properties from Hot Wheels to Star Trek.

Although his desired career as an artist didn't quite pan out, it did give Wein insight into his collaborator's creative process and helped him garner acclaim as a writer that was "easy to draw." After super-hero work in the early '70s (Daredevil, Superman, Flash), he and artist Bernie Wrightson launched horror mainstay Swamp Thing in the pages of *House of Secrets* #92. Other notable achievements from his tenure at DC include a run on *Justice League of America* and the debut of the Human Target.

Hopping over to Marvel in 1974, where he followed Roy Thomas as editor in chief, Wein scripted several series, including *Incredible Hulk*, where he and artist Herb Trimpe introduced one of comics' most famous characters—Wolverine. That wasn't the end of his mutant milestones, as with artist Dave Cockrum he revived the dormant X-Men property with a new international cast. Its cadre of characters, including Storm, Nightcrawler and Colossus would shortly turn into comics' biggest phenomenon.

Returning to DC, Wein helped spur a creative revival at the company, editing *New Teen Titans*, *Camelot 3000* and *Swamp Thing*, which gave writer Alan Moore his American debut; shortly thereafter, Wein would preside over Moore and Dave Gibbon's groundbreaking *Watchmen*. Since then, Wein's credits in comics, animation and television writing have been numerous and well received as witnessed by his 2008 induction into the Eisner Hall of Fame.

HERB TRIMPE

He may not have dreamed up as many characters as Kirby or Ditko, or had as groundbreaking a style as Steranko or Adams—and he'll be the first one to tell you that! But Herb Trimpe is easily one of the most recognizable comic artists of all time, owing to the incredible popularity of two titles (*Incredible Hulk*, *G.I. Joe*) he made successes.

Herb joined Marvel's production department fresh out of the armed forces, where he served in the Air Force as a weatherman from 1962-1966, providing weather telemetry to forces in Vietnam. In between his office duties, he landed fill-in work as a penciler and inker on books like *Kid Colt, Outlaw* and *Marvel Super-Heroes* #16, featuring the Phantom Eagle, a collaboration with writer Gary Friedrich that played off Herb's well-known interest in drawing airplanes.

He also inked several books, most notably over Marie Severin's Hulk in *Tales to Astonish*. Several months later, Herb got the book as his own, and from 1968 to 1975, the Hulk's tales were drawn under his auspices. He combined an E.C.-influenced approach to layouts with Kirby-esque dynamics, a style that became even more pronounced when he began inking his own pencils with issue #117. Through it all, he never strayed from the elements of the character he felt had already been perfected: the pathos of a tragic figure's Jekyll/Hyde dual personality. During his tenure, he came up with the Hulkbusters, did character designs for the likes of Wendigo and Zzzax, and also drew the first appearance of Wolverine in *Incredible Hulk* #180-182.

After the Hulk, Trimpe drew *Godzilla*, *Shogun Warriors* and *The Defenders*. He also drew the first several issues of Marvel UK's *Captain Britain*. As the 1980s began, Trimpe drew a much-beloved run on *Marvel Team-Up*, but it was the launch of *G.I. Joe* that would make Trimpe's some of the most seen comic art of the decade. An instant hit, selling hundreds of thousands of copies over multiple printings, it was the start of an incredibly successful, long-running title. In addition to the early *G.I. Joe* issues, Trimpe drew its spinoff title, *G.I. Joe Special Missions*.

Another highlight in Trimpe's career was providing breakdown art in collaboration with Barry Windsor-Smith on the *Machine Man* limited series. Later in the decade, his workload scaled back to spot penciling and inking jobs. In 2002, he was awarded the Humanitarian of the Year Award at the San Diego Comic-Con for services rendered as a chaplain at Ground Zero after 9/11. In his retirement, he continued to delight fans with the occasional cover or short story. Trimpe passed away in 2015, leaving a legacy as one of Marvel's most accomplished storytellers.

SAL BUSCEMA

Without a doubt one of comics' most prolific artists, "Our Pal" Sal Buscema joined Marvel in 1968 shortly after his elder brother, John. Tackling inking duties on *Silver Surfer* and *Fantastic Four*, including the all-time classic *Silver Surfer* #4, Buscema quickly graduated to penciling. He was an anchor of the Marvel line in the 1970s with long runs on books like *Captain America*, *Marvel Team-Up* and *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and a 100-plus issue run on *The Incredible Hulk*. Buscema was also behind defining the tone on early issues of *The Defenders*, *Rom* and *The New Mutants*. His career as one of Marvel's most versatile artists lasted throughout the '70s and into the '90s. In 1988, he returned to *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and over the next ten years penciled every issue but two from #134 through #238 (and inked the vast majority as well!) Although he retired in the late '90s, readers can still see his name on comics credits from time to time, including inking work on the cult hit *Spider-Girl*.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

THE
MARVEL MASTERWORKS
LIBRARY

The Amazing Spider-Man Vols. 1-19
Ant-Man/Giant-Man Vols. 1-2
The Avengers Vols. 1-17
The Black Panther Vols. 1-2
Captain America Vols. 1-9
Captain Marvel Vols. 1-6
The Champions Vol. 1
Daredevil Vols. 1-11
Deathlok Vol. 1
The Defenders Vols. 1-5
Doctor Strange Vols. 1-7
The Fantastic Four Vols. 1-18
The Human Torch Vols. 1-2
The Incredible Hulk Vols. 1-11
The Inhumans Vols. 1-2
The Invincible Iron Man Vols. 1-10
Iron Fist Vols. 1-2
Ka-Zar Vol. 1
Luke Cage Vols. 1-2
Marvel Rarities Vol. 1
Marvel Team-Up Vols. 1-2
Marvel Two-In-One Vols. 1-2
The Mighty Thor Vols. 1-16
Ms. Marvel Vols. 1-2
Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D. Vols. 1-3
Not Brand Echh Vol. 1
Rawhide Kid Vols. 1-2
The Savage She-Hulk Vol. 1

The Marvel Age

It was August 1961 and change was hitting the newsstands. *Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. These were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves—and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different—the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

The *Marvel Masterworks* series was created to give comic-book readers everywhere the chance to experience the greatest comics the world has known as they were originally presented.

Sgt. Fury Vols. 1-4
The Spectacular Spider-Man Vol. 1
Spider-Woman Vol. 1
The Silver Surfer Vols. 1-2
The Sub-Mariner Vols. 1-7
Warlock Vols. 1-2
The X-Men Vols. 1-8
The Uncanny X-Men Vols. 1-10

The Golden Age

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over the heads of all Americans, a new entertaining escape from the newspapers' horrifying realities was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States.

At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary talents as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These skilled writers and artists created a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

Golden Age All-Winners Vols. 1-4
Golden Age Captain America Vols. 1-6
Golden Age Daring Mystery Vols. 1-2
Golden Age Human Torch Vols. 1-3
Golden Age Marvel Comics Vols. 1-7
Golden Age Mystic Comics Vol. 1
Golden Age Sub-Mariner Vols. 1-3
Golden Age U.S.A. Comics Vols. 1-2
Golden Age Young Allies Vols. 1-2

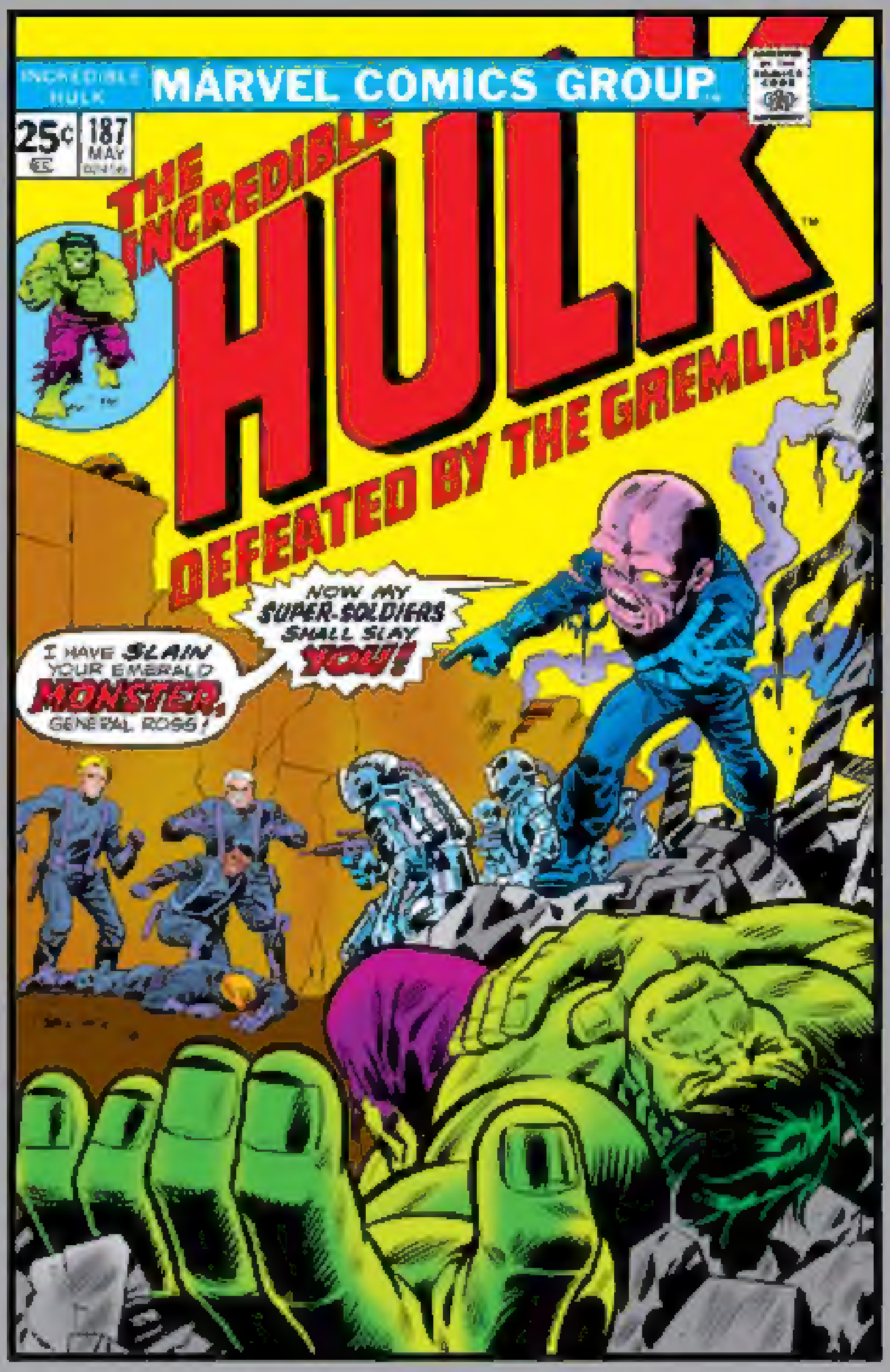
The Atlas Era

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures and unimaginable monsters; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the '40s retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, Atlas had it all!

Atlas Era Battlefield Vol. 1
Atlas Era Black Knight/Yellow Claw Vol. 1
Atlas Era Heroes Vols. 1-3
Atlas Era Journey Into Mystery Vols. 1-4
Atlas Era Jungle Adventure Vols. 1-3
Atlas Era Menace Vol. 1
Atlas Era Strange Tales Vols. 1-6
Atlas Era Tales to Astonish Vols. 1-4
Atlas Era Tales of Suspense Vols. 1-4
Atlas Era Venus Vol. 1

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢ 184 FEB
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE, HULK!
NOT EVEN YOU CAN SURVIVE AN ATTACK BY YOUR OWN SHADOW!
The LIVING SHADOW!
ONE OF THE MOST UNCANNY HULK THRILLERS OF ALL!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢ 185 MAR
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
LET HULK GO, ROSS-- OR HULK WILL SMASH!
NOT A CHANCE, MONSTER! YOU'RE STAYING MY PRISONER-- TILL DEATH DO US PART!
DEATHKNELL!
THE SHOCKER YOU NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE!


INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢ 187 MAY
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
DEFEATED BY THE GREMLIN!
NOW MY SUPER-SOLDIERS SHALL SLAY YOU!
I HAVE SLAIN YOUR EMERALD MONSTER, GENERAL ROSS!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢ 189 JULY
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
VS. THE MOLE MAN!
SOMEBODY HURT HULK'S FRIEND--AND WHEN HULK FINDS THEM-- HULK WILL SMASH!
NONE ARE SO BLIND!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢ 191 SEPT
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
THE SHAPER HAS CREATED A WORLD FROM YOUR DREAMS, HULK--
--AND YOUR DREAM HAS BECOME A NIGHTMARE!
TRIUMPH OF THE TOAD!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢ 192 OCT
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
THE MIGHTIEST MONSTER OF ALL!
THE LURKER BENEATH LOCH FEAR!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢ 193 NOV
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
GREEN HAIR ATTACKS HULK FOR NO REASON!
WRONG, BRUTE! YOU DEFEATED ME ONCE-- BUT THIS TIME I'VE SWORN TO CAPTURE YOU--
...DEAD OR ALIVE!
THE DOCTOR'S NAME IS... SAMSON!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢ 194 DEC
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
VS. THE LOCUST!
YOU'RE FINISHED, MAN-BRUTE!
EVEN YOU CANNOT STAND AGAINST AN ARMY OF GIANT INSECTS!

INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
25¢ 195 JAN
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
IT'S YOUR LIFE OR MINE, HULK!
AND THIS TIME THE VICTORY BELONGS TO THE ABOMINATION!
WARFARE IN WONDERLAND!

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